

THE LEATHERNECK

June, 1929

Single Copy, 25c



B & O workers decide which is best cigarette

115 men in the MT. CLARE shops, at Baltimore, test the four leading cigarettes

"Why should I change?" says the average smoker, when someone suggests another cigarette. "I'm used to my brand . . . and it's a good smoke."

Of course it's good. But being used to an old thing often keeps a man from getting acquainted with a better one.

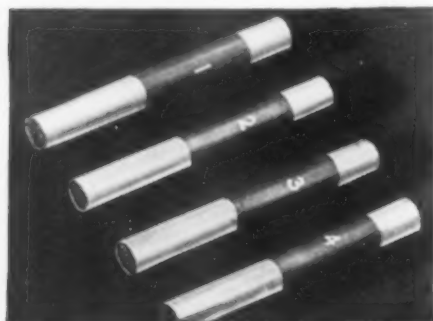
That's the reason for these "concealed name" cigarette tests. To help a man find out, on the level, which cigarette his taste really *does* like best.

Look what happened at the Mt. Clare shops of the B & O in Baltimore, the other day. Most of the fellows had been smoking "Brand Y" for years.

But when Chairman of Machinists, James E. Poulton, handed out the 4 leading cigarettes with paper "masks" over the names, 57 out of 115 picked OLD GOLD as the best. *It was a walk-away for OLD GOLDS!*

"That only proves," said one of the chief mechanics, "that a fellow misses a lot if he gets too set in his ways."

How the names were hidden on the 4 brands.



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“NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD”

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THE CAPTURE OF LONE BILL



LD ELEAZER MOTT, ex-plainman driver of the old-fashioned stage-coach that connected Yellow Creek with a railway station, turned to the man beside him.

"I told you I'd tell you about Lafe when we got started," he drawled. "It happened shortly after you left; it's been several years ago—seven, at least. Yellow Creek was young then, as you already know. The principal industry there was the Red Violet Saloon, and a good deal depended on how quick you was on the draw. Well, here's the whole story about our friend Lafe Dickson:"

As I said, Yellow Creek was in its infancy, and about the only law we knowed anything of was the law of the strong arm and the quick trigger-finger—which you remember, of course. You'll remember, too, that there was only a double row of shanties, which reached from the scrub-covered hills above to the rocky plains below.

Well, the country got all riled up over the depredations of a lone bandit, whose name nobody knowed, and who we called "Lone Bill" for lack of something better. First jump out of the box, he held up a train, single-handed, and gathered a hatful of money and jewelry from the passengers. Then he pulled off a job on the Tenville stage-coach, and a man who tried to draw in time got a bullet in the wing, and after that come a succession of hold-ups with one party on either side.

All who had seen the bandit said that he was a big man, with the swagger of a born rider, the eyes of a hawk and the quickness of lightnin' in his hands. Nobody'd got to see his face, because he kept it covered with a big blue handkerchief. He wore the regular toggin' of an out-and-out plainsman and carried an arsenal consistin' of two big Colts and a Winch. His voice, which never said, it seemed, more than "Put 'em up—quick!" was mighty bassy and gruff.

Then the hand of the law stretched away out here and singled out a man, and named him sheriff on a big nickel-plated star, tellin' him to preserve the peace at all costs and orderin' him especially to get Lone Bill livin' or dead. Lafe Dickson was the man the law singled out. As you know, Lafe was big and strong, and a dandy shot; but also as you know, he was that easy-goin' and full o' fun that few people took him serious.

Everybody and his brother, as the sayin' goes, wondered at Lafe's bein' appointed sheriff of the county; we didn't even know how they had learned his name. Some of the citizens of Yellow Creek laughed and said it was done through charity for Lafe, and not because the law wanted Lone Bill; others said the law just wanted to keep Lafe out o' mischief by givin' him a steady job.

Lafe went straightway out to Tom Barmin's ranch, the house of which was not far away, to tell Tom's daughter Sadie the good news—for it did seem that Lafe was badly tickled over the appointment. If you've forgot what Sadie looked like, she was the prettiest girl in this part of the State. She was slender and rather small, but she was a real daughter of the West,

By Hapsburg Liebe

and therefore made up in brains and pure nerve what she lacked in size.

She saw Lafe come walkin' up the path like a new-crowned king, with his badge shinin' in the sunlight, and went out to meet him, just as she'd always done. Lafe picked her up as he would have picked up a child, with his hands under her arms, and held her out before him.

"Sadie," says he, grinnin' like an alligator and noddin' at his star of authority, "if you'll marry me now, you'll be the wife of the high sheriff of this county."

The girl was, as I said, a real Westerner, and she looked pleased at Lafe's bein' an officer—I guess she thought it would rid him of the one thing she didn't like about him, which was his refusin' to see anything serious in life.

"But I'll wait," she replied, as Lafe sets her back on the ground as careful as if she was glass, "and see what kind of a sheriff you make before we get tied up in marriage vows. I've got a notion," she goes on, smilin' as sweet as could be, "that you're goin' to get your metal tested when you start out to round-up that one-man outlaw gang that we style among us as Lone Bill. When are you goin' to begin the hunt for him, Lafe?"

"The—outlaw?" Lafe shakes his head and looks toward the ground. It was plain that he hadn't thought much about the business side of bein' sheriff.

"Sadie," he continues, with a twinkle in his eyes as he lifts them, "Sadie, suppose I get leaded in the effort to bring him in?"

"Is there anything worth while," asks the girl, "that hasn't a risk hitched to it?"

"Would you like to see me come in hangin' over the front of somebody else's saddle?" says Lafe, with his eyes still twinklin'.

"Of course not!" Sadie answered, lookin' pained and steppin' closer to him, and plantin' one little brown hand on his arm. "But you've already accepted the sheriff job and you must do your duty. I'd rather have to remember that you'd died doin' your duty than to have you, yourself, after you'd played the coward. Besides, Lafe, you—you need a little nerve cultivation to go along with the splendid marksmanship of yours, which is bein' wasted idlin' around shootin' at spots for dimes. Since you've already accepted the place, I don't know that I regret it. You're the biggest man in Yellow Creek, and you ought to make good."

"But this Lone Bill," Lafe tells her, "is a regular devil. Life's too good to lose, especially after somebody about the size of you has come along to make it worth the livin'."

"But it's your duty to get Lone Bill," Sadie tells him again, with her voice mighty level. "And I might as well make it plain to you, Lafe, that I'll never marry you while he's at large."

Lafe starts like he'd been stung in the eye. He puts both hands on the girl's shoulders, and begins to shape a speech. But Sadie beats him to it.

"It's no use," she says, "Get the outlaw first. There's something more in bein' sheriff than wearin' a badge and there's

something more in marriage than sentiment. I want to marry a man—a great big man. Good-bye, Lafe!”

She broke loose from him and went into the house. Lafe went back to the shanty where he hung out, with his head on the droopy order.

Well, that night the Red Violet was as full of tobacco smoke as ever—and there was a little powder smoke in it, too, I guess, and there was the usual crowd of miners and cowboys hangin’ over the bar and sittin’ at the tables. In the middle of it somebody yelled:

“Fire!”

A house burnin’ was a thing that Yellow Creek had never seen before. The miners and cowboys hurried out, and all of them piled up the street at a breakneck run, goin’ toward the blaze, which was one of the last of the shanties toward the hills.

When the saloon was deserted, except for the owner, who himself was debatin’ the question of shuttin’ the doors and followin’ the crowd, there stepped in out of the night a big man with a blue handkerchief over his face and a forty-five in each hand, both of said weapons being immediately brought to a dead-line with Jim Elversett’s heart.

“Put ‘em up—quick!” bawls this newcomer.

“Say,” objects Elversett, “you’ll get into trouble here, you, Lone Bill! We’ve got a sheriff, now, and he—”

“Put ‘em up—quick!” repeats the man behind the big, blued guns, interrupting Elversett.

So the barkeeper lost all he had, which was several hundred bucks. Then the outlaw chucks the coin inside his blue shirt, backs to the door and disappears, his retreat bein’ accompanied by the hoof-beats of a hoss.

When he had gone, Elversett locked up and hurried to the fire, which was beginnin’ to die down. He found Lafe Dickson there, standin’ among the rest and arguin’ as to the direct cause of the first conflagration Yellow Creek had ever had. He runs up and grabs Lafe by the arm, actin’ half loco.

“Here,” he bellows, “I’ve been robbed—robbed—me, robbed! Big man with two guns, and he got all I had! First thing I knowed, he was standin’ before me, tellin’ me to put ‘em up quick!”

“Yes?” says Lafe, seemin’ rather took down.

“I put ‘em up quick, of course, you lop-eared, reel-footed, make-believe sheriff, you!” Elversett goes on, as mad as a hornet. “Well, why don’t you do something? Why don’t you organize a posse and catch the outlaw and get my money back?”

Lafe grins in that slow, easy fashion of his and begins to look at the gapin’ faces around him.

“That’s who set this house afire,” he announces. “He done it to draw the crowd from the Red Violet. But I doubt if we could strike his trail tonight.”

The barkeeper moaned when he saw that the crowd was not over-anxious to go after Lone Bill. You see, they hadn’t got enough of the Red Violet to last them until the next night. Lafe knowed mighty well that he couldn’t make them go with him, even if he’d wanted them.

“It’s no use to try it tonight,” one miner tells Lafe. He’s got a hoss and he’s done two miles from here, by this time. You’ll have to work some sort of strategy on him, Lafe, set some traps for him, or put out pizen, or something like that.”

Well, the laughin’ that had been done at Lafe when he got the sheriff job was soon turned to open sneers. Jim Elversett had a big followin’, and he started a crusade of gibes at Lafe. Everywhere the new officer went, somebody asked him something about Lone Bill, if he was afraid of him and all that kind of guff. Lafe saw that he was goin’ to have to make some passes, anyway, so he spent the biggest part of the day makin’ out a map of the hills clean back to the mother-range, with an old plainsman for a helper.

And in the evenin’ of the same day he went around to Tom Barmin’s to see his sweetheart.

Sadie didn’t appear to be very glad that he’d come. It was plain that she’d heard a good deal of the hootin’ at Lafe for lettin’ Lone Bill come right into Yellow Creek, with everybody awake, and put over a successful, shotless hold-up at the Red Violet.

They went to the bench that set against the side of the house and sat down.

“I’m goin’ after him tomorrow, Sadie,” says Lafe, tryin’ to take one of the girl’s hands—which same she pulled back mighty quick. “I’m goin’ to start early, so I’m here now to tell you good-bye. You see, I may never come back—unless it’s hanging across the front of somebody else’s saddle.”

Sadie Barmin squared herself around and commenced to look Lafe in the eyes like a professional hypnotist.

“Lafe Dickson,” she says, “you are a coward! I’m not goin’ to

marry you, either—that is, until you capture the bandit and show me that you’ve got a little nerve.”

“Why, Sadie!” Lafe’s jaws hangs away down when he says the two words.

“And if you don’t catch him,” Sadie goes on, getting to her feet before Lafe, “I’ll do it myself.”

“Why, Sadie!” says Lafe again.

“We’re not talkin’ about ‘Sadie,’” she tells him. “We’re talkin’ about this menace to the country, the outlaw. Until you’ve got him, Lafe, it’s good-bye.”

She goes into the house. Lafe gets up and goes back to the shanty where he hangs out, and there sets in to cleaning his rifle and short guns.

And the next day he rides into the hills, well armed and with water and grub to last him half a week.

He hadn’t been gone four hours before the stage-coach that run between Yellow Creek and the railroad was held up by Lone Bill! The passengers shelled out to the tune of something like a hundred bucks. When the coach got in, and the people found it out, they set up a big howl with Lafe Dickson’s name very prominent in it. It was lucky that nobody had been hurt.

Lafe came riding in a few days later, tired and worn out, with his water and grub gone. He was sand from one end to the other, and the dust was pasted to his face like flour on the biscuits a man makes. Everybody broke off from work when the news was passed around that the sheriff had got in. The miners crowded along the road that led to Lafe’s hang-out, all of them yelling and jeering at him. Even the greasers was makin’ sport of Lafe, and the women stood in the doorways with their arms folded and laughed at him.

That is, most of the women. But there was one that laid on a bench against her father’s house and cried very hard about it. She loved Lafe better than anything, and the people that talked about him was also talkin’ about her, as she seen it.

Lafe just grinned at it all, but it was no hard job to see that there was something uneasy under the grin. He was really takin’ it much to heart, and it was on Sadie’s account, of course, more than his own. For there was no doubt that he liked Sadie as much, or even more, than she liked him.

Naturally, Lafe went to see Sadie as soon as he’d removed the sand and dust. He couldn’t stay away from her when he had a chance to see her, it seemed. He found her with her eyes all red and her hair tangled up a little.

“I see you got him,” she begins, then covers her face with her hands.

You see, she just couldn’t make fun of him, mad as she was about his failin’ to bring in the bandit.

“Now, don’t!” says Lafe, turnin’ red under the sunburn and tryin’ to take her hands down from her face.

“Sadie,” he goes on, sitting down beside her, “I want you to go back East with me. I’m goin’ to chuck this sheriff job. My dad’s got a little money, and he will give me a start. Will you go?”

Sadie gave him an answer that wasn’t at all hard to understand.

“But, Sadie,” Lafe insists, “this country is no place for you. There you can live in a city and have good things that you can’t get here. It’s nice there, Sadie. I lived there until I was eighteen, and I know. Will you, Sadie?”

Again did Sadie say “No!” And she adds with a good deal of spirit:

“I told you I wouldn’t marry you until you got Lone Bill and I mean it yet. If you can’t succeed at that, I am sure you can’t succeed at anything else. Why, Lafe Dickson, the outlaw is no more than a man, just like you, and maybe he is not even as big nor as good a shot as you are! He simply manages to get the drop on the people he robs. Why can’t you manage to get the drop on him? Do you think, Lafe Dickson, that—that I’d marry—anybody that—that everybody was la-laughing at? Why, you—you’re the rag—yes, the rag of this town—”

Again she covers her face with her hands and sobs, while Lafe gets to his feet and begins to walk to and fro before her, lookin’ like he has murder in his heart. But he couldn’t stand to see her take on so. He raised his hat and started.

Sadie seen him between her fingers and called him back.

“Come into the house a minute,” she says to him, takin’ him by the arm with one hand and wipin’ at her eyes with the other.

Lafe went in with her, wonderin’ what was in the wind. She chased out the Mexican woman who served at the Barmin residence in the capacity of housekeeper, and set Lafe down at a little desk.

“Now,” she says, pointin’ to paper and pen, “you write out

(Continued on page 51)

Secretary of the Navy Adams

FINANCIER, yachtsman and descendant of one of New England's most distinguished families, Charles Francis Adams, newly appointed Secretary of the Navy, has been prominent in the business and social life of New England for many years. Despite the fact that he is a direct descendant of the second President of the United States and is also Director or Trustee for more than fifty corporations, it is the new Secretary's proudest distinction that he is one of the nation's yacht-skippers and that he was at the helm of the "Resolute" when she successfully defended America's historical cup from Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock."

TOOK TO WATER EARLY

Nobody has ever reported whether Charles Francis Adams really has webbed feet, but he took to the water like a duck, from his earliest boyhood. Before he was 12 years old, Bill Gavin of Quincy, "Uncle Bill," taught Charles and his brother, George, to sail a boat; when the boy was 14 he had a catboat 18 feet on the water line, designed by Herreshoff, and one of the classiest racers of her size in Boston Bay. It is characteristic that Charles at once became captain and his elder brother, George, the mate.

It was characteristic, also, that their sailing was no mere twiddling round the bay for an afternoon; they went out for blood from the very start, and raced everything of their inches which they met.

But though Charley Adams is best known to most people as a racing yachtsman, and though he has given a great deal of time to yachting, it is merely a recreation. From a boy he has been a serious, clear-seeing and earnest chap. At school in Adams Academy and Hopkinson's School, he made a good showing; at Harvard, in the class of '88, he came through with a cum laude degree.

Immediately upon his graduation, he took a year off, going to England and Germany. Sightseeing? Not at all; he went to study English and German yacht racing, and he actually raced on the English cutter "Irex," the 46-footer "Dragon" and the 10-rater "Yvonne."

Then he came home and went to work. While in college he sailed his boats as much as possible. The cat "Dandelion"—while used regularly to beat John B. Moors' "Josephine"—had been replaced in 1885 by the "Cricket," a boat built by Wood in East Boston, 30 feet long on deck; she was supplanted by the 36-foot water-line "Papoose" in 1887. This boat was the first one built by Burgess for the Adams boys, the first one to show his fancy for a yacht's name with seven letters and a double-o in it, and the first to display his eagerness, which has lasted all his life, to have the latest and swiftest model and rig under the rules.

YACHTING HIS REST

Yachting still remains his rest and recreation; he now owns the "Sally XIV." Mrs. Adams has often told how he would leave his summer home anchorage early in the morning, sailing across the bay to race in the afternoon and sailing home again after the race. It has rarely happened that he went ashore in Marblehead after a race; he would shift his suit of sails, taking off the racing canvas and putting on an older set, and then poke along home.

He has never owned one of the great yachts; when he was commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club in 1927-28, he was really without a flagship, having nothing but the Q class racer "Sally XIV," which he bought from Lawrence D. Percival.

He has sailed the big ones, including several cup defenders or candidates for cup defenders—but they were always other people's boats. He raced the "Resolute" against the "Vanitie." It was the combination of Charley Adams as skipper and Bob Emmons as manager that got "Resolute" the win—though that may have been the time when "Vanitie" picked up the buoys of 15 or 20 lobster pots and towed them along on her center-board, pots and all.

Charley Adams spends very little time in the Eastern Yacht Club's house, but a great deal of time tinkering his boat. He is a famous skipper but he places less importance on his ability to sail a boat than he does to tuning her up, and improving the set and the flow of her sails.

He is extremely interested in racing rules, and is probably the best authority on them in this country. He was on the committee of the New York Yacht Club to revise the rating rules, and is a strong exponent of the American rating rules and against the international rules used in Europe.

He has owned 22 boats, including "Sonders," Q-class and R-class boats, and all he has been a constant buyer or builder to take every advantage a boat could get—yet he is a sportsman sailor, and has depended on his ability to tune and to sail more than on his designer's ability to lay down a boat that could take advantage.

EXPLOSIVE DURING RACE

Mr. Adams is a man of medium size, with aristocratic nose, firm mouth, quiet demeanor and neat dress. He is extremely quiet-spoken and courteous ashore and vivid and explosive in the crisis of a race. He is usually sun-tanned, with tiny wrinkles by his eyes that come from staring across sunlit seas.

So there's who this man Adams is. The original President John Adams was the father of John Quincy Adams, who was the sixth President of the United States. He in turn

fathered Charles Francis Adams, who was Ambassador to England in Civil War days, and virtually compelled England's neutrality by his statesmanship. He, by the way, ran for Vice President in 1848, and ran again for the nomination for President in 1872, when he had left the Republican Party because he opposed Grant's administration.

In the fourth generation, there was the second Charles Francis Adams, the second John Quincy Adams, Henry Adams and Brooks Adams.

The present Charles Francis Adams, son of the second John Quincy Adams, married the granddaughter of Benjamin Crowninshield, also a Secretary of the Navy in the Madison administration.

The family is beyond doubt the greatest American family today extant. Charles Francis Adams is certainly a Brahmin; he is a very great gentleman, and a true aristocrat in that there is nobody above him and he does not recognize that anybody is below him.

He but follows his family tradition in entering the Cabinet, though in order to do so he must probably resign the trusteeship of Harvard, and the directorships and trusteeships in hundreds of organizations and estates, real public service.



First Portrait of Charles Francis Adams, who is the new Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's Cabinet. (Underwood & Underwood.)

CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason



UP!" said the drivers, whips slapped, horses stamped, the carriages creaked, and the march began again. The column continued its way through the dripping woods, and the rain fell harder and harder. The men behind the fourgon held little conversation. They were all machine gunners, with the exception of Eadie. Machine gunners with a field battery led a hard life. In this outfit they were a sort of general fatigue detail. If there was a dugout to be dug, a garbage pit to be filled in, a road to be cut through brush, ammunition to be carried or wood to be cut, the machine gunners did it. There were two machine guns with each battery for aircraft defense, and one man was left with the guns to shoot at raiding airplanes, while the rest bore down heavily on picks and shovels. The machine gunners now meditated on what their particular job would be during the coming attack. One thing they were sure of, that the job would be unpleasant. Eadie, on his part, was too tired to talk. Only once did he speak, after the first time.

"Ham," said he, "did you see Darcy anywhere? Do you suppose they brought him up, or left him?"

"They probably left him to come along tomorrow with the men's packs and the rest of the wheeled transport. He was wounded, you know, and just back from hospital."

"Wounded?" cried Eadie, "what difference would that make? So was I!"

"Aw, you know what I mean, he was really hit," said Ham. "Anyways, they need you to observe or parley French for 'em or somethin'."

Eadie responded with a grunt. They marched in silence for some time, and then passed through a ruined town, where chinks of light showed in the cellars. Out of this town they turned, across a wide plain, along a road where the shell holes every few yards began to impede the march of the carriages. Far off in the distance gleamed a row of lights, like those of a distant boulevard. These lights flickered and changed position constantly, but there was always a long line of them in air.

"Is this us?" asked Eadie.

"This is us," replied Ham. "Them lights is the German lines."

"How much farther do we go?" asked Eadie.

"Oh, quite a ways," said one of the machine gunners. "Yup, quite a drag yet. I been over this damn road so many times I know every shell hole in it."

"Scared, sergeant?" asked another man.

"Damn right, I'm scared; aren't you?"

"No, I ain't scared really, but my kidneys gets to workin' overtime the minute we leave them last houses."

"Ham," muttered Eadie, "what do you suppose would happen if the boche happened to spot this column? Suppose one of those lights drifted this way."

"There'd be as nice a mess of horse an' man hash as ever you see," replied Ham. One of the machine gunners coughed nervously and after that there was silence, lest the boche hear them talking across two thousand yards of country.

In a short time Eadie could tell by the

action of the column, a long halt, a forward movement, an advance of a few yards, halt again, advance a few yards more, halt again, that the end of the march had been reached and that one by one the guns were being turned off the road, flogged over the ditch and taken to their positions in the field.

"Is Sergeant Eadie behind that fourgon?" called a voice from the darkness, that Eadie recognized as the captain's.

"Here, sir!" answered Eadie. He turned in the direction of the voice and found it came from what looked like a high bank along the road.

"Careful," said the captain, "there's a trench along the road. There's another one here. Feel around with your foot and you feel the bridge into it. Here, give me your hand."

The sergeant groped about until he found the other's hand

and then managed to get across what felt like a plank leading from the road to the high bank. Once across the plank he could feel the slippery stickiness of a trench floor.

"Come on," said the captain. Eadie followed the sound of slickers brushing the trench wall. He heard water splashing and before he realized it he was knee-deep in icy water himself. The sound of splashing ahead ceased and then another mysterious voice spoke from the blackness.

"This way," said the voice, "mind the step, it's quite high." In spite of this warning, Eadie stumbled and fell, bruising his shin badly. He left boards under his hands when he landed, a match cracked, and then a candle lighted the darkness. Eadie found himself in a dugout, a burrow, a hole in the wall of the trench, so narrow that two boards laid side by side floored it. Along one side a bunk had been dug out of the wall and on this bunk sat Eadie's captain and another man, also an officer by his face, though

otherwise his appearance was that of an enlisted man. A doughboy officer, Eadie knew at once. The infantry officers, knowing that every enemy sniper is hunting them as targets, do not go in very strongly for an officer-like appearance.

"This is the sergeant that's going with you," said Eadie's captain, opening his map case.

"Where's the officer?" asked the doughboy.

"Well," said Eadie's captain, "to tell you the truth I'm shy of officers. I've only got the executive and one other who's got to stay with me. He's too valuable to send cavorting off to get killed. The sergeant's going with you alone."

"But can he do the job?" asked the doughboy, looking searchingly at Eadie.

"Oh, yes," replied the captain, "he's very capable, more so than most officers and he's had considerable battle experience. Now, sergeant, listen. Have you got the sector well in mind?"

"Yes, sir," said Eadie. He hadn't, but it was no time to admit it at that moment.

"Well, this country, you know, is pretty flat, so we can't find a good O. P. Hence



The march began again.

SYNOPSIS:—Sergeant Eadie's job with the 79th Field Artillery had been a combination of liaison sergeant and observer before he was wounded. This was the job he still had when he rejoined the outfit at Tours, wearing a "phony" wound stripe, after being discharged from the hospital. Eadie was dead tired from the long trip, made mostly on foot, and was ready for nearly anything but that which the outfit had orders to do; and that was to move forward.

we have to send you along with the infantry. They're a good outfit, the Sixteenth, and you ought to have an amusing day."

"What will my duties be, sir?" asked Eadie, clearing his throat.

"Not much. We'll give you a pistol and some rockets and if the infantry want the range lengthened the captain, who is battalion commander, will tell you. Whatever he wants done, he'll tell you and you shoot the corresponding rocket. When the advance reaches its objective, you'll take the coordinates of all the good targets and the location of our troops and come back with the information. This sergeant is just back from—er—detached duty, captain, so maybe I'd better read him the order. Headquarters First Division (we're attached to them for the operation), A. E. F., September 9th, Field Orders 36. VERY SECRET. The first army attacks a H hour on D day, this is at five o'clock tomorrow morning, to reduce the Saint Mihiel salient by two simultaneous attacks, one from the south and one from the west. The First Division participates in the attack as the left division of the Fourth Corps.' Mmmmm. 'Mission of the division'—never mind that. 'Formation of troops'—never mind that. 'Objectives.' Ah! Twenty minutes the barrage stands on the first objective and on the second, too, remember that. And it will stand in front of the third objective until eleven o'clock. The fourth objective you'll have to regulate by rockets as the captain or whoever relieves him in command of the battalion directs. Mmmmm. The rest isn't of importance. 'Artillery; the following units, etc.' Mmmmm. 'One regiment 75mm 3rd F. A. Brigade.' That's us. 'Tanks.' Mmmmm. 'Gas and flame troops. Cavalry.' By God, they're going to use cavalry. Prisoner escort, probably. Well, that's enough. Any questions? No? Have you got a first-aid packet?"

"Yessir!"

"Well, keep it handy. And don't take any letters or orders or maps or anything on you that might give information to the enemy in case you should—er—drop them, or anything."

"No, sir."

"That's all. Stick around outside and the captain will take you over to the jumping off place with him when he goes. Good luck."

Eadie's captain shook hands with him and the sergeant went out again into the wet trench. Outside in the trench the rain came down in sheets. Eadie had never seen such a down-pour. He felt his way along the wall, looking for some place to sit down where he could get his feet out of the water. A dim shape before him resolved itself into two men standing against the wall, a blanket over their heads.

"Who's there?" asked Eadie.

"We're sentries, sir," said the men.

"I'm a sergeant from the field artillery," said Eadie, delicately letting the men know that he was not an officer. "Do you belong to the garrison of the trench? What outfit are you from? Are you out of the Sixteenth?"

"Naw," said the men, "we're shock troops. We're gettin' relieved outta here tonight to go pull off a battle somewhere."

"Ah," said Eadie, "is this a hot sector?"

"No, it ain't, it's cold as hell here, especially nights."

"I mean is it lively?"

"Well," said the men, "it is and it ain't. You can hear patrols out in the wire sometimes an' if a man walked around the parapet in the daytime he'd most like get shot at, but otherwise we don't see much action."

"They got a hill there," spoke up the other man, "an' the boche on top of it can see us come outta our dugouts. Man, I ain't kiddin'. A guy can't write a letter to his girl without thinkin' the boche are lookin' over his shoulder an' readin' every word of it."

"Psst!" hissed one of the sentries. A man was coming splat-tering down the trench.

"Are you there, sergeant?" asked the newcomer. Eadie recognized the doughboy captain's voice.

"Yessir," he replied.

"Come on, then."

CHAPTER VIII.

With the Sixteenth Infantry.

THE sergeant followed the officer down the trench. They came out on the road and the officer turned along it in the direction that the column had taken. The going was very rough and in the intense blackness it was impossible to see the surface of the road. They had not gone more than a few steps before Eadie fell into a water-filled shell hole. He scrambled out again as best he could, and was comforted by the captain telling him not to make so much noise. There was a loud splash, scratching, scrambling, another louder splash, and a confused gurgling that cleared into the captain's voice raised in profane wrath. Eadie was glad the night was dark and he could laugh to his heart's content without fear of discovery.

"Halt!" Eadie complied instantly. There was a long silence.

"Say your piece," spoke up the captain, "and get it over with."

"You Americans?" asked the unseen sentry.

"Surest thing," replied the captain.

"Pass."

"That's the front line we just passed," said the captain. "Look out for these shell holes. They're quite thick here." He

fell into one just then with all the noise and splashing of a diving horse landing in a tank. Eadie went into one himself, into icy water up to his waist.

"Listen," said the captain, "what's the noise down there?"

"I can't make out," said Eadie, after a minute of straining his ears. "It sounds like a horse pawing."

"I guess that's what it is," agreed the captain. "Some fool has tied up a horse in the road there. Let's go down to your battery here and find out if it belongs to them. The boche are liable to send out a patrol to see what that noise is. Have you got a gun?"

"Yessir," said Eadie. He wondered how useful it would be strapped to his waist under slicker and overcoat and full of cosmo-line. At least it wouldn't get rusty from being plunged into water every few minutes.

The captain led Eadie off the road and across a field.

The sergeant could feel grass and new ruts under his feet and knew that the guns must have passed that way. They followed the track of these ruts downhill, then abandoned them for the faint sound of digging. In this way they came to the battery, where the gunners were digging holes for the trail spades.

"That horse?" answered someone in response to the captain's inquiry. "We don't know who it belongs to. Someone tied him up out there to a tree. There's forty rounds of high-ex shells under that tree and that horse is pawin' at 'em. We don't dare untie him nor dig up the shells either, for fear one of 'em will go off."

"Will shells explode if they haven't got the fuses set?" asked the captain.

"Well, that's the question!" replied the other.

"You're liable to have a boche patrol in here," said the captain. "Who's in charge? Well, it's none of my business. Come, sergeant, my battalion is supposed to come in and spend what's left of the night directly in rear of this battery. There's a little knoll here. Let's go up and wait for them."

They climbed up the low hill again and sat down on the ground. The view was quite good from there. Eadie could see the lights from the German trenches and now and again, in a light that went up from somewhere to the right of the battery, the gleaming bones of a dead town, the wrecks of walls, a chimney or two, and piles of white rubbish made of stones with which the town had been built. There were trees somewhere in the middle distance, their leaves dripping with rain that glit-



"Have you got a Very pistol?"

tered in the white light of the flares. The captain muttered something about one o'clock. Rain seeped under Eadie's slicker, mud and water had soaked through his breeches so that he felt as if he were naked from the waist down. He became conscious suddenly of a rustling overhead, a soft whistling, like the stirring of wind through lofty trees. "Pssssss!" went something and the sound died away in the distance, as though whatever it was that passed trailed long streamers of fluttering silk behind it. Again that long hiss that Eadie could hear for a long time until it finally died away far over the German lines. The rain drumming on his helmet hindered his hearing. He removed the helmet and then could hear better. The sound now was clearer, like the waving of thousands of flags.

"It must be the bombardment," thought Eadie. "I'm glad I'm not on the receiving end." He listened for the reports of the guns, the thunder of hundreds of cannon, but heard no sound save that gentle sighing, that swift rushing far above him, a rush that grew to a sharp hiss and then died away into a gentle sigh and then silence. He heard neither the report of the gun that fired it, nor the explosion of the shell when it struck. The lights still continued to glow above No Man's Land.

"Here's my battalion," said the captain suddenly. Men appeared all around Eadie. He could hear some one reporting to the captain, a tale of wrong roads, companies gone astray in the darkness, and the sad news that the battalion was shy about twenty-five per cent of its effective strength.

"Where are they?" asked the captain.

"God knows," said the other man. "A platoon from this company, a squad from that, ten men from another. It wasn't the men's fault. Other outfits kept cutting into the column at cross-roads. We had a hell of a time. Worse than the night before Soissons. It seems as if every time we planned a drive it rained soup and stones to splash it."

"The Germans claim they're in direct liaison with Heaven," remarked the captain. "Maybe they are. Some of us will know this time tomorrow night. Well, have the men dig in and get some sleep. At four o'clock everyone up."

Shortly there was the sound of packs thumping on the ground, men's voices subdued with fatigue, and the scrape of pick and shovel on rocky soil. This died away, little by little, and all was silent once more.

"Hush! Hush!" said the shells overhead.

"You'd better get some sleep, sergeant," said the captain, "you'll need it. I'm going around to have a look at my companies. Stay here and shut your eyes a minute."

"I'd just as soon come with you," said Eadie. "It will warm me up a bit."

"Don't be a fool," said the captain. "You won't do any good running around with me. Stay here and rest. You won't get another chance for some time."

The captain swished away and Eadie, drawing up his legs to get them under the shelter of his slicker and overcoat, pillowed his head on his gas mask and put his helmet over his face. The infantry had each man dig a hole for himself to sleep in, so that he would have protection in case of a bombardment, but Eadie was an artilleryman and so slept on top of the ground. Furthermore, he had no pick and shovel to dig a hole with if he had wanted to. He listened to the rain rattling on his helmet, he thought of his gas mask, its eye-pieces not greased, and his gun that was too much so. He thought also of this sector that he did not know. Perhaps he would have luck and get a slight wound right at the beginning of the affair. But that would mean hospital again and the prospect was not alluring.

"Come, come, sergeant!" said a voice. "Come, it's time you were up. I've let you sleep till the last minute."

Eadie pushed off his helmet and sat up. It was no longer raining and day was not far off. The eastern horizon was al-

ready quite light and overhead, right in the zenith, was a patch of blue. All about Eadie men were rising from the ground, coming out of their holes as the dead will on the Judgment Day. They arose, settled their helmets, adjusted their gas masks, and moved off into the dusk. Their voices made a murmuring like the sea on the shore. Eadie, stiff and cold, hobbled after the captain, past group after group of soldiers, all going downhill in the half-darkness, and groaning with the pain of their stiffened limbs.

It was daylight by the time they had waded through a creek and come to a road. Evidently this was to be the jump-off. The captain halted and looked about him. Eadie thought the moment propitious for a look on his own part, to see if there were any outstanding features of the sector that might serve as guides later on. Behind there was nothing but rolling fields gray under the dawn and afar off a road with trees that crossed the horizon. There were nice deep dugouts along the road, thought Eadie enviously. He turned and looked the other way. One

look was enough. Out of a level plain leaped a mountain. It towered out of sight amongst the clouds. No need for any guide posts in that sector. Wherever Eadie might find himself he could see that mountain and know that his battery was at the foot of it. That is, the battery had been at the foot of it.

Eadie remembered a battery he had seen on the Marne, a German battery, that had been shoved forward as Eadie's had been to cover an advance. The range of a field gun is about four miles and if the infantry is at all aggressive in a drive, they are liable to run out of range and the guns must cease firing while they are moved up within range again. This consequent cessation of artillery support is liable to give the enemy a chance to rally and prevent the further advance of the infantry. Hence the light guns are placed as far forward as they can be. This German battery on the Marne, then, was very close to the bank of the river, in plain sight of all the obser-

vation posts on the opposite bank. The life of that battery had been short. Eadie had counted twenty-four bodies under the guns and the fragments of several more dangling from the trees overhead. He remembered that there were trees near his battery, too.

About Eadie the men discussed the mountain. The outfit would never pass it. The outfit would take it by frontal attack. There was a strong belief that it was to be blown up by a mine, in fact, certain soldiers claimed to have talked with men in Toul who had sunk said mine. All agreed that something would be done, for to think of starting a drive with that cliff held by the enemy would be madness.

"Have you got a Very pistol?" asked the captain suddenly. He turned to Eadie from the group of officers kneeling about a map.

"No, sir," said Eadie, in a feeling of panic. A Very pistol was for firing rockets.

"Good," said the captain. "I was going to take it away from you if you had. I've found that as long as you leave the artillery shooting their fool barrage in their own fool way, you'll be all right, but if you once start spreading panels or shooting rockets to try to get them to increase their range or shift their target, you'll get a damn fine shower of steel right in the back of the neck. You stick right with me, sergeant, and leave the artillery alone. And get yourself a rifle, too, from the first casualty. We're going with the first wave and you don't want



The men began to go through the shattered wire.

(Continued on page 57)

MY MEMORIES OF CUBA

(Personal recollections of a Marine who was with the First Battalion at Guantanamo in 1898)

By John H. Clifford

THE 'MAINE' has been blown up!" These words were flashed by telegraph across the country on the night of February 15, 1898. By the following morning the news had spread like wildfire, rousing a nation, already incensed, to a high pitch of patriotic fervor.

Some days previously the battleship "Maine" had steamed to Havana, Cuba, on a peaceful mission. On the night of the tragedy, almost before the last faint echoes of Taps had died away, there was a terrific explosion. More than 260 officers and men lost their lives. Only 62 men survived.

To America, already stirred to a high pitch of resentment by the Spanish policy in Cuba, it was the last straw. Aroused by the prospect of an imminent conflict with Spain, recruiting officers were besieged. Volunteers flocked to the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Even to our comparatively small post at Portsmouth, N. H., they came in large numbers, and prominent among these applicants were former veterans of the Civil War.

To all of these applicants, our commanding officer, Major Robert L. Meade, passed the word through his first sergeant: "Sergeant, take these men's names, and give them the first call, either for ship or shore detachment duty in Cuba."

On the morning of April 6, orders came from Colonel Charles Heywood, Commandant of the Marine Corps. Troops were to be gathered from East coast points and assembled into a battalion at Brooklyn for duty in Cuba.

A few days later 60 volunteers left Portsmouth, under the command of Captain William F. Spicer, and shortly afterward arrived at Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Barracks bustled with war-time activity. Detachments were arriving from everywhere, companies were being formed, the barracks were crowded and to find a place to sleep was a problem. Eventually a battalion, composed of six companies, with 106 men and three officers to each company, was formed. Colonel Robert W. Huntington was our commanding officer.

We left on April 19. I recall what a striking figure Colonel Huntington made, mounted astride a coal-black horse, as we marched partly through three streets of Brooklyn, thence back into the yard, to where the U. S. S. "Panther" lay. The Navy Yard Band led the way, and thousands of cheering people lined the streets.

We soon had everything aboard and stowed away shipshape. Then, while whistles screeched, bells rang and men tossed their caps in the air, we steamed slowly out to the Narrows, leaving the band on the dock, playing a favorite air of the time: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Our voyage around Cape Hatteras and into the Gulf Stream was uneventful, and finally we reached Key West, where we

received orders from Admiral Sampson to pitch camp. We also learned that war had been declared on April 21, as this expedition took place long before the invention of "wireless."

Our camp at Key West was far from desirable. It was extremely hot. Flies and mosquitoes swarmed everywhere. Dust storms added to our discomfort, and the only available drinking water was distilled aboard ship, or carried in casks from cisterns in the town. However, Colonel Huntington established

patrols, and gave us frequent liberty, and the morale of the men was excellent.

We broke camp at Key West on June 6th, went aboard the "Panther," and on June 10 landed at

Guantanamo Bay, under cover of the guns of the "Texas," "Marblehead" and "Yosemite." Here was established Camp McCalla.

The first brush with the enemy occurred on the night of June 11—a night which will never be forgotten by the men of the First Marine Battalion. It was pitch dark, rain fell in torrents, and a heavy fire from our trenches was directed toward the enemy's lines. A surprise attack engaged our outposts, under the command of Captain Spicer and at another location, under Lieutenant Wendell C. Neville. The latter, with thirty men, returned the fire, and held back the enemy.

During the night desultory fire opened on the camp by small parties from different directions on five occasions. Privates McColgan and Dumphy, who were on outpost duty with Company D, were killed in one of the first engagements, each of them receiving eight wounds, any one of which would have caused death.

About 1:00 a. m. a combined attack was made, and Acting Asst. Sur. John Blair Gibbs, U. S. N., was killed, while still later in the morning of the 12th, Sergeant C. H. Smith was killed, and several other enlisted men were wounded.

The attacks continued on the night of the 12th, and Sergeant Major Henry Good was killed. Firing on the camp persisted on the 13th, and at 8:00 a. m. on the 14th a rather smart fire was opened on the camp, but was soon repelled.

Early in the morning of the 14th a force consisting of Companies C and D, and a few native troops, proceeded through the hills about six miles.

What a day it was! The hills were steep, the roads mere trails, and a blistering Cuban sun shone down. An extra load of ammunition on our backs added to our discomfort. One of the boys said to Lieutenant Neville: "We never can get up those hills. We go up one foot and slip back six."

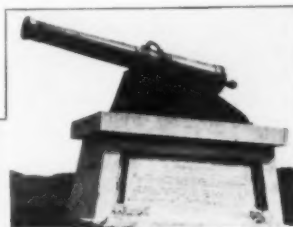
(Continued on page 54)



COLONEL HUNTINGTON

at the time of the Spanish-American War.

Upper right: Monument on McCalla Hill, where Marines first established camp. Lower left: Stone erected on the spot where McColgan and Dumphy fell.



THE NICARAGUAN EXPEDITION

By Sergeant Major Clarence B. Proctor, Marine Corps Reserve



THE MARINES have landed and have the situation well in hand!"

This age-old sardonic fling sums up as well as any single sentence can the existing conditions in Nicaragua. The sentence must not be interpreted as disparagement, for the courage and often the brilliancy with which Marines have operated in Nicaragua mark them as a magnificent body of men, well directed by officers who at times have sacrificed military advantage to what they considered the higher necessity of safeguarding the lives and rights of law-abiding natives.

To one who knows the incredible difficulties of the terrain in which the bandit forces of Nicaragua operate, and who is familiar with Sandino's method of ambushing or striking small groups and then running away before our forces can strike back, and to one who realizes the tropical diseases and other inconveniences to which "Leathernecks" are subjected in that country, it means that, through no choice of their own, Marines have engaged in a struggle which has been maddeningly unsatisfactory to them.

The active zones of combat have been confined mainly to two areas—the Nueva Segovia District in northwestern Nicaragua, and the Zelaya and adjoining provinces on the east coast of that country.

The Nueva Segovia District

The Nueva Segovia District is one of thickly wooded mountains and is a patternless wilderness of peaks, ridges and rock-strewn cliffs formed by countless volcanic eruptions. A few small rivers and creeks trickle through it. Its trails are infrequent, and are passable with much difficulty, especially in the rainy season.

Detachments of Marines are dotted over this district in little garrisons, with Ocotal as their headquarters. The force in any one town or locality is usually so small that their quarters are turned into veritable forts capable of being defended by a few



La Paz Centro, Nicaragua. Captain Buchanan was killed by a shot from the house on the extreme right during the attack of May 16, 1927.

men until rations and ammunition are exhausted in order that the remainder of the garrison can take the field when bandits are reported in their vicinity. Of necessity, heavily guarded ration and munition trains are constantly plying between these widely scattered posts.

Noisy tractor trains and lumbering bull-carts are used in the service of supply when possible, but temperamental pack mules or bulls often have to be resorted to.

Supply train duty is most hazardous. The Leathernecks assigned this duty become exhausted with caring for themselves and their animals or motor-drawn vehicles, keeping their columns closed up, shifting and adjusting loads or packs, rescuing exhausted animals or ones fallen off cliffs, and above all, from the necessity of being ever on the alert for possible ambush or other contact by native bandits who are familiar with the country, and who have machine guns and only attack when superior in numbers, and when they have a previously prepared "get-away."

Combat and reconnaissance patrols "in the hills" live under a constant mental and physical strain. They are being continually warned by supposedly friendly natives of contemplated attacks by bandits in large numbers, and they are constantly seeking contact with reported large forces of the hated outlaws. The country is mountainous to an extreme, many rivers have to be forded, the trails lead along the edges of precipices, through deep ravines—all is densely wooded or heavy underbrush—hundreds of points occur along the line of march suitable for the laying of an ambush. Night marching is the rule rather than the exception. All in all, it's a mighty hard country in which to "get by."

The Eastern District

In the jungles on the Mosquito Coast, in the eastern section of Nicaragua, Marines have been carrying on extensive operations against bandits. Some of the bare-footed banana-cutters of that section have been loath to surrender their rifles. When it gets too "hot" for Sandino in the Nueva Segovia sector, he sometimes flees with his forces to the eastern section of the country, causing fear—and terror-gripped peaceful inhabitants there to take to the bushes,



Here's a group of "General" Sandino's followers. The second man from the right is operating a Lewis gun. Others have rifles.

and Americans to move to the coast from their logging camps, mines, and fruit orchards.

Marching into the interior from the east coast is, without a doubt, the worst hike the Marine Corps ever had to face. Trails on that coast are very rare and then only go for a few miles through the tropical jungles. In sections where there are no trails a compass course must be followed, and advance guards, equipped with automatic rifles for use in the event of an ambush, chop the way for advancing columns, with machetes and knives. At its best this method of travel is slow, and five miles a day is considered splendid time for a column of troops. It is impossible for the men to travel on horses or mules through this terrain.

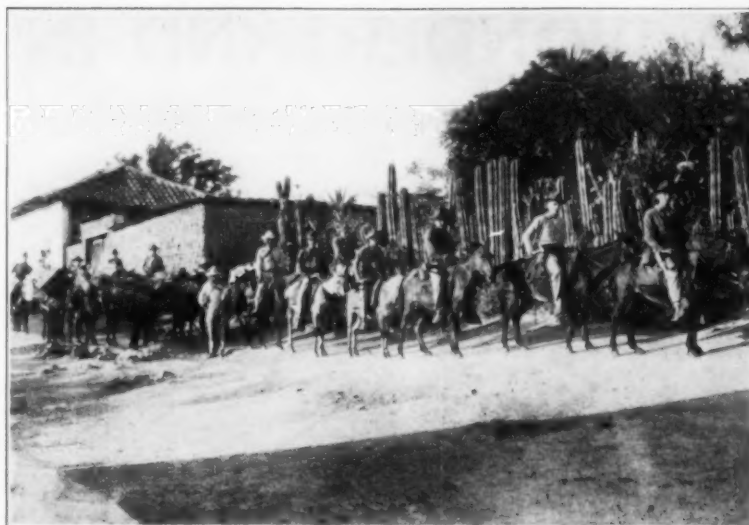
This tiring method of travel must eventually be forsaken for native boats, propelled by means of long poles, on small winding rivers so shallow and rocky in places that the boats often have to be carried, and in other places so deep and swift that great care must be taken against capsizing. The foliage that overhangs these rivers for miles makes traveling dangerous. For great distances it is sometimes necessary for men in the bow of the boat to hack a path through the tropical ferns and foliage. It is possible for a few rebels to wipe out a column of Marines by simply hiding in the bushes until the boats come by and then dropping a few well-placed bombs.

At many remote outposts in the eastern interior, the Indian inhabitants had never seen a white man prior to the arrival of our patrols, but they had heard of the Marines from the bandits, who described them as "Marinos Americanos mucho blanco y malo," which means literally very white and very bad American Marines. It was not long though before the natives realized that the Marines would not harm law-abiding citizens, and they became very friendly and helpful.

The Leathernecks often live in primitive style in the jungle towns of eastern Nicaragua, forsaking their tents for native huts with thatched roofs and only thin mud walls and beds made from the bark of trees and tropical vegetation. Their diet, though simple, is never monotonous. They have venison, tapir and other wild game, which is in abundance. Native fresh vegetables take the place of canned goods, while "hard-tack" is replaced by native corn cakes, called "tortillas."

Peace-Time Action

The activities of this most recent Nicaraguan Expedition impresses upon us the fact that it does not take a war to give



A group of Mounted Marines in Nicaragua. These detachments are often away from camp for days at a time, patrolling the dense jungles.

Marines action. Our Corps has been called upon to participate in many such expeditions sent out for the purpose of bringing peace and tranquility to small nations to the South which were in the throes of revolution. And Marines have always handled these situations with efficiency and credit to themselves and their country—in peace-time they have fought and died for humanity. Some people may laugh off these expeditions as "bamboo wars," but when a man is killed in one of them he is just as dead as any who fell in Belleau Woods. And our buddies in Nicaragua have been face to face with blood-thirsty bandits who can kill with a ferocity unknown to any white man.

Men who ten years ago were fighting their way through the forests of France often remark: "Nicaragua is harder to operate in than the Argonne was. In the Argonne we had whole lines advancing, clearing as they went. Here it is a matter of sending small isolated columns through tropical jungles far more difficult than the Argonne, with no possibility of flank protection and where you can be within six feet of sudden death and not suspect it."

Bush warfare, right, this Nicaraguan expeditionary work!

The fighting may be on a small scale compared to activities on the western front in France, but the difficulties of operation make it unique in the experience of veterans of the World War.

Our patrols in Nicaragua, denied the normal defense of flankers by the ruggedness of the country, have developed tactics of their own. They move ahead cautiously on trails which frequently cling to the sides of steep mountains with a gulf below and a heavy wooded precipice above, the most dangerous places being the shoulders of the mountainside, which prevent observation.

This tropical fighting has not been the sort that lends itself to thrilling description. It has not been a matter of waves of troops sweeping forward behind a barrage to the enemy's lines and finishing him off hand-to-hand. Instead it has been an interminable series of small unforeseen encounters, in which the Sandinistas have waylaid handfulls of Marines, inflicted the maximum of casualties without seriously exposing themselves, then retreating through the pathless wilderness. To our fellow Marines it has been painful and unsatisfactory to seldom come to grips with the men who are harrassing them.

The Air Service Helps

I don't know what we ground troops would have done in the mountain fastnesses if it had not of been for the air service. The airplanes

(Continued on page 55)



Gazing into the muzzles of bandit rifles. This is another group of Sandino's outlaws, who are kicking up a big fuss in Nicaragua.

A WONDERLAND IN NICARAGUA

By Lieutenant James Snedeker, U. S. Marine Corps

IF YOU were a Marine in Nicaragua, and had been traveling over the rocky passes of the mountains and the muddy trails of the valleys in the densely wooded and sparsely settled section north of Matagalpa, would you not be exceedingly surprised to come suddenly upon a little wonderland of civilization hidden in the trees?

It had been a hard ride over the trail from Jinotega. Neither horses nor mules could be sure-footed on the sharp, jagged rocks, especially when they covered the narrow stretches overhanging a precipitous drop of one to two thousand feet into the tangled undergrowth below. Up one hill and down; then up the next in never ending succession. Once my saddle slipped completely from under me and toppled in a heap over the mule's tail. It was then I discovered that saddling a beast on an almost vertical slope is an art in itself. Finally the summit of a long range was attained, and the trail led joyfully on the cloud level along the range. For nearly three hours we rode in the heavy mist of passing clouds, which precipitated upon us a fine, steady drizzle. Occasionally, between clouds, a view of the southern landscape would present itself, the sunlight on the distant peaks far across the long, low valley lending the shades of green into a vernal panorama that would draft a smile of satisfaction from any artist. Once, from an altitude of 4200 feet, the outline of the volcanic Momotombo could be discerned against the grey-blue curtain which veiled the miles beyond.

At length we descended some twelve hundred feet into a saddle between the hills. The trail led through a grove of ceiba trees, massive grenadiers of the forest, tall and straight, with loyal vines whose diameters would have given them the dignity of trees had they abandoned their parasitic existence. Wet shrubbery taller than a mounted Marine confined the range of vision to a radius of thirty or forty yards. The woods grew more dense. Only the road itself now broke the encircling green. And then, startlingly, we emerged into a clearing.

"La Fundadora," explained our guide.

Within a cleared space some one hundred yards wide and four times that in length, we saw more houses, and better houses, than had been our pleasure to encounter since leaving the capital, Managua. Crossing the wooden bridge over a waterfall, we passed the large tin-roofed structures which housed the office-refining machinery and made our way to the long, green, two-storied house, the prominence of whose design and location marked it as the ranch headquarters. Above and below, around three sides, a ten-foot porch was bannistered in. Electric porch lamps hung at points convenient to whosoever sat in the wicker chairs or swung in the corner hammock. The glass-paneled windows, swinging open from either side like storm shutters, glistened immaculately.

As we approached, a clean-shaven young man of about

twenty-eight opened the door and came to meet us. He was introduced to me by one of the officers in our party.

"Hans Fraenkel," he smiled, "or just Frank is better."

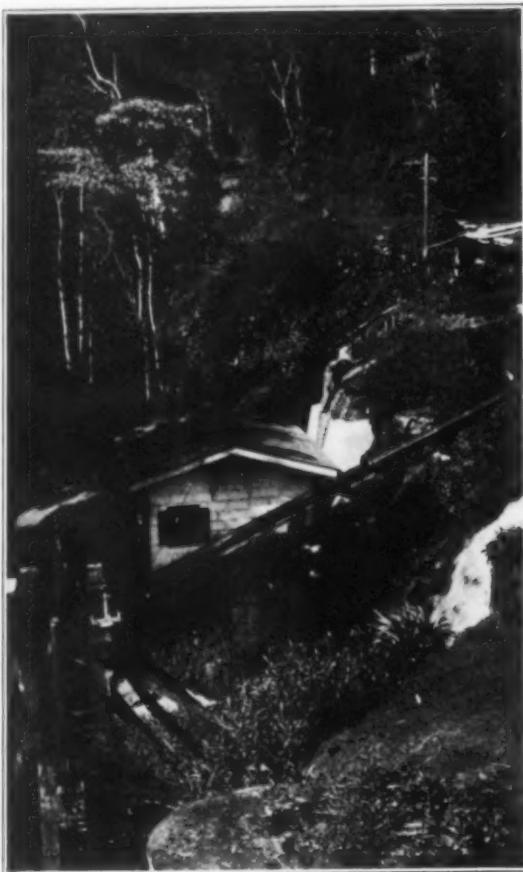
He gave some orders in rapid Spanish, and his corral men took our mounts away to be watered and pastured. Our saddle packs, we found later, were removed and placed, almost as if by magic, beside our beds in the guest rooms.

I was very curious about the place. Frank explained that La Fundadora meant "the founder" and referred to Mr. Charles Potter, the English owner and inaugurator of the business in that section. Mr. Potter spends his summers and autumns either in the old country, England, or in Panama, leaving Mr. Fraenkel in charge of Fundadora during his absence. In December or January, when the coffee season begins (it is always a tardy season in the cool climate of the hills), the owner returns and everyone is kept as busy as a bee in a hive for the five months following. This is the rush season. The coffee is brought in by the pickers, put into the "coffee gin," pulped, fermented, washed, dried, classified, and packed into sacks for shipment. Pack mules and ox-carts move south-westward like columns of ants carrying food for winter storage. At Leon, a transfer to the Pacific Railroad of Nicaragua effects the change to the Pacific seaport, Corinto. Steamers then carry it up the west coast and through the Panama Canal to all parts of the world.

The coffee from Fundadora is reputed to be the best in Nicaragua. It is grown in the district of Arenal, and is known as Arenal coffee. However, it is sold abroad under Mr. Potter's registered trade-name of "Tega" coffee, utilizing the phonetic ending of Jinotega. This coffee is valued at about twenty-nine cents a pound F. O. B. Corinto of which about ten to fourteen cents, according to season, represents the cost of production. Since Fraenkel became manager four years ago, he has discovered and opened new arteries of commercial profit. Where only the hacienda's own coffee was put through the machinery previously, now that of the smaller planters is dried, classified, and sacked for a small charge and in far less time than it could possibly be accomplished

by hand. During the seven months of the inoperative season, almost enough cheese, butter, and other dairy products are marketed in Matagalpa to offset the total cost of upkeep. One hundred natives are kept on a year-round payroll to insure the availability of labor when the coffee is ripe, and to keep the machinery in condition. These folk live in a group of twenty or thirty shacks erected two years ago about two hundred yards east of the work shops, and which they call Pueblo Nuevo, or new town. For the five busy months of the coffee term, three hundred and fifty more workers are added to this nucleus, but are released as the production diminishes.

The Fundadora enterprise might be divided into eight distinct features of business:



The power house at La Fundadora, as viewed from the machine shops. Note the sixteen-inch water main feeding it.

1. An annual crop of the hacienda's coffee of 4000 quintals, or hundred-weight.
2. Handling and milling about 8000 quintals more for neighbor clients.
3. Freight service via ox-carts to Matagalpa.
4. Dairy of 160 cows; marketing butter, milk, and cheese.
5. Corn crop of 1700 quintals for local markets.
6. Importation and distribution of foreign products.
7. Agency for machinery; E. H. Bental & Co., Ltd., England.
8. Smaller business, as the conducting of a company store, etc.

These phases of the enterprise are distributed over the year's seasons in such a way that participation in them keeps the hacienda and those in its constant employ following a busy cycle of events.

Frank conducted us to the parlor within. This room was one-half step up from the main floor of the house, as though it were in a class by itself. It had a just right to hold itself aloof. On its floor lay a plush rug, surrounded by new, white, wicker chairs and rockers, interspersed with small highly polished tables. These boasted imported bric-a-brac, ash trays, etc.

Cigars, cigarettes, chocolates, and salted nuts were at hand. In two corners were beautifully finished, shelved stands with mirrored backgrounds on which rested delicate vases of cultivated gladiolas, zinnias, and iris. It was the latter flower, I was told, which gave its name to the rainbow, which phenomenon, in Spanish, is called *arco iris*. A third corner, next to a plush lounge covered with silken cushions, stood a Victor Grafonola on its cabinet. Opposite the lounge was a mahogany bookcase, glass-enclosed, shaped to resemble a fireplace mantel. Jardiniers of marvelously blown glassware in harmonious colors stood sentinels at either corner. A wicker magazine rack might have been overlooked, so perfectly did it fit under one of the crystal windows. Every board of the house, artistically carved though it was, had been sawed, trimmed, and the designs cut by hand from lumber taken from this very clearing, Frank said. The wood was called *canela* in Spanish, having a scent, when freshly cut, like that of cinnamon. The walls, unpainted, resplendent in their natural light brown, were covered with copies of the masters and famous etchings elegantly framed. One imagined himself on a tour of inspection in a national gallery of art as he side-stepped about the perimeter of the room. A portrayal of a group of barnyard cocks was done in real feathers, a London work, and was most interesting.

As if *La Fundadora's* assets were not sufficient within themselves, Sandino, the bandit chief, had increased its fame by paying a recent visit. Enroute from Yali to Jinotega last March, Sandino had spent a few days in comparative seclusion at Fundadora. On one occasion, when Marine planes flew low over Fundadora, in search of the bandits, Sandino in a few seconds was able to conceal his fifty horses and men under the many roofs of the hacienda houses, thereby maintaining the secrecy of his position. He was an unwelcome guest, and took with him most of the cash which Fraenkel had on hand, but evidently he had a sense of appreciation of beauty and grandeur, for he forsook his policy of destruction, allowing the hacienda with its unusual furnishings to remain untouched. A few days later, when Marine patrols from Matagalpa and Jinotega converged at Fundadora, the sly bandit was on a north-bound trail again.

It was nearly five o'clock. Promptly on the dot of that hour the maid rolled in a long tray with tea. There was never any doubt thereafter as to the nationality of the household. Frank told us that the custom prevailed all year and that tea at five was invariable. He served it in a manner becoming an accomplished host. The tea was accompanied by sandwiches, sweet-breads, and cookies. To those of us who were accustomed to the rude environment of a Marine camp, this formality, incongruous as it was with the wild country in which Fundadora lay hidden, was indeed an acceptable relief. There were no members of the opposite sex, yet there was no jot or tittle which would have seemed amiss had America's first lady intruded unannounced. Fresh cream and domino sugar as accessories to the tea were quite a deviation from the standard ration of military life.

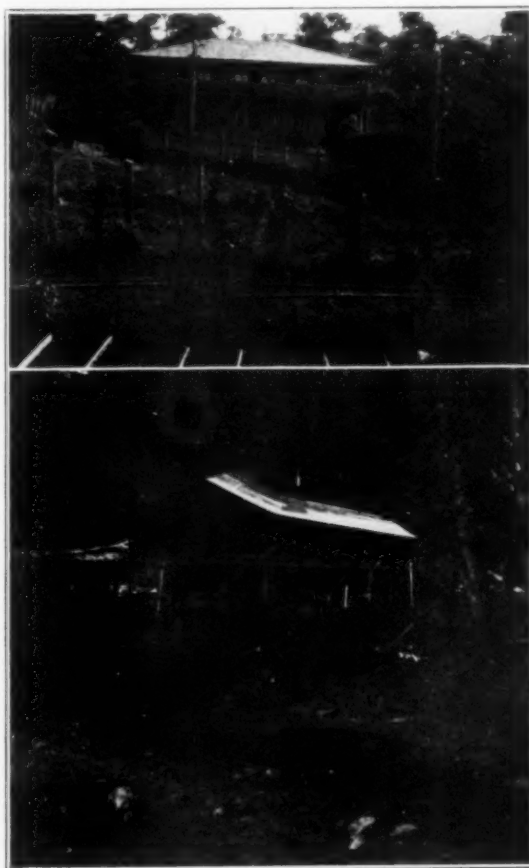
After tea, we made a tour of the hacienda's machine shops.

They were about one hundred yards to the north in a three-story wooden building. Frank showed us how, by turning a control-cable wheel, the sluice was opened and the water diverted into the concrete tank, and through a drop of fifty-four feet in a sixteen-inch main to the water turbine under a roof adjoining the stone powerhouse below. As soon as the sluice gate was opened wide, the flywheel of the turbine announced the silent obedience to the mechanical order, and soon, through the medium of a one-hundred and thirty-two foot cable, the machinery of the main shop was in wholesale operation. The forty horsepower thus delivered was used for every conceivable purpose. Not only were the drier, the pulper, the air-blast refiner, and the classifier utilized, but even a bone grinder was installed on the same line of power. In this small device, bones were powdered, and the powder used as fertilizer for the young coffee crop.

At six we went to the electric plant, in the stone structure under the tin roof, called the powerhouse. In this was housed an up-to-date turbo-generator, the water turbine being of the centrifugal type. Every oil cup was filled, every piece of metal was clean, every brass knob was shined to brilliancy. Frank opened the inlet valve, then the outlet. In less than thirty seconds the voltmeter showed 220 volts! He then set the governor for that voltage, locked the valve, and left it to run throughout the night. As we left, the "street lights," which had escaped our notice, were brought to our attention by their illuminating power. Two hundred and twenty-five bulbs were burning brightly, Frank told us, on this circuit.

At eight there was served a cocktail of the Old World, recently imported. Directly there was dinner. The dining room was as elegantly appointed as was the parlor. Cut glass dishes reflected in the mirror of the mahogany sideboard a variety of tints. Vessels of delicate handiwork in both shape and color were either shelved or hung pendant from the walls. The tray which had been used for tea at five was rolled under the sill of the window, and was again filled with home-made cakes and cookies. On the glistening hardwood table embroidered covers were laid for six, and correctly interspersed between the wide-blue-band pattern china were all the implements of solid silverware demanded by the Book of Etiquette. A bottle of Moselle wine, imported from Germany, stood by each place. After soup, the native waitress, in a stiffly starched apron immaculately white, brought in a huge roasted turkey, which the host

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Above: The main house on the hacienda, looking from the workshops. Below: La Fundadora's machine shop.

Chasing the Jungle Fowl

By Vernon E. Megee



INTAD, mon lieutenant!" announced Snowball sotto voce, rolling the whites of his eyes in my direction.

From the depths of the tangled thicket ahead came a singing cackling crescendo of sound—ending as abruptly as it had begun. Then—**Cat-a-rack! Cat-a-rack! Cat-a-rack!**—the answer came back from the big mango tree that stood on the far side of the little clearing.

Sending Snowball and his diminutive trouserless aides to circle the thicket, Red and I crouched behind a hedge of Spanish bayonet and waited expectantly. Our wait was short. There was a ripple of swaying branches in the tops of the dye-wood bushes, and suddenly a grey feathered rocket shot out over our heads in a graceful curve. At Red's second shot the beating wings folded and the grey form hurtled earthward through the branches of a towering oak. A rending crash followed by the crackling of broken twigs; then the dull muffled thud of a heavy body striking the ground. High above the tree tops a little cloud of feathers drifted with the breeze.

"One down!" exulted Red, blowing the smoke from his gun barrels. "Hell's Bells!" he swore, frantically cramming in new shells, as a dozen more of the big birds followed their ill-fated leader out of that thicket. My first shot winged one and it went down in a long glide into a cane field and safety. The others towered but I caught one fairly on the rise, crumpling it up with a well timed shot. Red, in his haste, missed ignominiously. We retrieved our game, stopping to admire the mottled polka dot markings and the sleek plumpness of the birds.

"What do you think of these 'tame barnyard chickens'?" I asked innocently enough. Red had not been overly enthusiastic about chasing through a tropical jungle after guinea hens.

"Let's get after that flock," was his answer.

We handed the birds to Snowball—the ebony *gros chef* of our expedition—who in turn passed them on to the two half-grown savages who had attached themselves to our party as beaters and game carriers. We never lacked for help on any of our hunts, as it was only necessary to fire a shot or two and a varied collection of small Africans would materialize from nowhere, all clamoring for the privilege of accompanying *les blancs*. From this assemblage of grinning urchins Snowball would gravely select two or three, and then with fierce gestures and a few choice expletives send the others scurrying into the jungle like scared rabbits.

Snowball was our man Friday—guide, interpreter, house-boy and general factotum. He carried himself with great dignity, strutting about in our cast-off clothing like a rooster in the rain. Did he not receive the princely sum of six dollars every month in recognition of his sterling worth? Was it not his privilege to bully the other servants, and to extract tribute from every market woman who came with supplies to our kitchen? His was the credit when we brought in a good bag from the hunt—but if we returned empty handed from the fields to which he had so confidentially led us it was because of the evil charms cast by some voodoo doctor.

We had driven out from old Cape Haitien early in the afternoon, following the dinky railroad that crosses the *Plain du Nord* on its way to Grande Riviere. The wheels of our flivver bumped along over the old paving stones of what had once been a royal highway. A century and more ago this vast plain was the garden spot of the world; here French planters lived in luxury on fertile plantations tilled by imported African slaves. We found only a tangled jungle broken here and there by small clearings and thatched roofed huts which were occupied by the sorry descendants of those slaves who had driven the French from the island. Nothing remained of a past glory but the crumbling ruins of elaborate buildings half buried under a mantle of green. Perched on the crest of a high sheer sided mountain, overlooking the plain and the harbor of Le Cap, stands the ruined citadel of Christophe—one time king of Haiti. This frowning fortress, looming against the skyline, is visible twenty miles out at sea; and could be seen from any part of our hunting grounds, a reassuring landmark in that wilderness.

The African guinea fowl, imported probably with the negroes, inhabits these ruined plantations in great flocks. Although similar in markings and of the same general characteristics as its barnyard cousin, this bird is as wild as a turkey and we found hunting them to be great sport. The small clearings

planted to beans and corn furnished them an abundance of food, and no game ever had better cover. The natives trapped them

the year around and the foreign sportsmen in Cap Haitien hunted them incessantly, yet they seemed to remain as plentiful as ever.

Red had only recently arrived from the States and this was his initiation into the sport. In common with most quail shooters he had scoffed at the idea of there being any difficulty in bagging birds as large as a guinea hen. His eyes had been opened with the flushing of the first flock, as we have seen.

The birds had taken cover in a fair sized cane field some little distance away. We skirted the edges of this field while the native boys beat the cover in a vain attempt to flush the game. A forbidding hedge of thorny cactus plants stretched across the upper end of this cane patch and we reached that point without finding any guineas. We had managed to get ourselves nicely tangled trying to cross this barrier when five birds flushed from the tall grass just beyond. Handicapped as we were we only managed to drop one bird with our four shots.

"Those looked easy," remarked my companion. "What the devil is wrong with us anyway?" he added.

"You'll burn considerable powder before the day is over," I answered with a grin. "These birds can carry more lead than a Potomac canvasback."

One of the Haitiens, clad only in the upper end of a ragged shirt, crawled through the thorny hedge with impunity and retrieved the dead bird. Red and I, though well protected with high boots and heavy khaki, got ourselves painfully scratched before we finally wormed through that cactus fence.

The afternoon sun scorched us with its slanting rays, sending rivulets of perspiration trickling down our necks. We seated ourselves on a rusty iron kettle that lay half buried under an ancient mango tree—and rested. Scattered about the little clearing in which we were seated lay the crude machinery from the ruined sugar mill whose grey crumbling walls peeped out from the green fringe of vegetation that threatened to swallow up the little glade. A swarm of vicious mosquitoes disturbed our reverie and sent us on into the jungle.

We had perhaps a mile of following a wandering pig-trail that led us through thick underbrush and underneath huge trees of oak and mahogany choked with parasitic vines as thick as a man's thigh. The last rays of the sun glinted on the bright plumage of screaming flocks of parrots disporting themselves in the tops of these trees. Through the dense shadows on the floor of this semi-tropical forest we fought our way along, clawing at the vines and brush that sought to entrap us. Frequently we were forced to crawl on all fours as had the pigs before us, choking from the steaming rank odor of rotting vegetation that assailed our nostrils.

"Whew! But this is wild!" panted Red, forcing his way through a tangle of wild grapevines. "Aren't we apt to get snake bitten or chewed up by a jaguar?"

"We might meet an old razor-back sow or a wild house-cat," I answered, "but as far as I know there are no large wild animals or poisonous snakes on the island."

Our pig trail emerged from the jungle and we saw ahead of us a large open field in which grew scattered oak and mango trees. A pair of stately royal palms, strangely incongruous in such company, marked the place as the site of an ancient plantation. On a previous trip I had discovered that this grove was the roosting place of a large flock of guinea hens, and our trip through the jungle had been made in order to get on the ground before the birds arrived. Even now we could hear them calling as they worked in from the surrounding thickets. From our hiding place in the fringe of the jungle we presently saw small flocks, pairs, and single birds running along the ground toward the trees.

"Reminds me of turkey shooting," whispered Red. "Wish I had a rifle."

"Wait until they get into the trees," I answered, "and I'll show you some fun."

"You're not going to shoot them off the roost?" he remonstrated. "No fun in that."

I chuckled in anticipation. "Sure, why not get a sackful while we're at it."

The sun had set behind the blue hills beyond Limbe, and I knew

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THE RENOVATION OF QUANTICO, VIRGINIA



QUANTICO, romantic, picturesque Quantico, is undergoing a rapid and remarkable change. The low, green buildings that housed the famous war-time Marines are fast disappearing, and growing in their stead are modern structures of concrete and steel that will require an expenditure of nearly two and one quarter millions of dollars.

The barracks buildings are three stories in height, 350 feet long by 45 feet in width. Each building will house 500 men, and the three, when completed, will accommodate one regiment.

On the first floor of each barracks is a large mess hall with a capacity of 420 men at one sitting. Each mess hall is equipped with two drinking fountains and the contemplated mess tables will be finished in duco. But it is the kitchens themselves that would delight the modern housewife. Every possible convenience is being installed. A coal stove, twelve feet long, a four-compartment vegetable steamer, two steam kettles of 60-gallon capacity, an electric vegetable peeling machine that can peel 50 pounds of vegetables in a minute and a quarter; a combination electric mixing machine and ice cream freezer, the mixer being equipped with one 40-quart and one 80-quart bowl, two beaters, one large dough hook, one strainer and colander, one vegetable slicer attachment, one bread crumbler attachment, and one gear-driven ice cream freezer attachment suitable for operating a 40-quart ice cream freezer. The machine is motor driven and is adaptable for mixing, rubbing, beating, washing, creaming, straining and whipping food products, for beating eggs, mixing dough and freezing cream. There is also a double compartment electric bake and roast oven, an electrically operated, conveying, spray-type dish-washing machine, with a capacity of 12,000 pieces per hour, with separate washing and rinsing racks. The trays for this machine were designed by Lieutenant H. M. Peter, A. Q. M., U. S. M. C., and they are unique in that the racks are capable of holding cups, saucers, plates, gravy boats, platters, etc., without being changed.

Among the many cooking accessories installed in each kitchen is an electric refrigerator, electric and steam combination coffee

urn, bread slicing machine, meat cutters and rubber tired, ball-bearing dish trucks. If meals of exceptional quality are not produced in these kitchens it will not be through lack of mechanical conveniences.

On the second and third floors of the buildings are located one 52-man dormitory, one 48-man dormitory, one 12-man dormitory for non-commissioned officers, two rooms for staff NCO's, having built-in closets and a capacity for two men. There is one small room for washing and cleaning gear, one wash room with twenty basins and ten mirrors; heads, showers and dressing rooms, all with white tile floors and marble partitions.

Squad rooms are equipped with night lights, all other lights being controlled by a central switch on each floor.

Apartments for the officers are being rapidly constructed and should be completed by the latter part of July. Each house has six apartments, with a garage and locker room in the basement. In the attic is the servants' quarters for each apartment. A small central rear stairway leads from basement to attic, with a small service hall on each floor, leading to one apartment on each side.

Each apartment has a reception hall, a living room 19 by 15 feet, two bedrooms with closets, a small hall with closet, centrally located. The dining room is 15 by 12½ feet, and the kitchen is equipped with an electric stove and other accommodations. Heat will be furnished by a central heating plant, and water will be heated by furnaces in the basement.

Other buildings being erected are the Motor Transport Building, two stories high and approximately 200 feet square. The Commissary building, another two-story structure, and the store house, immediately south and of similar construction to the Commissary building. The power house is to be 100 by 150 feet, with a brick smoke stack 145 feet high. This will be a fully equipped and modern power house.

All construction is under the supervision of the Bureau of Yards and Docks. Lieutenant A. A. L. Ort, U. S. N., is in charge, passing on all construction material that goes into the buildings, and rejecting all work that does not come up to the U. S. Navy standards and the special specifications.



COMMUNICATION NOTES FORM "NSC." BRIGADE SIGNAL COM- PANY, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By C. A. Stepanof

We were sorry indeed to lose the services of Sergeant (Hungry) Hudson, of Quantico baseball fame, and Corporal Gene Austin, our worthy "horseback rider instructor." They were transferred to the Garde d'Haiti, and are now full-fledged "Lootendents." They were properly christened at the Park Inn, and both were lucky enough to draw "rainproof helmets."

Pfc. Hearn, who was until recently our mess sergeant, has a very melodious voice. His favorites are "I'm in Love With a Beautiful Nurse" and "That's My Weakness Now." Hi-Hearn.

Corporal Grimm, one of our radio operators, who has won the nickname "Majest City Sheik," just can't refrain from stepping out at liberty call every day. He manages to check in just in time to save himself from going on report. We wonder if that, er—er—blonde has anything to do with it.

Corporal Jim Murphy, known throughout the service as "Shanghai Jim," the breaker-up of tight ball games, and general fence-buster, is striving to learn the duties of company clerk. He joined the company as a plumber and the top sergeant says he'll leave as a plumber. He certainly makes one remember that old adage, "What's the use of being Irish if you can't be thick?"

Gy.-Sgt. P. H. Smith, the NCO in charge of the telephone system, has things in excellent working order. He sure knows his onions when it comes to "telephony." He, however, is coming to that forgetful age. He went hunting the other day, and after driving fifteen miles out of Port, he found that he had left his ammunition home. He really can't be blamed, though, as this trait of forgetfulness seems to run in the family. Mrs. P. H., who remained home at the time, decided to visit a friend. She packed up her Victrola, records and needles, to enjoy a musical afternoon. When she arrived at her destination she discovered that she had left the reproducer home.

When the S. S. "Cristobal" pulled into Port au Prince, April 7, 1929, it brought the better half of QM. Sgt. Harry (Beky) Bartley. Since her arrival, Harry has calmed down considerably. No more 35 dances now. She has Harry well under wing. They are now enjoying a second

honeymoon at the Park Inn (at least Harry says he is).

Mike (Military) Puskarich, who relieved Kid Hearn as mess sergeant, is sure there when it comes to feeding. He's figuring on taking a course in domestic science as soon as the I. C. S. makes culinary art one of its subjects.

Our basketball team, combined with Motor Transport Company, is making



Record-making crew of Marine gun loaders doing their stuff aboard the U. S. S. "California."

a fair bid for first place. To date we have won one and lost one. Much credit must be given to Peete Knowles, one of our galloping motorcycle cowboys, who is captain of this year's team. He played scrub with Passaic High School, which fact speaks for itself.

First Sergeant Charlie Stepanof underwent an operation on April 15, and from all reports he had quite a time of it. After the doctor had jerked out Charlie's tonsils he started to growl, and rumor has it that they had some job preventing hemorrhages. It was really remarkable how happy and enjoyable we all

were during his absence. Even Kid Hart, the boy with the "Guam Stare," said that every day with the Top away was like Sunday on the farm.

Since Captain Radcliffe sold his new Ford, the Top has to hoof it to work every morning, which doesn't improve his sense of humor. Here's hoping the skipper invests in another means of transportation.

We just received orders to transfer Corporal Jim Murphy to the Garde d'Haiti for some kind of clerical duty. The Top says they sure must need a plumber bad to ask for Murphy. Hi-Shanghai!

Well, folks, I'll have to plug out for the time being. Yours till Kid Kelly gets his survey.

MAJOR HENRY L. LARSEN, U. S. M. C., AWARDED D. S. M. FOR WAR SERVICE

Major Henry L. Larsen, USMC, received from the President of the United States a Distinguished Service Medal, awarded for services in the World War. These services were numerated in the following citation:

"For exceptionally meritorious services to the Government in a duty of great responsibility from June, 1917, till June, 1918, as Adjutant to the Third Battalion of the Fifth Marines, American Expeditionary Forces, during which time he very efficiently performed duties of Officer in Charge of Debarkation, Saint Nazaire, France, and as Adjutant to the Commanding General while the troops were in the training area and in the front line trenches of the Verdun Sector. From June till the latter part of September, 1918, he was second in command of the Third Battalion and participated in the battles of Chateau Thierry, Soissons, the Marbache Sector and in the St. Mihiel offensive. From the latter part of September, 1918, till the latter part of July, 1919, Major Larsen was in command of the Battalion and led it in the battles of the Champagne and the Argonne Forest. After the signing of the Armistice he led his battalion in the march of the Allied Army toward the Rhine River and occupied the Coblenz Bridgehead. Major Larsen led his battalion with conspicuous gallantry and heroism in all of its engagements and his administration and example added much to the fighting efficiency of his command."

Major Larsen is now on duty with the Second Brigade, Marines, in Nicaragua.

COL. BACKSTROM LEAVES M. C. I.

After nearly two years on duty at Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., as director of the M. C. I., Colonel T. E. Backstrom has been detached to Nicaragua where he will assume command of the Fifth Regiment with headquarters at Managua.

During his tour at the Institute, Colonel Backstrom made many improvements in the schools, and under his administration they flourished in spite of the many handicaps imposed upon them by the expeditions to China and Nicaragua.

His relief will be Colonel Rush R. Wallace, who will arrive at Washington sometime in June to assume his new duties, which in the interim are being discharged by Captain Stewart B. O'Neill, former Registrar of the Institute.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT P. I.; ONE DEAD, TWO HURT IN MISHAP

By Dick Lustig

Sgt. Max V. LaChapelle was instantly killed and Sgt. Don Taylor and Cpl. Ralph Gibson were seriously injured when the Chevrolet roadster in which they were riding left the road and turned over in about two feet of water on the morning of April 4th.

The accident occurred on the road between Burton, S. C., and the Jericho Point causeway, near Parris Island.

In trying to avoid the soft shoulders of the road, Corporal Gibson, who was driving, cut the wheels too sharply and was unable to pull the car back onto the road.

Sergeant LaChapelle was pinned beneath the overturned car and submerged in the water-filled ditch.

The two injured men and the body of Sergeant LaChapelle were rushed to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Parris Island. The deceased had been recently transferred to this post after having completed his tour of duty in Nicaragua.

GARROBO GROWLS AND GRUMBLES, 59TH COMPANY, 11TH REGT.

By Whozis

Well, fellows, this is the old 59th Company, still carrying on in the hills. Lieutenant Cunningham and the rest of the men went to La Pitita for ten days. Oh, Boy! you should have heard all the yelling that went on.

The corporals here are Aldridge, Gordon, Ried, and Switzer. The radio gadget is Gray, and you should see that baby move his hands. Our would-be machine gunner is Pvt. R. E. Felker.

Pvt. J. E. Blair, alias Wop, the Interpreter, thinks he's pretty good spilling off the Spanish lingo. It's a shame no one shares his opinion.

The galley rats are O. B. Elkins and Gillespie. We might say they know their onions. Austin B. Fox is going batty over cross-word puzzles. He is getting so bad that he wakes us up yelling out in his sleep for a nine-letter word meaning termination of military service.

Our mule skinner is the same old Luthvitch, alias "Blondy." He doesn't stand any guard or do any police work and most of the boys are jealous. Doc G. E. Smith, our corpsman, has been very generous with his pills and quinine, but he still seems to have plenty left.

When our gang got into La Pitita, the lieutenant had gone out on a patrol.

Nothing happened until the eighth day when we ran out of chow. On the afternoon of the eighth day the boys were eating barbecued beef, and the next morning we had the meat boiled and some bananas. They were boiled too, but the chow tasted pretty good. The next two days we ate boiled bananas. How do you like that for a diet?

Privates R. E. Cooke, R. E. Felker, and A. H. Jensen are still chow-hounding around, and Woolaver, our company clown, is still wearing out good erasers.

Well, I haven't much more to say so I will save it for the next time. Rah! Rah! Rob! The 59th Company.

MAJOR BRAINARD RESIGNS FOR CURTISS POSITION

Major E. H. Brainard, chief of the Marine Corps Aviation, has resigned from the service to become vice president of



Major Edwin H. Brainard, U. S. M. C.

the Curtiss Flying Service in charge of all operations and schools. The resignation became effective on May 31.

Lieutenant Colonel T. C. Turner, Quantico, Va., succeeded Major Brainard as chief of Marine Aviation.

Major Brainard's first act upon taking over his new duties will be a tour of inspection of the company's twenty flying fields that are scattered over the country. He will study the methods employed in commercial aviation with the view of improving and expediting the service.

During the war Major Brainard served with the 5th Artillery Brigade, U. S. Army, although he had previously held a commission in the Marine Corps. He was an observer on the St. Die, Vosges front. He participated in the St. Mihiel offensive and the Meuse-Argonne, commanding the 1st Battalion, 15th Regiment of Field Artillery. He later commanded the regiment. He marched to the Rhine with the Army of Occupation and was military commander of the town of Fahr, Germany.

On January 21, 1919, he was detached from duty with the field artillery and assigned to the Sixth Regiment, Marines.

Major Brainard was cited by the French Government for gallantry in action, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre with the gold star. He was awarded the Navy Cross in 1920, and the Army citation for gallantry in action near the town of Nouart, France, November 3, 1918.

In July, 1921, Major Brainard was transferred to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, for flight training, and December 20, 1921, was designated naval aviator. He took training with pursuit group, U. S. Army, from January until June, 1922, and was rated a pursuit pilot. From 1922 until 1924 he was commanding officer of Observation Squadron No. 1, San Domingo. Since March, 1925, Major Brainard has been on duty in the Navy Department as officer-in-charge of Marine aviation.

He has made several long-distance flights. One of these was to Haiti and return in the spring of 1926. During the same year he flew from Washington, D. C., to San Diego and return. Major Brainard made a record flight in January, 1927, flying from Anacostia, D. C., to Pensacola, Fla., in 6 hours and 45 minutes flying time. He made the return trip in 5 hours and 25 minutes. In December, 1927, the major made the first flight from the United States to Nicaragua with a land plane. He also made another trans-continental flight to San Diego, Seattle and return.

The Marine Corps lost an able officer when Major Brainard resigned.

POST DANCE HELD AT QUANTICO

On Friday, May 10th, a novel dance was held in the Post Gymnasium in the form of a "Movie-dance"—moving pictures and dancing. One of the largest crowds in attendance at the enlisted men's dances, witnessed "Girls Gone Wild" starring Sue Carol, and participated in the dancing. The guests of honor were the University of West Virginia baseball team who played the All-Marine team that day. The novelty of moving pictures and dancing went over big.

In connection with the movie-dance a popularity contest was held to select the most popular girl for Queen of the May Dance given by the enlisted men of the Post on the 24th of May. Fifteen girls entered the contest and were introduced to the dancers. Every person in attendance was given ten votes, and was asked to make his selection of the most popular girl. Miss Ann Nettekoven was chosen Queen by a large majority. Miss Herminia Vila and Miss Virginia Fitzgerald, coming second and third, respectively, were chosen Ladies in Waiting.

The May Festival and Dance is another new feature in the enlisted men's dances at Quantico. Great preparations are under way for the biggest and best dance ever given on the Post. Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler will crown Miss Nettekoven queen of the May Dance with elaborate ceremony. Favors are to be given and refreshments will be served.

The members of the new dance committee are:

Captain Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., officer in charge; Sergeant Ray Payton, chairman; Mrs. "Colonel" Underhill, Mrs. DeBoo, Cpl. Endsley, Pfc. Shultz, Pvt. Lendo, Pvt. Hastings, Pvt. Shess.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA.

Authority has been obtained from the Navy Department for the relocation of the radio station batteries. Heretofore we have had two battery rooms, one containing a large bank of lead-acid cells and the other containing the Edison banks. With the new arrangement all batteries will be concentrated in one room and the banks placed in double tiers instead of the single tiers as at present. This relocation of the battery banks is the first step in making ready for our new transmitters which are expected at any moment. These will be located in the rooms vacated by the Edison banks. The advantages to be gained by this are a concentration of batteries into one place, the location of all transmitters and generators in one room together with the power panels, and a centralization of the whole transmitting section of the radio station, including the workshop, into a position directly beneath the triangle formed by the three antennae towers. When this installation is finally completed and the station is authorized to dismantle old and obsolete equipment the conservation of space will provide an additional room for other uses.

The analysis of garbled dispatches which was mentioned in our last notes has been continued. Sufficient data to disclose any reliable information is not yet available. The analysis promises to show on what circuit most of our garbles occur as well as the origin of most of our garbled dispatches. In addition it shows which operators have trouble with coded dispatches and what particular letters cause their most difficulty. Curves are being run in an effort to determine the seasonal effects on this class of traffic.

The fine spring weather of the past few days in Peking has started the whole post on a clean-up. Whitewash and paint are being spread in all directions. The radio gang is joining in with the rest and have whitewashed and painted the receiving building. They are now doing the same in the new battery room and when this is finished the batteries will be moved in.

Peking stands a continuous watch on three circuits; namely, high-frequency with Cavite, high-frequency for Baker schedules, press, Fourth Regiment and ships, and normal frequency for ships and the Army forces in Tientsin. Our first operators at the present time are Corporal Marcus J. Coutts and Privates

John W. C. McIntosh, Clark P. Lonie and Uno H. Seppela. These operators are in charge of the watch and man the Peking Cavite circuit.

Four of our men have left Peking for the radio school at Cavite. They went from Peking to Shanghai by commercial vessel and are going from there to Cavite via the U. S. S. "Chaumont." They will be down there for six months and will then be returned to Peking. The names of these men are Corporal Edward G.

SGT. MAJ. OLLIE M. SCHRIVER RETIRES AFTER THIRTY YEARS

On May 1, 1929, Sergeant Major Ollie M. Schriver, U. S. M. C., still clear-eyed and vigorous, was awarded his final discharge and retirement papers after having served the Corps faithfully for thirty years.

Schriver was first enlisted in the Marine Corps November 25, 1895. He has held the rank of corporal, sergeant, gunnery sergeant, first sergeant, and sergeant major. He also held the rank of Marine gunner. He saw service in Cuba and Panama and he possesses more than 150 medals for marksmanship.

Schriver began to take a serious interest in shooting in 1901. In 1912 he participated in the International Pan-American Tournament at Buenos Aires. In the International Small Bore Matches in 1913, he represented the United States against England. Since then he has participated in countless matches. What's more, he can still "line 'em up and squeeze 'em off."

Sergeant Major Schriver's duties have been many and varied. On the firing line he has coached them all, from boy scouts to Marines, and he is the only enlisted man who has been captain of the Marine Corps Rifle Team. He blew taps at the funerals of McKinley and Sampson.

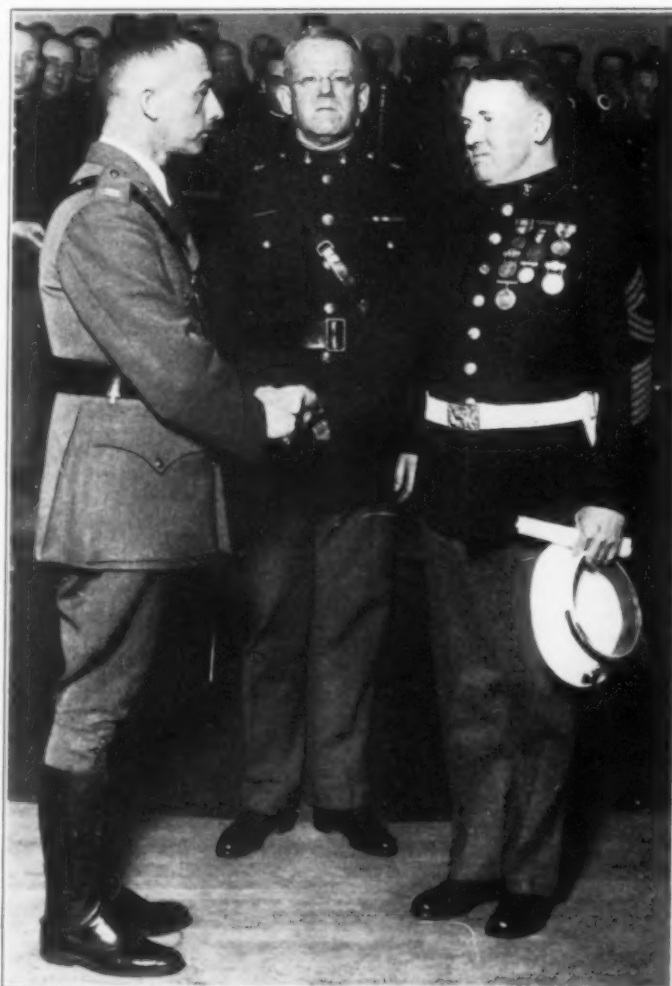
The Sergeant Major is very modest about his service, and claims that the greatest thing he ever did for his government was to test and pass judgment on all the various "improved" weapons and ammunition. He discovered a vast lot of defective ammunition and upon his report several million rounds were returned from France. An act which probably saved many lives.

This deed may have been the greatest signal service rendered, but a braver act was performed while he was yet a "boy bugler" serving with Company C, 1st Battalion Marines. It was during an engagement in the tropics.

Ammunition was exhausted and a volunteer was sought to make a hazardous trip to replenish the stock.

Schriver stepped forward. "You're too little," said the company commander. "You couldn't carry a full box." "I'll bring half a box, then," the boy replied as he crawled off in the darkness. Hostile and friendly troops both fired at his shadowy form squirming along in the black night. He returned with the ammunition.

On another occasion, in Panama, he



Capt. Stewart B. O'Neill, Commanding Officer, in the presence of the Marine Band and the entire personnel of Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., congratulates Sgt. Maj. Ollie M. Schriver on his retirement. (P. & A. Photo.)

Diezell, and Privates Stephen J. Roberts, John K. Meyers, and Narcisse E. Bouchard. On the trip up, the "Chaumont" carried one of our old timers, Private Jasper J. Gillette, who has just finished the last school at Cavite with an excellent record. He is now on his return to Peking and is expected to arrive soon. Our former communication clerk, Walter S. Price, has obtained his discharge from the U. S. Marine Corps and is now working in the code room of the American Legation.

was wounded in the shoulder. The bullet was cut out, the shoulder bandaged, and he was returned to duty, being excused only from handling a rifle for a week. They built hardy Marines in those days.

But, as he says, such incidents are duty. However, he has one record that is seldom equaled and never surpassed. In his long service of thirty years he has never been on the sick list, nor has he ever been court-martialed. That, truly, is a clean record.

STANDING BY THE STUFF By "C."

During the strenuous days of twelve years ago, thousands of our country's choicest spirits gave their time, talent and strength without a thought of self, to take cheer and help to the men who had left their homes and friends to engage in the defense of right and country. Among them we could not well discriminate, for all classes were ready. The roll call of mothers and daughters could never be completed, their name was "Legion," and they came from every class and grade, and spared not themselves even to the sacrifice of health in their splendid, heroic efforts.

I have in my mind as I write, a whole family of lovely girls whose brother had gone into the service and was doing his bit in France. The mother, nearly sixty years of age, opened her home for service men, and without stint provided for their comfort when paying their frequent visits. The daughters entertained and gave freely of Red Cross service wherever and whenever they were needed, until in 1920 the girls simply had to give up, for strength had gone and a period of weariness had set in that required long and careful nursing to pull through. The brother returned home also broken in health, while depreciation in property values plunged the family into a continuous struggle to make ends meet.

I came across them recently. The dear old mother is now seventy, and very frail. The son is making constant and earnest efforts to keep at his work despite a body which persists in reminding him of the hardships of the trenches for which his strength proved unequal. Two of the girls have married, but their mar-

ried life has been a constant worry and anxiety through sickness, the direct result of arduous labors in the two and a half years of unstinted and loyal service. The last one is a daily but patient sufferer without any hope of return to the health and strength she once enjoyed. All this, coupled with the fact that financial affairs for them have never improved, makes one feel that the aftermath of warfare still remains to cause distress and sorrow even to those whom the world counted as "Standing by the Stuff."

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES AT PRINTING OFFICE

On December 16, 1917, Charles Addison Rhett Jacobs, an employee of the U.

sive while serving with the Ninety-sixth Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps.

His body was returned from France on August 30, 1921, and laid in state in the main entrance hallway of the U. S. Government Printing Office from noon on that date to noon August 31.

The funeral services were held at the Government Printing Office and were attended by the Secretary of the Navy, Major General John A. Lejuene, Commandant, U. S. M. C., and numerous other high-ranking officers and comrades of the Marine Corps.

Suitably encased with an enlarged photograph of Corporal Jacobs, is sacredly preserved the flag which covered his remains on the long journey home from France to his final resting place. This is placed in the office in the section where he was formerly employed and where it shall ever serve as a patriotic inspiration to his fellow workmen.

At the suggestion and through the cooperation of Hon. George H. Carter, the veterans of all wars employed in the office organized and are known as the United Veterans of American Wars. A Civil War veteran, a retired Marine, is still an active member of this body. This organization annually conducts Memorial Day services in Harding Hall for departed comrades of the Government Printing Office. All of the approximate 4000 employees attend these services. The Marine Barracks furnish a color bearer and color guards, and flowers are donated by the employees to be placed on the graves of deceased service men.

Mrs. Reberta E. Jacobs, mother of Corporal Jacobs, at the present time an

employee of the Government Printing Office, always attends and occupies a seat of honor on the speaker's platform.

To Hon. George H. Carter, Public Printer, is due credit for the idea of erecting a permanent bronze memorial tablet in the main lobby of the Government Printing Office containing the names of those who left the office during the World War to serve with the armed forces of their Nation. Three hundred and thirty-eight names in all are inscribed thereon. Three of those veterans were killed in action, and seven died in service. Gold stars designate those who gave their lives for their country.



S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., resigned his position to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps. A few months later, March 13, 1918, he embarked for France on the U. S. S. "Henderson," arriving March 27. He served with the American Expeditionary Force from March 27, 1918, to October 3, 1918, and participated in active operations against the enemy in the Chateau Thierry sector (Belleau Wood) June 6 to 29, and in the Champagne offensive (Blanc Mont) October 1 to 3, 1918. During his service in France he attained the grade of corporal. On October 3, 1918, Corporal Jacobs was killed in action in the Champagne offen-

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Bacardi.

Dear folks at home: Since last writing to you we have been invaded by an army of "Scarleteens" from the U. S. S. "New York," and so McCalla Hill of Spanish War fame has been isolated. However, they entrained aboard their million dollar home and we are now free to wander through the wastelands and play ball on said hill.

The first activities at McCalla Hill will be a seven-game series between the non-coms and the privates for a pig roast, etc. There will be some hot games and everybody is looking forward to them. The Port au Prince bull's eye crackers have arrived for the division, and things are commencing to zip along that line.

Was certainly surprised on returning to the area of the tennis courts to see activities under way for making our new double courts. They should be completed by May 1, and then watch the tennis hounds cavort. A tournament for Marines will no doubt be included in the opening ceremonies.

We have here an office of the All-American Cables. The press news, seven days after the opening of the baseball season, gave us the news from Berlin, Hongkong, Mexico, Paris, and Russia, and two articles from the States. We have received news of one day's baseball scores. However, we know who won the Russia-Argentina soccer and rugby, etc., etc. Everybody would like to read about Schenectady, Ypsilanti, and Hoboken. All right, Mr. Crowder, don't forget all the hungry baseball fans who eagerly await the scores of our favorite teams. We even have one man here who is rooting for Boston, and if he isn't crazy, who is?

The fleet is scheduled to depart very shortly and everyone will be glad to return to the normal flow of events once more; especially the Izaak Waltons, Paymaster Maloney and young Sidney Smith, Jr. Say, that young fellow certainly is a fisherman and is out to take the laurels away from all the bait-grabbers.

Beavers, our new QM. sergeant, is deciding that he missed his vocation in life. He should have been a cowboy, considering the fact that his first day on horseback netted one collision with the O. D. truck, sideswiping a pole, and finally landing feet first (?) in front of his house. Casualties: One case of dis-

temper and an incapacitated hand. Whoa, mule! Well, our first month in the tropics was practically as bad.

Elswick and Baker, erstwhile canteen steward and wood butcher, spent a glorious week in Jamaica—and how! They returned on the "Oglala," but neither could pronounce the name when they went aboard.

Another kind word for our new mess sergeant, Saber. Well done thy good and faithful mess sergeant, but remember, "A hero today and a bum tomorrow."

Yea! We of Guantanamo "done" ourselves proud. Ike Mowell, the fat boy of the boat crew, chased Midgeley, that bull's eye cracker, until they landed one-two at the top of the West Indies Division Competition. Seven members of the Port au Prince team went to the States to shoot in the Elliot Team Match. Our own team, composed of Sunshine Midgeley, Ike Mowell, Gumshoe Dumsha, Red Face Burns, and Scarlet Humphreys, went with them aboard the U. S. S. "Oglala" enroute to Quantico and fame and fortune.

Hendrickson, chief counter jumper of Adams Big Store, has been made sergeant, and we all congratulate him. Another newcomer in the ranks is Firing Line Alvin L. Cramer, who is practically a stranger to everyone in the post; he lives at such a remote distance.

Wishing you luck, we will sign off now until next time.

NAVAL PRISON DETACHMENT,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Hello, everybody! We know and agree that it has been a long time since you last heard from the Arctic region. However, with spring over and summer only beginning, we are ready to say that the gang is happy and enjoying what dear old New England has to offer.

Though snappy with the cold and often snowbound, the Eskimos attached to the prison have managed in many ways to amuse themselves. For instance, our dances have been enjoyed by all, and much credit is due the committee, the bozos in the check room, and the laundry fund. The checkers were very busy the nights of the dance, checking snowshoes, skis, iceboats and Eskimo pies.

After the close of football season (not snowball), in which we were very successful, the Inter-Barracks Basketball Tournament was another big event at the prison. Barracks "A," "B," "C,"

and "D" were entered, and after many a hard-fought contest, "C" Barracks was proclaimed Post Champion for 1929.

The Inter-Barracks Recreation Ball Tournament is still another of the events for this year, with the same teams that played in the basketball tournament contesting. "D" Barracks carried off the Post championship for this tourney. Judging from the spirit shown in other branches of athletics, the Prison should be well represented in baseball this season. In this connection it is interesting to note Sergeant Stienes' heroic action on the diamond. Although unable to stop a ball with his mit, he used his nose. Great was the satisfaction of his barracks—but it is rumored that a "Kittery" young lady in great ire accused our sergeant of being one of those "Fighting Marines," and—woe is me—threw him over for one of those peaceful sailors.

Volley ball is next on the program, and it is believed that it will be enjoyed by all.

Try-outs for the baseball team are being held daily, and many promising stars are materializing. It is believed that the Prison nine will be one of the best that has been turned out from here in years.

Though late in making our debut, we hope to claim a permanent column in "The Leatherneck" in the near future.

RIFLE RANGE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
By Karlstad

Lieutenant Hamilton and his hard-hitting shooters from Pearl Harbor walked off with more than half of the medals awarded rifle competitors. Much credit is due the lieutenant for the excellent showing made by that team.

"Deadwood Pete" Seeser, P. H., is a new man in the shooting game, but, nevertheless, a comer. Black is his favorite color; he is always in it—nearly.

Willie "Sam" Shew, a husky lad from Iowa, who at one time displayed his skill in pistol shooting at Peking, China, took first silver in the Western Division Pistol Competitions. So, you see, Iowa placed.

The combination of Hessler, Green, Tyson, and Behymer successfully withstood the onslaughts of the Mare Island, Pearl Harbor, and Puget Sound rifle teams, winning the San Diego Trophy Match. The San Diego shooters finished thirteen points ahead of Pearl Harbor, the latter taking second place.

Corporal Keiffer of the Mare Island team found, when pistol competitions were a thing of the past, that he had nosed out Rollins (with whom he had tied) to win the last bronze. He was also awarded a very elaborate "If" medal for knowing an "if"—and using it—for every occasion. An occasion, it seems, occurred at each shot fired.

Pfc. Jack Strahan was first man out of the money in the rifle meet. He has crept up one notch, for, a year ago at Peking, two places separated him from the medals.

Tex James, a representative of the Mare Island aggregation, fell in love with a beautiful senorita of Sorrento. Consequently his ambitions to become a medal winner were transformed into just a wish to be with the Spanish maiden. Tex, a veteran of foreign wars and love affairs—mostly the latter—should know



Major General Eli K. Cole inspecting the Sixty-Second Company of U. S. Marines stationed at Pekin, China. Captain Charles C. Gill, Commanding.

that rifle marksmanship is not taught on the back porch.

"Red" Hunt made a possible at 1000 yards to nose Sergeant Parker out of second place.

Speaking of "possibles," at the 1000-yard range, the writer also made one. Here's how: Twelve times sighted in carefully. Twelve times he squeezed one off. Twelve changes were made in windage and elevation. Twelve times he cast anxious and remonstrative glances toward his target. Twelve times he reluctantly asked for a mark. Twelve times his target was hauled down, inspected, and the value of his shot disked. Twelve times he asked Gunnery Sergeant Morf for advice. And on his scoreboard appeared twelve consecutive goose eggs—all misses. His score was nil.

You see, fellows, that's a good way of finding out how Napoleon felt when throwing rocks at St. Helenic birds.

Remember, there are possibles and possibles.

Re-Disks From La Jolla

Every reader of "The Leatherneck" knows about the La Jolla rifle range—the stamping ground of modern Diamond Dicks; yet, no "Who's Who" has appeared for some time, so here we are with the brass cart.

Captain Nicholas, an officer with wide experience in range work, is in command. Lieutenant Deese and Chief Marine Gunner Jensen are his assistants.

Gunnery Sergeant Blackburn is acting top sergeant, and, in addition, is in charge of the firing line. The biggest faults with him is that he is married and drives a car. Oh, well, have it your own way, then, it's a Ford. He is so heartless that he thinks nothing of hollering "Ready on the firing line," just as a fellow begins to straighten out a broken clip.

Sgt. J. E. Edwards is in charge of the pits, and like other veterans of the Tientsin massacres, drives down—yes, all the way—to the butts and back. That's not a weakness, he said, but a drive.

Sergeant Barnes, owner of a Dodge roadster that leaves tracks at unseemingly places, is our police sergeant. Besides being good looking and a ladies' man, we find no other faults with him. It is lucky for Barnes and Corporal Nelson, his colleague, that hillsides are not being scrubbed and that the stars are not being hauled down daily for numeration.

Cpl. Lee Bartlett, Thompson sub-gun instructor from the Recruit Depot, called at the range for the purpose of lecturing on the merits of the weapon to the 9th Recruit Platoon.

Jack Strahan slips up on us for a smart crack the other day. Says he: "A man was out driving in his car, wearing a pair of flannel trousers and carrying a pair of greasy overalls in his tool box. He tears his flannels rearily. What does he drive back in?"

Not being a wise guy, I answers, "In his overalls, of course."

Then he says, "No, in the car."

Doc Owens, admiral of our infirmary, claims that the camp is in need of a foot doctor and a cobbler. As long as men will go car riding and walk back, dogs will bark and soles will wear out.

If you see a man sneaking up to the Administration Building, don't get ex-



The Reviewing Line at Pekin. Left to right: Lt. Col. E. P. Moses, Maj. Gen. E. K. Cole, Lieutenant Watchler, Lieutenant Fricke, Captain Brooks.

cited and call the corporal of the guard. It's just a fellow out of cigarettes trying to catch the canteen open.

Near the range we find the following epitaph:

Here lies the body of Private Mc-Laughlin,
Who signaled a miss on a five well in.

MAJOR W. W. BUCKLEY, U. S. M. C., CITED BY SECRETARY OF NAVY

In a special letter to Major William W. Buckley, USMC., the Secretary of the Navy lauded him for the proficient manner in which he executed the various duties of his mission. "Your excellent performance of duty as Liaison Officer," the letter read, "under the trying and difficult conditions which existed in Nicaragua is deserving of commendation, and I take pleasure, accordingly, in commending you for the ability, zeal, good judgment and tact which you displayed to a marked degree."

It was Major Buckley who successfully established schools for instruction in Spanish and electoral regulations at various posts, and arranged all details for the allotment of the personnel from the Second Brigade to properly conduct the registrations and election in Nicaragua.

Major Buckley was ordered to the Jinotega area to oversee the elections in that district and to prevent any interference by bandits. His wise and energetic methods of distribution of the forces directly under him and timely and well-directed patrolling won the confidence of the people and the election was conducted in an orderly and peaceful manner.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By The Office Pest.

Hello, everybody! Station Brigade Headquarters, Port au Prince, Haiti, on the mike, with lots of noise.

Having started the basketball season off with a crash, we are still crashing, but the Garde has stopped our winning streak by beating us for first place. However, we don't intend to let them stay there very long.

Since our last write-up we have had a few changes in the office. Corporal Cook left us to go to the regiment, and we lost our sergeant major through an automobile accident. He was on his way to Cape Haitien when the fatal mishap occurred. The death of Sergeant Major

Burdick was felt by his host of friends, and most of all here at the office. His place is being filled by Sergeant N. Smith, who is doing a good job of it.

Recent promotions have been Corporal Morris from Pfc. He has for an assistant Private Harbison, formerly of the radio office. And in the radio office we have Privates Hayman and Logsdon. The latter is a new member to our crowd.

Morrison has extended his foreign shore duty for six months, maybe it's because one of the brewery managers is none other than "Old Henry" who played tackle for the All-Marine football squad during 1923-24.

Harbison, our mail sheik, is feeling pretty good today. Mail came in and Harbison received his thirteen letters.

Corporal Smith, formerly of the butcher shop at Quantico, is in our midst doing duty as sergeant of the guard. Smith is better known as "Fatty, the Butcher Boy," and since coming to Haiti Smith claims he has lost twenty pounds. Smith, you should advertise your system to women, you don't know how much money you are losing by not letting them know your secret.

As the saying goes, they always come back for more. Corporal Dulaney, who left us a short time ago, is back in Haiti again. He says the weather was too cold in the States. No kidding, Dulaney, are you sure it was the weather?

Everybody in Brigade Headquarters is wondering why in our former reports nothing has been said about the doings of the company. Well, we will give you a little dope about the outfit this trip. First of all, our company commander is Captain J. P. McCann, also provost marshal, assisted by the following officers: Lieutenant Butler, assistant to the provost marshal, and coach for the basketball squad; Lieutenant Rixey, 3d., Brigade morale officer and coach of basketball, besides running around getting pictures for the boys (oh, yes, we have movies here).

Most of the men on duty here are clerks. You will find them in the pay office, quartermaster's office, and the commissary. The rest are orderlies for the American High Commissioner and the Brigade Commander, some are acting as M.P.'s, there are four men in the bakery, and, not to be left out in the cold, we have three in the post office. These last are the big bosses, Corporal Day and his assistants Pfc. Kerns and Private Brooks.

Some of the recent promotions in the company are: Sergeant Petrusky, from corporal. He is better known as "Pete,



The Hostess House at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

the dashing police sergeant." Corporal Morris was promoted from private first class, and Cruse and Vosburg are now wearing two stripes. Vosburg is chauffeur for the Brigade Commander.

The men on the basketball squads are as follows: Coaches, Lieutenants Rixey and Butler, Rosenthal (Capt.), R.F.; Alexander, L.F.; Musgrave, C.; Butler, R.G.; Gosselin, L.G. That is the line-up of the first squad. Yes, we have a second team. It is composed of Edwards, R.F.; Martens, L.F.; Brown, C.; Taylor, R.G.; Morris, L.G., and Chastek and Burkin as subs.

The scandal at these headquarters is rather dull. Everybody seems to be staying in this month. Martens claims you can't run around nights and play basketball, too. The others must have the same idea.

We have a newspaper here called the "Arkansas Daily Mule." Corporal Morris is from Arkansas and the paper is put out mostly for his benefit. The editor sure knows his Webster. We're sorry we can't give you his name, but due to the fact that some small town concern will have him put in for discharge to publish their paper, we had better keep quiet. But we will say he's a pretty short-timer.

Sergeant Townsley, our dashing chief clerk, keeps us notified on all the baseball dope. Every morning you can see him running around grabbing press news to get the latest, and when the papers arrive from the States he is comparing his scores to see who is right.

The championship chess tournament between Sergeants Townsley and Smith is still going on and Townsley is leading by a small margin. Smith claims that he will win the championship before leaving for the States. Better hurry, Smith, your time is getting shorter and shorter.

Cpl. George Jacklin, our dashing courts-martial clerk, is going to leave us for a few days. He is going back to the States on furlough.

The writer of this will still have to use the *nom de plume* "Office Pest." It's just a safety precaution; if his name should become known he would probably be lynched by several irate members of the company.

We will now say "Au revoir" 'till next month when we expect to come in with

lots of news of the doings in Port au Prince.

"ROCHESTER RAMBLINGS"

By J. R. P.

On the air once more, this time from the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York. That strange noise, not unlike machine gun fire, that you are hearing over your receiving set is only the staccato-like noise of air chisels and riveting hammers. Sounds like the Mexican revolution, doesn't it? The Navy Yard workmen are busy these days getting the old boat into shipshape. At the present time you would scarcely recognize her as the U. S. S. "Rochester," for she looks like a 1914 model Ford after some heartless auto-wrecker has spent a few delightful days probing her vital parts.

Quite a few of our old guard has been transferred to various land stations. We send them our most sincere regards and best wishes in their future undertakings.

We received a draft of sixty-two men, replacements for those who have completed their tour of sea-duty. From what I have seen of them so far, they appear to be fine men and good troopers. Looks as though we should have some inter-ship baseball games and boat races worth writing about when we get back to Balboa.

The guard took to New York like a fish takes to water after having been in the tropics so long (I mean the guard not the fish). Their savings went with lightning-like rapidity—Irish Toolan was heard to remark, "Say, whatcha think? Oy wasn't in town a half an hour whin bang went fifteen cents!" But, still and all, none of the boys have bought the Brooklyn Bridge or the Woolworth Building as yet.

Thursday we saw the launching of our newest cruiser, the U. S. S. "Pensacola." Most of our guard served as escorts for the visitors. Although it rained all the morning, quite a crowd came to witness the ceremony.

Our most worthy Commanding Officer, Captain Merritt A. Edson, has finally joined us and is at present enjoying a long-looked-forward-to furlough.

"Doc" Clifford paid us a visit in the early part of April. With apologies to

Lou Wylie and Col. Lindbergh, I must say, "We were on a furlough at the time of his visit and were unfortunate in that we did not have the pleasure of meeting him."

We have one young man in our outfit whose ambition runs high. He doesn't crave to be anything less than an admiral. Name is Jones and he hails from Mississippi. Says if he can't be an admiral he won't play. Is that nice?

Now, children, as it is about time for the Sandman to come around to put you to sleep, like all good broadcasting stations we will tell you a bedtime story. It is about a young Marine who is still feeling the pangs of homesickness started out in quest of a little sympathy (a little he got, very little). Well, here goes:

"SYMPATHY"

"Oh, Sympathy is whatcha want?

Just step right up this way.

Say, 'Top,' a guy here wants a slip,

So he can go an' play.

Says he don't like the 'Skipper' much,

The chow is awful stuff,

Police sergeant's a ripper, an'

The boys all treat him rough."

"So, that's the case," the top kick said,

"Well, son, I'll do my best

To get for you a feather bed

And remedy the rest."

"I thank you, sir," the kid replied,

"This bears out my prediction,"

The top jumped up and loudly cried,

"You've twenty days restriction."

"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME"

By "Ski"

Quantico's Hostess House, when opened in the war days, was announced in the above fashion. It was to be the place where visiting mothers could see their boys, where the boy's sweetheart could make sure that the "date" would be kept, and the one spot in camp where the lonely Marine could also make sure of practical, helpful sympathy and the real home touch.

Even today the building maintains in an excellent way the traditions thus established, and no spot gives greater facilities for the accomplishment of the above aim than the building shown in the accompanying photograph. This was taken on one of the cold days last winter, when the Hostess House was the warmest spot in Quantico, and Sergeant David L. Slayton, known the world over as "Dave," had a roaring fire on the hearth of the huge open fireplace, and groups of fellows thronged the checkers and chess tables, read their magazines, or wrote letters at the desks.

It is now summer, and one of the sweetest and most deliciously cooling features of these hot days is the lovely smile with which Mrs. Slayton, the hostess, greets every person in her great family, many of whom count it the greatest privilege to be allowed to call her "Auntie May."

The management of the cafeteria, the accommodations for visitors to stay the week-end on their visits, and the home-like atmosphere, have all been of the finest character during the administration of the sergeant and his wife, and it really is the "Home away from Home" in Quantico.

GUARDIA NACIONAL DE NICARAGUA, DIVISION OF CHONTALES, JUIGALPA, NICARAGUA

We've been reading about the Marines in Nicaragua; and we figure it's high time something was said about the Marines in the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua. So here goes Chontales into print.

The Department of Chontales is the second largest in the Republic of Nicaragua, covering an area approximately the size of the Republic of Haiti, and with a population of 86,000 persons. It boasts two roads which are passable for automobiles in this, the dry season; and many trails which are impassable even for mules in the wet season. From Puerto Diaz to La Libertad and from Tipitapa to Boaco, is right now, a nice rough trip by auto, which will jolt anyone's false teeth down their throat, but even bull carts can't get through to Boaco about six months of the year. Most of our orders and reports are sent by telephone and telegraph; practically all of our supplies are distributed by pack animal, and all of our travel is afoot or on horseback.

We have fought no battles with bandits nor won any medals; in fact, we sometimes envy our shipmates in the North their contacts with the bandits, while sympathizing with them in their hardships. Ours is the less exciting but just as aggravating police duty. We're charged with maintaining order and security in this department, policing the province and enforcing the laws. We've cleaned up the towns, improved the sanitary conditions, whitewashed the houses, worked the civil prisoners, argued with the local politicians, helped reduce the graft, captured considerable contraband arms and liquor and confined a lot of criminals wanted for murder and "lesiones graves." And we've reduced the robberies, cattle thieving, and machete cuttings and killings about seventy-five per cent in the past eight months.

We are doing this with ninety-one (91) Guardia enlisted men and twelve officers, including the usual quota of one Navy "Medico." We're forwarding herewith a snapshot of ten of us, made by a native kodak owner on 20 March, 1929, when all but two of us were assembled in Juigalpa for our annual physical examination. Reading from left to right, this bunch of "Indians" are named and described as follows:

Top row: Wallace D. Martin, a former sea-going Marine, who hails from Corpus Christi, Texas, where, as a youth, he hopped back and forth across the border so often that he learned to speak "Spanish as she is spoke" quite eloquently. He presides over the destinies of La Libertad and the surrounding country, including the Babilonia and Havile gold mines, where it is related with pride by the "local gente" that our President Herbert Hoover came as a young mining engineer to make an analysis of the gold deposit.

Robert D. Rouse, sergeant, U. S. M. C., former Fleet wrestling champion, and cadet, Guardia Nacional. He hails from Anaconda, Montana; rides a "mean mule" when it comes to running down local "bad men" in the vicinity of Santo Tomas and is getting fat on his diet of native rice and beans.

Gunnery Sergeant Peter M. Braden, U. S. M. C., better known as "Pete," company commander, G. N., and division property officer. He presides over the men and records in Juigalpa with a fatherly eye, issuing clothes, doctoring mules, repairing saddles, making pay and muster rolls, and holding school. "Pete" was a lieutenant in the Philippine Scouts in days gone by, but that seniority doesn't count in this outfit, where he started all over again a few months ago. But, he says they can't beat him out of his fourteen years service, for retirement, and that he's going to finish up his sixteen years in China.

Cadet Robert E. Schneeman, G. N., is our "boy wonder." Hails from New York City, sports a nifty chin-strap, owns his own typewriter, wears a brilliant red silk dressing gown, and quite effectively handles the police affairs of the Sub-Division of Comoaapa.

Cadet Jackson Hancock, G. N. Hails from Mississippi, the U. S. Naval Academy and the U. S. Marine Corps. He grew long and tall in Mississippi, resigned from the Naval Academy, and made sergeant and many patrols in the Marine Corps before joining this outfit. He rules the prison and town of Juigalpa with an "iron hand," and is long-legged enough to hop over into the adjoining Comarcas in a couple of jumps, in case the necessity requires.

Lower row: Jesse Jesup White, lieutenant (MC), G. N., is our Division medico, and a darned good one. He probes for bullets, sews up heads, vaccinates natives, conducts health clinics, holds post mortems over dead mules, and runs our general mess, with equal equanimity and ability. And he doesn't take a back seat when it comes to patrolling, even to commanding same, if the necessity arises.

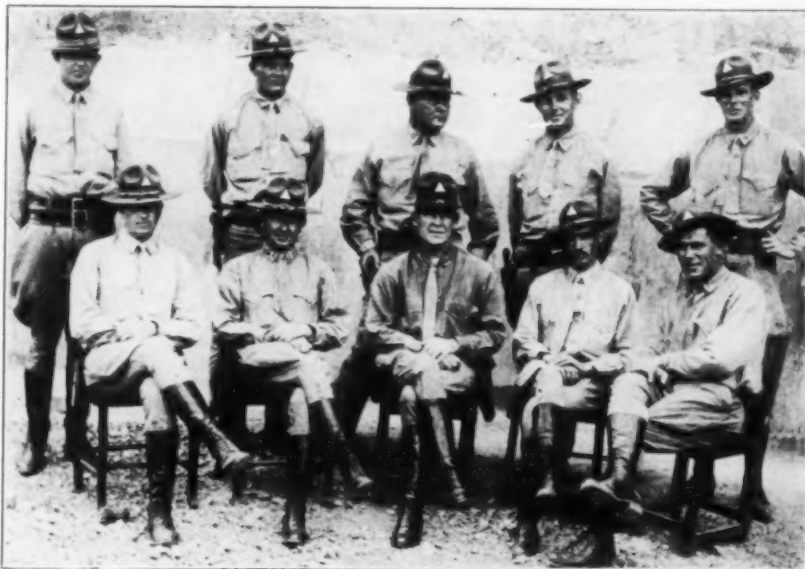
George, better known as "Swede" Nelson, of Cuba, Santo Domingo, Haiti and howitzer and machine gun fame, shoulders the responsibilities of the Division as adjutant, and writes a hard telegram.

He also dispenses the forage funds for our hungry mules, and trifles with our transportation problems on the side. Being a constructor of no mean ability, he is now absorbed with plans to build sufficient additions to the present Casa Nacional in Juigalpa to centralize the entire command in one compound instead of having them scattered all over town as necessity now requires.

Captain Murl Corbett, U. S. M. C., Division commander, during the past thirteen years has been, successively, "Buck Private, Horse Marine"; from mess sergeant to first lieutenant with the Fifth Marines, A. E. F.; Provost Marshal of Santo Domingo City; Intelligence Officer, 4th Naval District; "Cheer Leader" of General Butler's football rooters; C. O. of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Huron," Asiatic Fleet flagship; C. O. Seattle Mail Guard Detachment; Judge Advocate, 13th Naval District, and C. O. Marine Recruiting, Seattle. And for all his varied experience, he still worries and works like a "trooper" to do things "exactly right" in Chontales. So, you know we are bound to be "up and at 'em."

Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Buckner, G. N., first saw the light of day in Mexico, where he attended Military Academy, smelled his first powder and stopped his first lead; reached the rank of lieutenant colonel in one of the Mexican armies, only to join the U. S. Marines and correct a lot of Spanish lesson papers before coming to Nicaragua to do his bit. Buckner is Division police officer and authority on Nicaraguan law. Mrs. Buckner is here with him, one of the two American women present for duty with the Guardia and Marines in Chontales.

Walter Standish, cadet, G. N. (and mess sergeant par excellence), is the "Jefe of Acoyapa" where his word is law and his fatherly advice much sought after by all and sundry. He calls St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, home, but the world his workshop. He has baked



Ten of the twelve attached to the Division of Chontales, Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua. Standing, left to right: Martin, Rouse, Braden, Schneeman, Hancock. Seated, left to right: White, Nelson, Captain Corbett, Buckner, Standish.



Some of the medals garnered by Sgt. Maj. Ollie M. Schriver, during his service with the Marine Corps. He was recently retired and says that he hasn't finished collecting them.

beans in Quantico, served slum to hungry Marines in China and pinned the shoulders of various persons to the wrestling mat for the count, incident to his Leatherneck service. You may not recognize him from the foregoing, so we'll tell you that he recently changed his name, by approval of the M. G. C., from Stankovitch.

Albert A. Budai, cadet, G. N., is sub-Division commander of Boaco, the richest town in Chontales. He's been in the Marine Corps since he was sixteen and a music boy; and it's quite a tribute to Marine Corps training that he has been more than a match, so far, for the local politicians of Boaco. Unfortunately, he was too far away to get into the picture. He speaks Spanish with a very deliberate and decisive accent, and develops boils as a sideline, but neither hinders him when it comes to getting results.

Floyd M. Bittel, cadet, G. N., sub-Division commander of Teustepe, is the other member of our official family who was unable to appear in the picture, having journeyed to Managua for his physical examination. He served with the 7th Separate Battalion in France in 1918 and 1919, and upon the good ship U. S. S. "Outside" for seven years thereafter; only to return to his first love, the Marine Corps, in time to come to Nicaragua early in the game. He wears the largest hat in the Division; not because he just made corporal, but because of the "confirmation of the man."

All told, we have a happy, hardworking crowd; ready for a fight or frolic.

JERICHO POINT, SOUTH CAROLINA

By S. S. O.

Well, here we are again after a long absence. I don't think the boys will hear from us very much longer, for the road building is nearly completed, and when it is, we will be leaving.

We have a new maintenance officer, Captain Geer, and he has made a big hit at the point. By the looks of things he is an old-time road builder. We wish him luck.

Our noble steam shovel operator, Jack McNally, is still working, but he sure has a hard time keeping the shovel out of the sand. If he runs around bare-

footed in the mud much longer he will become webfooted. Maybe someone had better send him some sky-hooks.

Corporal Beck is still going strong. He has lost his desire to be an aviator since we have a Fordson tractor. But, after all, he should have wings, for he tries to fly with the tractor every now and then.

Pvt. J. J. Dunn has been staying home a great deal lately. We don't know the reason, but we guess that a little girl in Georgia has given him the air. Even if that's true, it won't be long before he has another, for he is a regular ladies' man. We think he needs some sulphur and molasses.

Our cook, Private Fulmer, is still with us, but he sure has been raving lately. He says he'd rather buy our chow than feed us; but at that we never go hungry.

Corporal Lunger, the crane operator on the oyster barge, went on a camping trip the other night. He went to the river after shell and didn't get back until the next afternoon.

Well, I guess the boys have heard enough for now, but I'll try hard to have more next time.

M. G. C. CITES FIVE MARINES FOR BRAVERY IN CUELITA CONTACT

Sergeant Emil Riggs and Corporals Werner Alfred Wampfler, Cleo Patrick Gentry, Walter Bergton Petterson, and Martin Frank O'Donnell were cited in special letters from the Major General Commandant for exceptional bravery during an engagement near Cuelita, Nicaragua.

The men were serving in a detachment from the 52nd Company, 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment. On December 6, 1928, they formed part of a small Marine patrol that engaged a body of outlaws in the vicinity of Cuelita. Although vastly outnumbered and surrounded by enemy bandits, the patrol not only repulsed the attack, but scattered the bandits in all directions.

In closing, the Major General says:

"The Marine Corps is proud of the services rendered by its officers and men in Nicaragua and is especially proud of those of its personnel, who, like yourself, have been especially outstanding in their

performance of duty. Your gallant conduct on the occasion mentioned is in keeping with the best traditions of the Marine Corps and merits and receives the high commendation of the Major General Commandant."

OVERSEAS DRUM & BUGLE CORPS ARE FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

By J. S. Latham.

The Overseas Drum and Bugle Corps of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Washington, D. C., won the first prize for veterans' field music units at the annual apple blossom competitive parade at Winchester, Va.

This V. F. W. outfit was on its initial turnout and competed against 25 seasoned American Legion corps. The judging was done at four points along the line of march by U. S. Army officers of the regular establishment.

The Winchester turnout is the annual Drum and Bugle Corps classic for field music units in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia and a great deal of praise is being heaped upon the V. F. W. Overseas Corps, which had been organized less than two months when it hiked, banged and blasted its way into first prize through red-hot competition.

All of which is no news to the Marine Corps until we add that the Overseas Corps won its laurels on "military appearance and bearing" and that the corps is commanded by Captain Harvey L. Miller, U. S. M. C. R. It was the only Marine Corps drilled outfit in line and no small part of its appearance was the regular Marine Corps color squad of eight men under Sergeant Peter Emanuelson of the Washington Barracks. The Overseas Corps was the only one in line with this Marine Corps "color" to it. All the rest were Army-trained and Army-led. Ring up one more for our side!

(Photo on page 31.)

THE WASHINGTON MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK

It will be of interest to Marines scattered throughout the world to learn of the growth of the Washington Mechanics Savings Bank, located directly across the street from the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C.

This bank was organized in 1906 by Ezra Gould in a temporary location across from the Marine Barracks. A few years later a modern banking building was erected on the corner of 8th and G Streets, Southeast, where the bank still maintains its headquarters.

In 1924 this bank took over the Peoples Commercial and Savings Bank and now operates branches in three sections of the city.

An amendment to its charter was recently approved authorizing them on July 1st, 1929, to double its capital stock.

The accounts of the Post Exchange and "The Leatherneck," as well as the accounts of numerous Marines, are maintained at the Washington Mechanics Savings Bank and they are rendering valuable service to the officers and men of the Marine Corps.

In its twenty-three years of existence the Washington Mechanics Savings Bank has grown to be one of the leading savings institutions of Washington, D. C.

MARINES HONOR OFFICER

Present Commanding Officer With Saber

(Special Dispatch to The Leatherneck.)

Boston, Mass., April 17.—Last night, while the 301st Artillery Company was being lined up in two platoons, as though preparing for some sort of ceremony instead of just preparing for its usual drill, the commanding officer, Second Lieutenant Samuel D. Irwin, wondered why the men seemed so different. To be sure, their dress blues would make a difference from the usual shirt, trousers and cap uniform worn for indoor drill, but somehow they seemed to be "pepped up." Finally the First Sergeant, Louis Hoepfner, had the outfit arranged to suit his fancy and took his position in front of the company, just as if he were reporting to the lieutenant. Lieutenant Irwin stepped forward to begin the night's work and was surprised to hear "Top" start a speech. In a short, concise speech, that seemed so appropriate because it was a simple man-to-man sort of speech, Top told the lieutenant that the enlisted men of the company, having heard that he was leaving the organization, desired to show their appreciation for the unselfish way in which he, the lieutenant, had worked for the general betterment of the company and had striven to make it the well-trained unit it is today. "This appreciation," he said, "is shown by this Marine Corps saber, which I present in behalf of the enlisted men of the company." As Top spoke those words, Gunnery Sergeant Edward Hotchkiss stepped forward and passed him a tan leather saber case, containing the presentation. The first sergeant handed it to the lieutenant, who, having missed his own saber just before the drill, began to see the reason for all the ceremonial-like activities. He was so pleased to find that he was so well thought of that he just couldn't find words strong enough to thank the men. As he told how much he appreciated this token of admiration and respect, and how it would always be a privilege to carry it and a joy to know that it was a gift from "his men" of the 301st, the lieutenant inspected the saber, noting the inscription, "Presented by the Enlisted Men of the 301st Artillery Company, U. S. M. C. R., 1929."

The spectators of this ceremony would, perhaps, wonder why the men felt as they did. The lieutenant's service with the company has been three years of continuous work, sometimes commanding the company, at other times second in command. At all times he has been ready to hear any complaint or suggestion and to give willingly all the time necessary for making the company as good as possible. There is no lack of evidence that he has succeeded. In 1927, at the Reserve Training Camp at Quantico, the 301st Company captured the Eastern Reserve Area Trophy, the Major Eastman Cup. In the following spring, on the occasion of the First Annual Military Ball of the American Legion (Massachusetts Department), the lieutenant led a prize drill platoon, and so well did they do their work that when the judges rendered their decision, it was as had been predicted, "The Marines Win!" A year later and the scene is repeated, the same competitors, the First Corps Cadets, Bos-

ton University ROTC Drill Platoon and Lynn Naval Reserves. Again the Marines win, the lieutenant as pleased as the men, for, as he told us later, a young lady had come all the way from North Carolina to see his company win, and, of course, it would never do for a Marine to disappoint a lady.

By this time the spectator has probably wondered how the lieutenant has been able to handle the company as efficiently as he has. The lieutenant began his service with the Marine Corps in December, 1917, when he enlisted at the Recruiting Station, Boston, Mass. As most recruits from this area do, he was sent to Parris Island, S. C., for training in the profession of being a Marine. After a few months training he was sent to the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia, Pa. From there he embarked for France. After four months across, he was made corporal and soon promoted to sergeant.

During his action with the 55th Co., 5th Regt., 2nd Div., in France he took part in five major engagements, and received two citations. He was gassed twice, quite badly with mustard gas on one occasion, and was wounded three times. So seriously wounded was he at one time, that, as he jokingly described it to us later, "They were so sure of my finish that they had a gang outside digging a hole for me!" However, even that job did not finish him, for upon the cessation of hostilities he found himself still alive and kicking. He returned to civilian life and took up his former occupation of civil engineering. However, as with many ex-Marines, the ties formed in the service tugged too strongly and he soon secured a commission as a second lieutenant in the Fleet Reserve and with others recruited and organized the first Marine Corps Fleet Reserve Company in New England. Since last December, 1928, he has been in active command of the company, the commanding officer, Captain Arthur E. Lyng, being called away on business.

Lieutenant Irwin has made himself well liked both by the older men who

helped to start the company as well as the "boots" who have been in a short time. Always business-like when the occasion demanded, he has earned a deserved reputation amongst us as a "regular fellow," and there is no limit to what we would do for him (and he has heartily reciprocated those sentiments). The men regret that poor health makes it necessary for the lieutenant to leave but assure everyone that no matter where the lieutenant goes, he will be a true representative of what they consider "An Officer and a Gentleman of the Marine Corps!" CPL. L. G. MEREDITH.

302ND COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

On Sunday, April 21, a detachment of the 302nd Company, consisting of a firing squad, color detail and trumpeters, under acting First Sergeant W. E. Macklin, accompanied by First Lt. Edward F. Doyle and 2nd Lt. G. F. Doyle, proceeded to Mount Hope Cemetery where memorial services were held in honor of the former company commander, Captain Clarence Ball, who died a year ago. Services consisted of prayers, pronounced by the chaplain of the local all-Marine Post, the placing of a wreath on the grave by Lieutenant E. Doyle, followed by the customary three volleys and taps. A number of people, including the widow of Captain Ball; members of the William H. Cooper, Marine Post, American Legion; members of the Cooper Post Auxiliary, and personal friends of the late captain were present.

Captain Ball, then a second lieutenant, organized the present 302nd Company in 1917 for war services. The company left Rochester as a unit of one hundred and ten men, and received its initial training at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Later, it was broken up and the personnel distributed throughout the Marine Corps, a large number of the men going overseas. Upon his return in 1919, Captain Ball reorganized his old outfit and commanded it until a short time before his death. The present company commander,

(Continued on page 46)



The 302nd Company, Marine Corps Reserve, hold memorial services for Capt. Clarence Ball at Rochester, N. Y.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The month of June has been sometimes spoken of by Marines as the "Month of Memories." Starting from 1775, the years have certainly placed on record not only "June nights with moonlights," but June days full of memorable incidents in the Corps' history. The days of 1918's June, and the nights of that same month, will never be forgotten; while the sacrifice and deeds of valor of that same month will furnish stories for writers, thrilling scenes for painters' best work, and topics for speakers and preachers for a full generation. Many mothers still think of the anguish and sorrow which came to them that month. Many a man remembers full well the agony with which he commenced to picture his future with shattered frame and health forever banished; and our nation has cause to always think of and revere the Corps which gave itself to stem the wild torrent making Paris its goal. We fought! We won! The French still say, "The Marines saved Paris." The price paid was a terrific one, and not a Marine but today says, "Pray God that never again may such a month be necessary." The lines requested as the "Poem of the Month" portray very keenly the thoughts of:

"ELEVEN YEARS AFTER"

"What do you see, Marine, Marine,
When the Stars and Stripes goes by?
What do you hear, Marine, Marine,
When the cannon split the sky?
What do you dream, Marine, Marine,
When the airplanes drone on high?
And Joy bells ring,
And nations sing
Of peace that may not die?"

"I see dark Belleau Woods again,
I hear my buddy's moan of pain,
I dream of the numb, dumb nights and days
When we fumbled on through a foul, red haze
To a goal that no man saw.
But I didn't see home as I fought out there,
And I didn't even hear your song and prayer,
And I had no dream of a gloried end,
Of wrongs to avenge or land to defend,
Or the future of the world-wide law.

"I heard in Belleau Wood a call,
And I saw two words on its smoky wall.
I dreamed of living them till I die:
'Semper Fidelis,' our battle cry
Was flaming in my brain.
And I felt my soul rush on with the flood

That was bone of my body and blood of my blood.

'Faithful to death,' and I knew no more
Till the day was done and we'd settled the score,

That our dead had not died in vain.

"And that's what we saw, we mad

Marines,

And that's what we see today,
When the Stars and Stripes, like a gay bird preens,
And the band begins to play—
The motto that led through Death's dark scenes

In Belleau's dead array.

I see our dead,

And I bow my head,
Till the dream has passed away."

* * *

W. W. Pierce was a member of the 45th Co., 5th Marines, in those days, and you can scarcely imagine my pleasure in meeting him in Newport, R. I., recently as the Navy Chaplain assisting Chaplain J. M. Hester at the Naval Training Station. Chaplain Pierce would be extremely happy to hear from any of the old 45th and hopes that those who are fortunate enough to be at the 2nd Division Association Reunion in Boston this month will make themselves known. Be on the lookout for a stalwart, fine-appearing Naval Chaplain, and don't forget to give him the glad hand, for he does not forget and is still a Marine.

* * *

I am informed that in April or May, 1918, at Parris Island, there was a drill company of 64 men in which every State in the union was represented. Does anyone today possess a copy of the photograph of that company? If you do, please write me to my permanent address:

347 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

* * *

Since November, the detachment at Indian Head has been under the command of Captain Robert C. Anthony, following his tour of duty on the U. S. S. "Utah" and in Nicaragua. When I met him first, he was in the Fifth's First Battalion in France, while Sergeant Ben Cox and Earl Miller, Pfc., were in the 47th Co. of the Third. 1st Sgt. Wm. Pince was a member of the famous 23rd Machine Gun Co. Sgt. Ovid Butler served in the First Division, and Corporal Frank H. Shipley with the Marine Brigade. Most of the men of the Naval Powder Factory's excellent Guard have also enjoyed a full tour at least of foreign duty. Sgt. John P. Lindsey will complete his twentieth year in the Corps next October and has known this station for nearly eight years. He is the Post Exchange Steward. Archie D. Shawen of Washington Navy Yard fame is the mess sergeant and enjoys the privilege of some splendid cooks, for the men told me through the clerk, Alfred McCord, that they have not only the finest recreation hall in the Marine Corps, but also pride themselves on the excellent mess. To judge the mess, it is only necessary to give Claude Wilford, better known as NEMO, the once-over, and after viewing that 267 lbs., draw your own conclusions. I am told that while on his last tropical duty, he ventured out astride a poor lit-

tle burro, but after a few minutes was so ashamed, he had to step off and walk. The music, Charles H. Otto, comes from Connecticut, but is also well known at Pomonkey, a village not far from the post.

* * *

Thirty miles from Indian Head are the Naval Proving Grounds of Dahlgren at which Gy. Sgt. Boyd B. Kindig has charge, assisted by Sgt. Charles Jones, Cpls. Joseph F. Peevy, Edward D. Swanner and sixteen privates. I also omitted to mention the fact that at Indian Head, Ch. Mar. Gun. W. J. Holloway, late of Nicaragua, and that famous Qm. Sgt. and vocalist, Frank L. Tyree, are also stationed. G. M. Gifford, out of Toledo, and H. J. Corcoran of Philadelphia, are the selected Navy men responsible for the good health of the crowd, while additional corporals are Richard S. Hooker, Jr., Kesmy Gourd and George A. Flaherty.

* * *

Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard, is always looked upon as a good place to do duty with the Barracks Detachment. Lieut. Colonel Arthur J. O'Leary is in command, and certainly looks much better than when I saw him last in Parris Island. Lieuts. Henning F. Adickes, James E. Jones, and George E. Williams all appear to be thoroughly enjoying the climate of New Hampshire and the pleasures of the post. Qm. Sgt. Edward C. Reppenhagen, peppy as ever, still looks after the things for which quartermasters are responsible, and is spoken of as "the man with a Rep." Wm. Rider, the typical but genial-voiced first sergeant, is assisted by Sgts. Albert Gordon, Verner C. Bertram, and Lloyd N. McGraw. Eleven corporals are listed and the well-being of the whole detachment is ably catered for by the services of Ivna L. Swisher and Wadie Giacobbe, first and second cooks, who both can swing a mean skillet, but are also skilled in serving up fine meals.

* * *

While talking about good meals, might I just mention two of our advertisers? The first is Steve K. Pappas, who runs the New Way Lunch at Quantico; and the other is Jim Pappas of the Yemassee Hotel and Lunch at Yemassee on the way to Parris Island. Steve has been a Marine, whilst Jim has supplied a very long-felt need at this celebrated depot of the A. C. L. R. R. in South Carolina.

* * *

It will be a surprise to many to know of the serious illness of Lieut. Colonel Tracy of the Naval Prison in Portsmouth, and I can assure Mrs. Tracy and the Colonel our sympathies are with him and prayers will be offered on their behalf. Major F. Hoyt, with the other officers, carry on, and the detachment, with its work, proceeds in the usual fine precision. Leonard Curcey is the able and experienced First Sergeant, but he has a long way to go before he can umpire a ball game if I may judge from the one I saw him attempt during my visit. I am leaving further comments to one of the scribes associated with the really fine group of men who compose the Guard and whose report I have passed on to ye Editor.

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Way back about the time the first bunch of Marines went down to make Nicaragua safe for Nicaraguans we expressed a wish that we could go along for excitement. Imagine our embarrassment shortly after when we contracted the flu, which developed into a mastoid abscess of a year's duration, followed by more flu, a sea voyage to New York (we did NOT get a Neptune Certificate but certainly earned it off Cape Hatteras), more flu, a throat operation, and now a busted shoulder. There is one thing to say about a busted shoulder, once you climb out of the plaster straight-jacket they sock you in, it doesn't interfere with your eating, drinking, and occasionally sleeping. It is also possible, with a busted shoulder, to elicit sympathy even from a hard-boiled telephone supervisor, she not only gives us our numbers each day without the customary reminder that it would save time if we used the directory, but she occasionally asks how we are progressing. Then, too, typing with one hand is a good excuse for misspelled words to get by as typographical errors, and a little thing like punctuation just doesn't count.

So many attentions have been showered on us because of the busted shoulder we want to take this occasion and thank all those who have been so kind to us; Capt. J. N. Popham at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for dope to help fill this column; Dr. Waterhaus, U. S. N., and the U. S. M. Corps recruiters of New York who wanted to pick us up bodily and send us to the country for a rest cure, Doc Clifford for his visit, and somebody for the huge assortment of roses, tulips, carnations and spring flowers that bore the card reading U. S. M. C., and ex-Marine Lieutenant Carl Gardner for all the ships' papers and copies of the Legation Guard News. And we want to assure everyone, including various internes, doctors, nurses, neighbors and Doc Clifford, whom we feel are vaguely suspicious of us, that if we had been anything but cold sober the angel that takes care of inebriates would have been on the job and we would have never caught our heel in the carpet and tumbled down stairs. Where the much touted guardian angel of fools happened to be when we tumbled we don't know. Maybe it was his or her night off.

To Capt. Popham, whose attitude toward us upheld all the traditions of courtesy, kindness and gallantry so dear to all the officers and men in the Corps, we are indebted for an account of the launching of the "Pensacola." Capt. Jas. W. Webb, U. S. M. C., was in com-

mand of the guard of honor which was stationed just off the bow of the "Pensacola." Despite the rain and general disagreeableness of the day, the Marine escorts, under command of Capt. Jas. Popham, Lieutenant Leo Sullivan, and Second Lieutenant L. D. Snead of the "Rochester," presented such a trim and snappy appearance at their stations at the different gates, and were so courteous in handling their work that both a Brooklyn and a New York newspaper commented on it.

Marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard seem to be well pleased with their new C. O., Col. Edward A. Greene, and according to late reports are snapping to with a zest, and everybody's happy.

And now to tune in on the wave length of the good ship "Arkansas." In addition to boasting the most likeable chaplain in the Navy (Chaplain W. A. McGuire) she will shortly also possess the Navy's crack chess player when Lt. W. E. Whitehead of the "Dobbin" shifts his flag over to the "Arkie." When the fleet was in Panamanian waters and we thought every one with it was either engrossed with battle problems or those equally as serious that often arise on Panama liberties, we received a letter from Lt. Whitehead saying "I advance the Queen's pawn two spaces, what is your move" and nothing but our poor, decapitated tonsils saved us from another ignominious defeat.

We always get a thrill that is equal to nothing but betting on a horse that wins by a nose, when we hear of a commendatory action by some person we have secretly admired for a long time. Accordingly, when Doc Clifford, during his recent visit, told of a young corporal who came to him overseas, and wanted to give him the whole amount of his month's allowance from the folks back home, to be used for tobacco and knick knacks for the men in his company, we were very much pleased to know that this corporal was none other than ex-Marine Lieutenant Robert D. Foote. We once heard a Kentuckian who fought at San Juan Hill, in speaking of a Marine friend, remark "thorobred hawkes and Marine Corps Officers are bawn, and not made."

Apropos of the sort of weather we have had dealt out to us since the middle of March, we are moved to remark with the poet who was somewhat peeved at the lateness of summer, and wrote,

"If winter linger longer
In the lap of spring,
The gossips will be talking
About the brazen thing,"
to which we heartily add—
If winter linger longer,
Say, through the month of May,
We will have long been frozen
So won't care what they say.

With the Rotarians claiming Jesus Christ for the first Rotarian, and the Real Estate Men's Association claiming

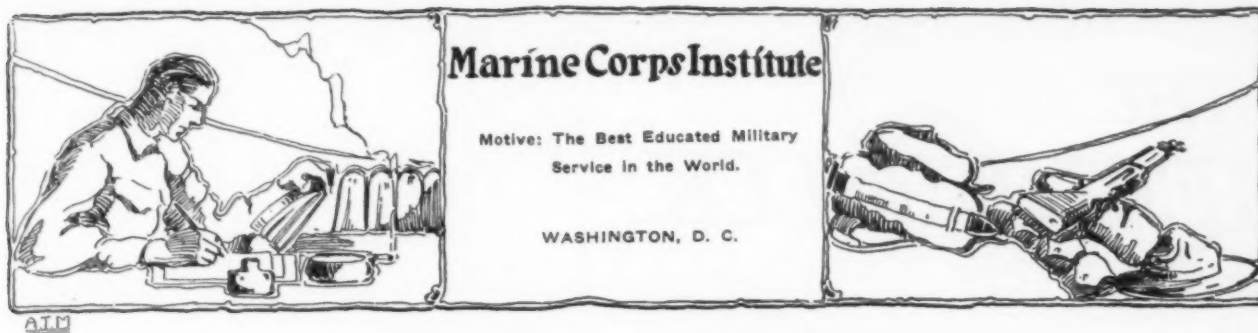
Moses the first realtor, we see no reason why the Marine Corps can't point with pride to that old guy Ahmose-son-of-Ebana, who flourished in Egypt about 1576 B. C. and whose record, taken from his tomb, reads something like this: "When my father died I served in his place as captain of the battleship 'Bull,' but later I was transferred to the northern fleet so that I could follow the chariot of the king on my own two feet when we went into battle. I fought in front of the King's chariot and was made commander of the battleship 'Crowned-in-Memphis.' Twice I fought in single combat and each time brought the king the hand of my enemy. I took prisoner one man and three women at the battle of Avaris. At Sharhun I made prisoner two women and killed a man in single combat. The king then went up the Nile to make war on the Nubian's and there I took two men alive and killed three men in single combat. Again I took prisoners, two bowmen, capturing them on the enemy ship, and presents were made to me by the king and all the sailors who fought with me. I sailed with the king and took for him three hands, and two living prisoners, and fought more than it would be believed to be true," which last is about all that is ever demanded of any good Marine anyhow. And, isn't it a pity that we have no way of knowing just what old Ahmose-son-of-Ebana is going to say when he welcomes some of our gang over to that Valhalla, where all great warriors can sit and swap yarns, nor be disturbed by the blowing of taps?

THE LIGHT BRIGADE PASSES

By order of the British War Office the Light Brigade that rode at Balaklava is no more. Yielding to an advance of modern mechanism that has made cavalry practically obsolete, the War Office has converted the most famous of all British mounted units into an armored car corps. The 13th Hussars, once the Light Brigade, have tearfully turned from their faithful mounts at Aldershot and entered a mechanized department.

The action of the War Office was inevitable, but it gives striking proof of time's mutations. Of all the traditions of the British Army that of Balaklava and the wild charge of the Light Brigade probably is the most popular. "When can their glory fade?" was the interrogatory song of Tennyson. His question is ruthlessly answered by the War Office's action in dismounting the historic unit and sending it to the tank corps.

Traditions are glorious, but modern warfare and its methods have taken poetry from charging lines and the battlefield. Mounted troops are helpless before the death-raking of machine guns and a legion of dragoons cannot be hidden from the cavalry of the skies. Hence, the military descendants of the men who rode to death in the valley at Balaklava must bury themselves in armored tanks and creep joltingly towards their fire-spitting objective. Both the heroes of the Light Brigade and the age in which they fought are dead.—Chicago Tribune.



May 10, 1929, Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	5,907
Total number enrolled since last report	411
Total number disenrolled since last report	528
Number examination papers received during period	3,778
Total number graduates to date	4,161

Spanish Instructors Wanted

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The Month of History

OF ALL the months of the year, June seems to be the one most replete with events of historic interest to the Corps.

To begin with, the First Battalion of American Marines was organized June 8, 1775, for service in the Revolution, and it was in June, 1777, that Marines first fought for the Stars and Stripes in the engagement between the "Hancock" and the British Frigate "Fox."

In June, 1805, the Marine Corps first came into world-wide prominence by its brilliant attack on the Tripolitan fortress of "Derne" after an unprecedented march across the burning African desert from Egypt to Tripoli. There, too, occurred one of the most dramatic scenes in our history—the raising of Old Glory for the first time over a fortress of the Old World.

June, 1812, saw the American Marine embark upon his second war with Great Britain, and in that same month he received his baptism of fire in the running fight between the "President" and the British Ship of the Line "Belvidere." In June of the closing year of that war, Marines participated in severe land battles in the raising of the British blockade of Chesapeake Bay.

In June, 1836, Colonel Commandant Archibald Henderson began his brilliant and hard-fought campaign against the Creek Indians in Florida, taking with him nearly every available man in the Corps.

Marines landed at Vera Cruz in the Mexican War in June, 1847, and later gained immortal fame in their desperate assault and capture of "The Halls of Montezuma."

In June, 1867, Marines came into prominence in the Far East when they conducted a successful punitive expedition against the barbarous natives of Formosa; an island that to this day the Japanese have been unable to completely subdue.

Four years later, in June, 1871, we find a battalion of Marines again in the Far East adding new honors to the colors by their capture of the Salee River forts in Korea.

Again in Egypt in this same month of the year, 1882, the Marines were first to enter Alexandria where, in company with the British, they subdued native uprisings against foreign life and property.

At the outbreak of the Spanish War, Marines were as usual "First to Fight," and landed June 12, 1898, at Guantanamo to establish a base for the fleet. Against overwhelming numbers, they stormed McCalla Hill, and established a commanding position, which they were forced to defend for many days and nights of constant fighting.

In June, 1900, they began their memorable march from Taku to Tientsin, which ended with the relief of that city and a further and even more historic expedition to Peking to raise the siege of the legation quarter of that city.

In June, 1917, the Fifth Regiment sailed for St. Nazaire, France, and it was exactly one year later that the battle of the Bois de Belleau occurred. The fighting done by the Marines at Belleau in June, 1918, is probably the most glorious page in our history to date. There, with rifle fire alone, they rolled back division after division of a victorious Prussian

army that had literally swept aside the French and seemed certain to capture Paris.

These are only a few of the historic events that mark the month of June in Marine Corps history, but they are sufficient to convince anyone that this month is one of extraordinary interest. What the future holds, we do not know; but judging by the past, if some future month of June finds us in the face of an enemy, we will carry on the tradition of success handed down to us by all wearers of "the globe and anchor" for the past century and a half.

Nicaragua Today

IT IS indeed gratifying to survey the present situation in Nicaragua and to contrast it with conditions existing just two years ago when the United States was forced to intervene in the domestic affairs of that country.

In 1927, the country was torn with strife and dissension, with the Liberals and Conservatives waging war to-the-knife in a futile attempt to gain control of the government. Life, liberty and personal property were respected by neither side, and the country was rapidly becoming an international nuisance.

Due to the splendid work of Colonel Stimson in making peace, and the wholehearted cooperation of American Marines in preserving law and order, the country is now back on a firm foundation with the first constitutionally elected government in its history.

The point that must make every Marine feel an increased pride in his Corps is the profuse praise that we have received from all quarters for our handling of such a delicate situation. We have made friends of the Nicaraguan people regardless of their political affiliations and have won the commendation of the leaders of both opposing parties for our fairness and justice in the conduct of the recent election. There have been no unfortunate incidents due to the conduct of Marines in Nicaragua; a remarkable fact when one considers the trying relationship of the Marines to the people of Nicaragua. Seldom, if ever before, have foreign soldiers been able to maintain amicable relations with the populace of an occupied country. So exemplary has been the conduct of the rank and file of the Corps that a U. S. Senator, not disposed to regard our occupation favorably, inspected Nicaragua and found to his surprise that the people, far from criticising us, considered us in many ways as the saviors of their country's liberty.

This has been possible only by the faithful and loyal conduct of all Marines. General Feland has been supported by the men of the Corps in a manner that shows that "Semper Fidelis" is graven in the heart of every Marine, as well as on the emblem of the Corps.

Justice For Bachelor Officers

SINCE 1927, the Paymaster General of the Marine Corps has been exhausting every means within his power to obtain a reversal of the Comptroller General's decision forfeiting rental allowance for bachelor Marine officers while on expeditionary service. The recent refusal of the Attorney General to make a decision on the matter leaves only one possible recourse open to those who wish to obtain redress from this manifestly unjust ruling; that is, to institute a suit in the Court of Claims to recover the money that has been wrongfully deducted from their pay.

Many officers have already placed their cases in the hands of John W. Price, the prominent Washington attorney, who recovered four millions of dollars for the naval officers in their celebrated suit against McCarl.

It will undoubtedly be necessary for a suit to be filed in the case of each separate officer, so it is to the interest of every officer concerned to place his case in the hands of this well-qualified and reputable firm. By so doing, an early start will be made and a great saving will result to every officer by placing all cases in the hands of a single attorney.

This suit promises to be long and well contested, but with prospects of success very good. This decision of the Comptroller relative to field duty is in conflict with every statement of both the President and the Secretary of State in regard to the nature of the duties being performed in Nicaragua and China; and it is difficult to see how any adverse decision can be rendered by the Court of Claims, or the Supreme Court, in case the suit is carried to that body.

All those concerned can further the common cause by getting in touch with John W. Price, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Thrift Habits Build Better Men

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By direct request of members of the Services this company has established a

United Services Insurance Plan

THE plan is available to all in the Services, both officers and men, without regard to age, station, rank or service. It not only provides protection but offers to the men opportunity to save part of their pay which would otherwise be lost to them. Those insured thereby constitute a separate class and any divisible surplus accruing under the plan will be distributed among members of the class.

The insurance is limited to those in the Services and no physical examination is required. The premium has been set where the men wished

it—\$5 a month for the young men, a little more for the older ones.

Payment of premiums is limited to periods of 34 months, 46 months and 58 months, corresponding to the 3, 4 and 5 year enlistments. After the second year a policy has cash, paid-up and extended insurance values and at the end of its period is paid-up. No premium payments are required in case of total and permanent disability.

This plan will develop thrift. It will tend to build character, improve morale and make better men and better citizens.

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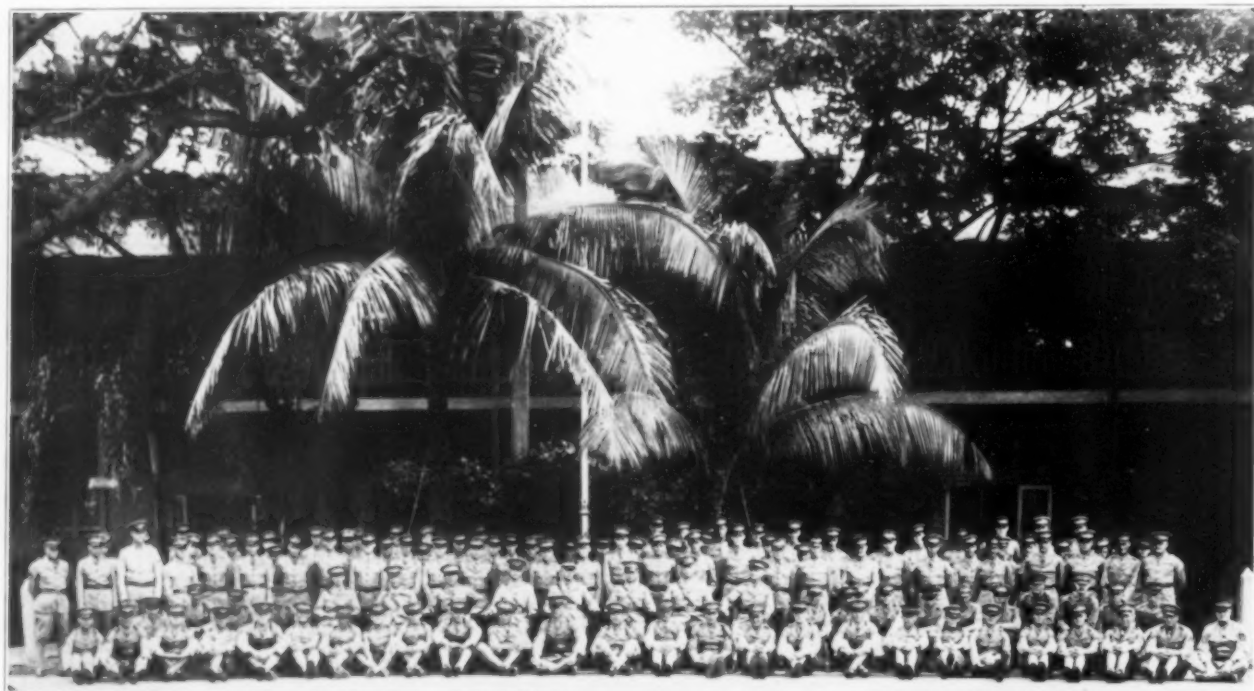
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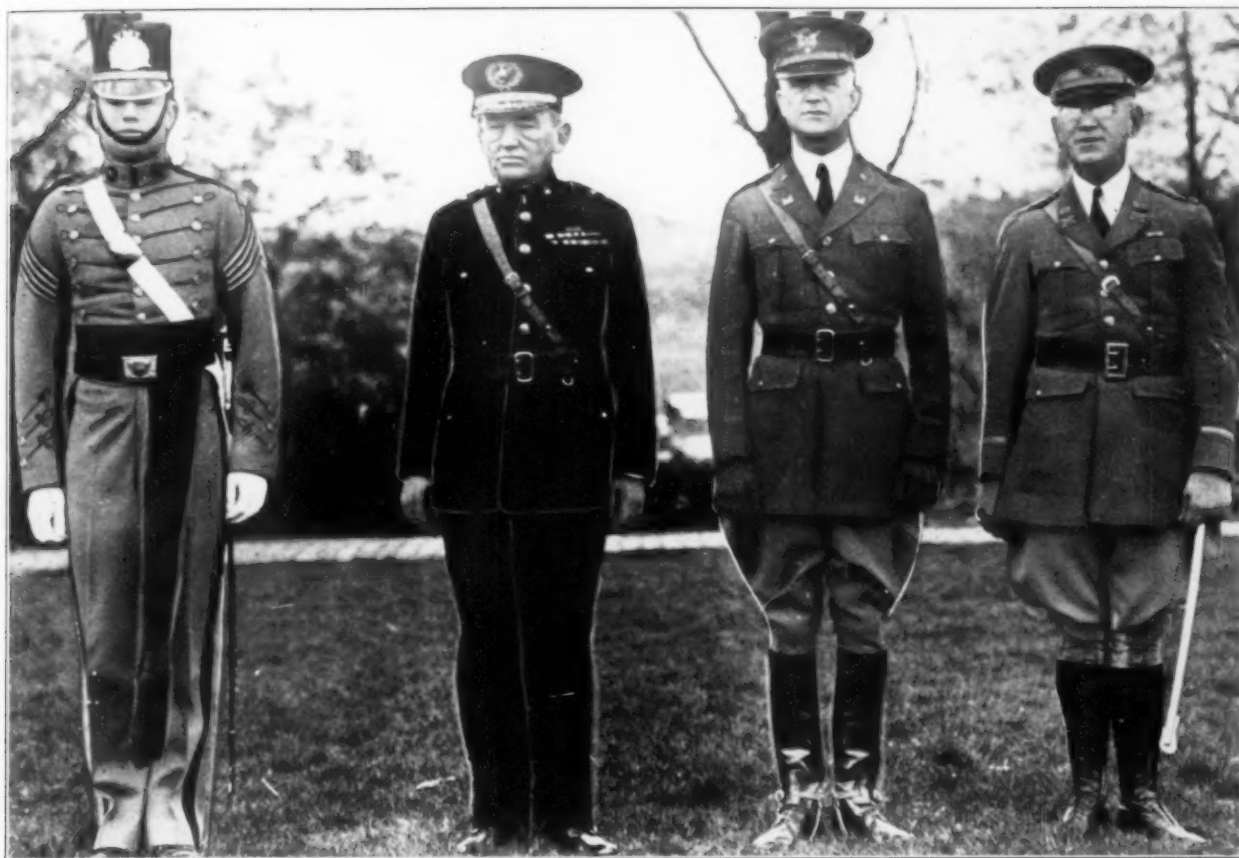
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Basketball Champions of North China. Standing, left to right: Robinson, forward; Schmitt, forward; Gee, forward; Dyer, center; Shipley, center; Robbins, forward; Pearl, guard. Sitting, left to right: Orndoff, guard; Straub, guard; Col. T. Holcomb, commanding Legation Guard; Lt. W. O. Thompson, forward (coach); Tipton, guard. (Story in Sports Section.)



Personnel of the Marine Detachment, Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Cavite, Philippine Islands.



Left to right: Cadet Capt. Harner, Maj. Gen. Lejeune, Gen. Cooke, and Col. Dodson during the first review of the cadets at the Virginia Military Institute by the newly appointed commandant, Maj. Gen. Lejeune. (Associated Press Photo.)



Color Squad of Marines marching with the Overseas Drum and Bugle Corps of the D. C. Dept., V. F. W., which was awarded first prize at the annual Apple Blossom Festival held at Winchester, Va.



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for a year or so and then brought him into the main office as sales manager.

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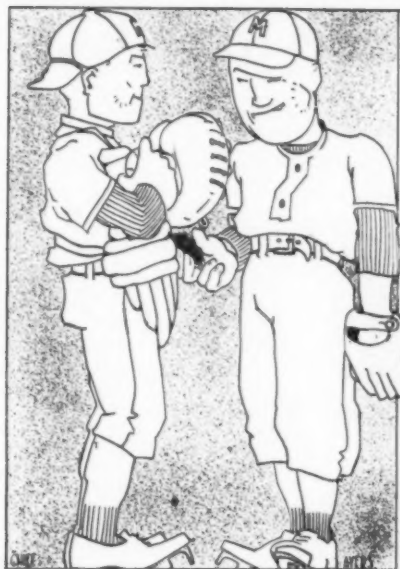
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Marine Baseball Team Makes Good

WITH the season half over and with a long string of victories and few defeats behind them, the Marine Corps diamond nine is setting a hot pace for some of the best college teams in the country.

On March 25 the team took on their first victims, Drexel Institute, and sent them home on the short end of a 13-2 score.

Perhaps a little over-confident after smothering Drexel, the Marines received a setback on March 28 in a game with New York University. The home team lost 16-7. A driving rain on March 30 cheated our men out of any opportunity to "try again" against N. Y. U., who were scheduled for a second game on that date.

Recovering from this defeat, the Leathernecks took on the University of Vermont for a two-game series April 1 and April 2, winning both contests by the respective scores of 3-0 and 15-7.

Next came Cornell University, and they lost to the Marines 6-1. Jesse Kidd fanned 15 Ithacans!

Holy Cross dealt out the second defeat to the Sea Soldiers in their game on April 8. The Crusaders rolled up five markers, while the Marines failed to cross the rubber.

An abbreviated contest of six innings with Harvard on April 10 resulted in Harvard's losing 6-1. Game was called during the seventh frame.

Juniata College was beaten 6-0 on April 13.

On April 15 and April 16 games with Catholic University and St. Bonaventure's College were rained out.

On April 17 the Marines won the second of a scheduled two-game series with

St. Bonaventure's College by 13-6; and on April 20 beat Catholic University 5-0. Every cloud has a silver lining.

Wake Forest College lost their game with the Devildogs on April 29. Score 15-7.

A two-game series was played with

moundsmen, the visitors collecting 23 hits.

Washington College bowed to the Marines in the first of a two-game series on May 17, 5-2; and won the second game on May 18, 4-0.

On April 20 the Devildogs defeated the Collegiate All-Stars 9-3. This was a benefit game and was not on the regular schedule.

With the excellent showing made thus far, the Big Team may be expected to come through its remaining contests with honors much better than even. The accompanying table shows the remaining games to be played, and we hope to have a full tabulation of the season's results in the next number of The Leatherneck.

Only a phenomenal team plays a baseball schedule without at least a few defeats for baseball is a sport that is subject to a myriad of "breaks" that are sure to cause the loss of an occasional game. This applies to Coach Keady's men as well but their record to date of 16 games won and only five lost is hard to equal especially so in view of the hard schedule undertaken.

The squad is now on a northern trip for a series of games in New England that will wind up the season. We may rest assured that they will return to Quantico with a string of victories to their credit.

The Leatherneck extends congratulations to Coach Keady and Lieutenant Bailey for their splendid work with the team, to Lieutenant O'Neill for his inspiring leadership in the field and to every player on the squad for the fine spirit and excellent playing they have uniformly exhibited in every game.

MARINE BALL TEAM WILL PLAY IN NORTH

The Marine Corps Baseball Team will leave Quantico about May 20 on an extensive trip to Rhode Island, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine.

May 22—Newport Naval Station at Newport, R. I.
May 23—Newport Naval Station at Newport, R. I.
May 24—Arrive in Portsmouth, N. H.
May 25—University of New Hampshire at Durham, N. H.
May 28—Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H.
May 30—East Douglas Athletic Club at Worcester, Mass.
June 3—Colby College at Waterville, Maine.
June 5—Bates College at Lewiston, Maine.
June 8—Crescent Athletic Club at New York.
June 9—New York Athletic Club at New York.
June 10—Boston College at Boston.
June 12—Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass.

The Leathernecks who will make their headquarters at Portsmouth, N. H., while filling their northern engagements will open the invasion with a game against Newport Naval Training Station May 22; the trip will end with an encounter with Harvard at Cambridge, Mass., on June 12.

Manhattan College on May 2 and May 3. The Marines won 6-0 and 15-0 respectively.

A two-game series with Temple University on May 7 and May 8 resulted in the Marines' losing the first 1-11 and winning the second 5-4.

West Virginia University was beaten in both of a two-game series on May 10 and May 11. Scores 5-4 and 12-4.

On May 14 the home team lost to Virginia Military Institute by the score of 12-8. It was an off day for Marine

San Diego Marines Win Rifle Match



HE annual Western Division Rifle and pistol competition was fired at the La Jolla rifle range April 17 to 19, San Diego, taking first place with a score of 1506. Pearl Harbor placed second with 1493, Bremerton third with 1456, and Mare Island fourth with 1436. Individual matches, which consisted of firing twice over the army course with 20 shots at 1000 yards, were conducted on Wednesday, April 17th. All matches were under the direction of Major G. A. Johnson, executive officer at the recruit depot, San Diego Marine base. Second Lieut. Robert O. Bare of Puget Sound was high individual with a score of 753 out of a possible 800. Other medalists were: Pfc. Leslie G. Hall, Pearl Harbor, 752, first gold; Pvt. William A. Hunt, Pearl Harbor, 752, second gold; Sgt. John C. Parker, San Diego, 751, first silver; Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, Pearl Harbor, 748, second silver; Sgt. Harry W. Weston, Pearl Harbor, 744, third silver; Cpl. Mark E. Ryson, San Diego, 744, first bronze; Cpl. Robert D. Henderson, Pearl Harbor, 740, second bronze; Pvt. John C. Blodgett, San Diego, 737, third bronze, and Pvt. Chester G. Green, San Diego, 737, fourth bronze. Distinguished: Sgt. William P. Smith, Pearl Harbor, 747; Cpl. Victor Hessler, San Diego, 747. Weather conditions poor.



THE TROPHY
Presented by Colonel Lay



This team took first place with a score of 1506. Left to right, they are: Cpl. Mark E. Tyson, 377; Pvt. R. A. Behymer, 378; Capt. E. L. Mullaly, team captain; Cpl. Victor Hessler, 374, and Pvt. Chester G. Green, 377.

By Don Haislet

Team matches were fired Friday, April 19. This consisted of one time over the Army course with 10 shots at 1000 yards. Teams were as follows: San Diego, Cpl. Victor Hessler, Pvt. Chester G. Green, Cpl. Mark E. Tyson, Pvt. Roy Behymer. Alternate, Gy. Sgt. Henry Morf; coach, Capt. E. L. Mullaly. Pearl Harbor was represented by Gy. Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, Pfc. Leslie G. Hall, Sgt. William P. Smith, Cpl. Robert D. Henderson, Pvt. William A. Hunt was alternate; Sgt. Maj. Oliver M. Schneider coached and the team captain was 1st Lt. George D. Hamilton. Bremerton: 2nd Lt. Robert O. Bare, Pfc. August A. Gehling, Capt. William F. Becker, Pvt. Melvin Lee. Alternate, Cpl. George Hadusek; coach, Sgt. John Slezak; team captain, Capt. Becker. Mare Island: Sgt. Earl F. Beaird, Sgt. Hartle C. Calvery, Tptr. Bruce R. Russell, Pfc. Harry H. Zellmer. Alternate, Pvt. John J. Hendershot; coach, Sgt. Calvery; team captain 2nd Lieut. Arthur W. Ellis. Weather conditions, fair and windy.

While none of the scores were as high as might have been expected, officers in charge of the meet declared that at none of the matches were weather conditions favorable, wind prevailing at each of the matches. Members of the winning San Diego team now are at Fort George Wright, Washington, competing in the Inland Empire rifle tournament, as are several of the high medalists.

A team composed of the above medal winners will compete with various Army teams at Fort Missoula, Montana, during the second week in June in the Northwestern Rifle Association Matches.

Upon completion of these matches several of the men listed above will join the Marine Corps Team at Wakefield, Mass. The remainder will be sent to Puget Sound where they will compose a team to be entered in the Northwest Regional Matches to be held at Fort Lewis, Wash., sometime in August.



LIEUT. BARE
High Individual Score 753



PISTOL MEDALISTS. Left to right: Pvt. R. A. Behymer, 477; Pvt. W. G. Shew, 452; Pfc. L. M. Fletcher, 505; Gy. Sgt. H. M. Bailey, 520; Pvt. C. G. Green, 450.



Individual Rifle Medalists. Sitting: Henderson, 740; Tyson, 744; Lt. Bare, 753; Green, 737. Standing: Weston, 744; Hunt, 752; Hall, 752; Bailey, 748; Smith, 747; Parker, 751; Blodgett, 737.

TWO CHAMPS AT SAN DIEGO BASE

Colonel Harry Lay, Commanding Officer, Congratulates Charles O. Glick and Kenneth R. Utzman for Y. M. C. A. Athletic Records

SAN DIEGO Marine Corps Base boasts two national champions in Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. athletic contests. The pictures shown herewith show Col. Harry Lay, commanding officer of the base, extending personal congratulations to each of these two exceptional athletes, Charles O. Glick and Kenneth R. Utzman, both of whom are members of the athletic detachment



CHARLES O. GLICK

Winner of Y. M. C. A. Hexathlon, team captain 11th District Track Team, receiving the congratulations of Col. Harry Lay, commanding officer, San Diego Marine Corps Base.

points individually for his winning teammates. Commenting upon his performance at the latter event, the San Diego Union says:

"Charlie O. Glick is one of the greatest and most versatile athletes ever to perform in service competition here."

The other champion of whom the San Diego base is justly proud is Utzman, who tied one record and broke three in the San Diego Y. M. C. A. Pentathlon swim, conducted at the San Diego "Y" April 15 to 22. He also established a new national record.

It is doubtful if any swimmer ever participating in San Diego has equaled Utzman's performance. He tied the 50-yard free-style record, broke the 100-yard freestyle record by four-fifths of a second, broke the 50-yard back-stroke record established in 1925 by 1 second, broke the 100-yard breast-stroke record, also made in 1925, by 3.5 seconds, and won every event of the meet. This was done in competition with representatives of all departments of the 11 Naval Operating Base. His time in the various events was as follows: 50-yard free-style, :25.1 seconds; 100-yard free-style, :57.1 seconds; 220-yard free-style, 2:37.4 seconds; 50-yard back-stroke, :34 seconds; 100-yard breast-stroke, 1:21.2 seconds.

Utzman had charge of the service swimming pool at Pearl Harbor, T. H., for three years, and has been an accomplished swimmer since his early youth. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is 21 years of age.

UNDER the direction of Coach Johnny Blewett, assisted by 2nd Lieut. Frank Dailey, Charles O. Glick, team captain and athlete de luxe of the San Diego Marine Base, led his teammates to a sweeping victory in the 11th Naval District track

By Don Haislet

tion 54, and the Naval Hospital 5. This is the first time that the Leathernecks have succeeded in taking this meet.

Glick, national Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Hexathlon champion, undoubtedly is one of the greatest and most versatile service athletes ever to perform in San Diego. He was by far the outstanding point man of the meet, scoring 21 digits by taking first place in the 100-yard dash, 220-yard low hurdles and the shot put, second in the 220-yard dash and 120-yard high hurdles. He established a new record in the shot put with a distance of 38 feet 7½ inches, as compared with the record established in 1927 by W. G. Lindemann of the Naval Air Station of 38 feet 4¾ inches. He also established the record in the low hurdles, as this is the first time this event has been run in the service meet.

In the tug o'war, which held considerable interest because of the fact that it meant permanent possession of the cup, the Marines took two out of three without ever being endangered and the trophy now remains the Marines'. Time on the pulls was exactly 30 seconds. Tug o'war team members were: Marines, Cook, Burgess, Norton, Lambert, Merkel, Stettler, Zeltner, Jackson, Sietz and Shoemaker. Boots, Nodding, Cox, White, Fallett, Jones, Rash, Fox, Houts, Williams and Guentert.

The entire meet was a creditable victory for the Leathernecks, as the following summaries show:

100-yard dash (first heat)—First, LeFebvre (NTS); second, Edwards (MB); time, :10.2.

100-yard dash (second heat)—First, Dashiell (MB); second, Swartz (NTS); time, :10.3.

100-yard dash (third heat)—First, Burke (NTS); second, Glick (MB); time, :10.3.

Mile run—First, Timberlake (NTS); second, Williamson (MB); 3rd, Hoarn (NTS); time, 4:51.1.

100-yard dash (semi-finals)—1st, Glick (MB); second, Edwards (MB); time :10.1.

Shot put—First, Glick (MB), 38 feet 7½ inches; second, Utzman (MB), 36 feet 10½ inches; third, Poppleman (MB) and Guentert (NTS), tied at 36 feet 9½ inches (new league record).

100-yard dash (finals)—First, Glick (MB); second, Edwards (MB); third, LeFebvre (NTS); time, :10.1.

Pole vault—1st, Randolph (NTS); second, R. J. Poppleman (MB); third, Houts (NTS) and Snyder (MB) tied. Height, 11 feet 3 inches for new league record.

220-yard dash (first heat)—First, C. M. Poppleman (MB); second, Edwards (MB); third, Hanes (NTS); time, :24.4.

220-yard dash (second heat)—First, Burke (NTS); second, Glick (MB); third, Wilcox (NH). Time, :25.

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KENNETH R. UTZMAN

Pentathlon champion, being congratulated by Col. Harry Lay, commanding officer, San Diego Marine Corps Base, on exceptional athletic showing.

Marine Boxers at Shanghai Continue to Score in Lively Sporting Club Matches

Searcy, Miranda, Gover, Anderson, Perrine, Stokes, Newman

THE first Fourth Regiment program reported—since the last number of *The Leatherneck*—was presented at the Town Hall, Shanghai, on March 21. The big upset of the evening came when Les Alde, so-called featherweight champion of Australia, knocked out Corporal Donald Duncan, champion of three British services and the idol of Shanghai. Fans will recall that about a fortnight before Young Alde held Rudy Benton of the Fourth Regiment to a draw in their ten-round encounter. During the ten fatal seconds during which Referee Jerry Morgan tolled over the prostrate form of Duncan, the latter was losing his coveted title of "undefeated welterweight champion of Shanghai and China."

The semifinal "set-to" would have been a corker if Dan Searcy of the Fourth Regiment had elected to battle early in the struggle. By the time he got started it was too late. His ringmate, Seaman Ewin of H. M. S. "Kent," was a willing and aggressive fighter, but lacked control. However, he took seven of the ten rounds and won the decision.

Nick Boyle lasted a round and a half against Corporal Fallace, the latter out-reaching him to put him out in the second. Boyle was game but was up against too tough a proposition. Babe Hubner trimmed A. B. Dennis in a slow bout, Dennis showing up with some 20 pounds surplus about the waistline. The curtain raiser was the best battle of the evening, Stoker Harley of the "Kent" getting a draw with Miranda of the U. S. Marines. Harley was lucky.—*Evening News.*

ON MARCH 26 another card was presented in which Duncan of the Royal Marines recovered his title by turning the tables on Young Alde, who K.O.'d Duncan five days before.

In the semifinal event on the evening's program Young Gover of the Third Battalion continues his winning streak by taking seven of the ten rounds from Battling Nelson, of Manila. Nelson, a good boxer, tried to puzzle Gover by his weaving and crouching but Gover was not to be puzzled and battered Nelson down with rights and lefts to head and body.

In the eight-round special event and what proved to be the best bout of the evening, Andy Anderson scored a technical K. O. over Young Bobby Wills, the dusky son of Manila. Andy used a left jab to perfection throughout, but in the fifth round shifted to a body attack which weakened Wills quite a bit, and then he caught Andy's dynamite right, flush on the chin, and fell to the floor. But he was up immediately, only to be knocked to the floor three more times when Referee Morgan stopped the fight.

In the opening bout Corporal Perrine of the 28th Company stopped Max Jim of Barcelona in the first round when he hit him with a crushing right to the jaw.

The second prelim gave us another

chance to see young Miranda in a return bout with Stoker Harley of the H. M. S. "Kent." There was plenty of action throughout the six rounds and at the end of the bout the judges decided in favor of Harley.

THE Marine boxers traveled to the Town Hall again on April 11 and there they met and defeated the boxers from the H. M. S. "Bruce," H. M. S. "Petral" and also the boxers of the R. A. M. C. The attendance at the fights was very poor and for this reason the Marines decided to get home as early as possible. In the opening bout of the evening's program Battling Lara of Shanghai met Justice Hawkins of H. M. S. "Bruce." The bout was scheduled to go six rounds but Justice being on the level stretched out on the canvas in the second round after giving a wonderful exhibition of hitting 'em where they ain't.

The next bout gave us Private Stokes of the Third Battalion and Joe Brooks of His Majesty's Ship "Bruce." The fight lasted the full six rounds at the end of which the decision was awarded to Stokes. It was a very poor fight all the way through. From the looks of Brooks he must be the ship's butcher. He would do well to stick to the butcher shop until he gets rid of some of his surplus avoirdupois or does something to get himself in condition before he ever makes another appearance before the cash customers.

The third fight of the evening's program was an eight round special event between Steve Newman of the Twenty-fifth Company and Seaman Debell, another member of the "Bruce." Debell looked like a champ for the first minute of the opening round. When Steve hit him on the chin and he hit the deck he looked like a ham-and-egger. But he arose again and managed to keep out of range for six rounds. Steve hit him with everything but the stool in the seventh and after sending him to the deck five times; three from punches and two from fright, the seconds finally found the towel and threw it in.

The semifinal event of the evening brought back Andy Anderson, the fast rising, hard hitting young Marine who stopped Young Bobby Wills of Manila. Anderson repeated again this week by knocking Taff Ellis, of H. M. S. "Petral" to sleep in the second round of a ten-round bout.

This was an occasion when a lightweight fought a middleweight and won. Ellis had a sixteen pound advantage in weight over Anderson, instead of ten pounds, as announced. Andy proved the old theory that the bigger they come the harder they fall. Ellis fell hard.

The main and final event of the evening brought together Young Gover of the Fourth Regiment, United States Marine Corps, and Pat O'Connor of the R. A. M.

(Continued on page 42)

SHORTS ON SPORTS

On April 20 George Simpson of Ohio State broke the world record for the century when he turned it in 9.5 and later in the day equaled the official world mark for the 220-yard dash in 20.6 which was made by Locke of Nebraska in 1926.

Through a downpour of rain that turned the track into a puddle on April 27, four crack Illinois hurdlers—Trimble, Burkhardt, Rodgers and Sentman—shattered the world's record in the 480-yard shuttle hurdle relay by scissoring their way over the sticks in 1:02 3-10, clipping 3.2 seconds off the mark set by Ohio State in the Penn relays a year ago.

The comparatively tiny State of Idaho has produced three-fourths of the leading jockeys in the United States, including Earl Sande, the three Fators, Albert Johnson, Ivan Parke and Monte Edwards.

Hagen's win in the British open on May 10 makes the sixth American victory. He has won it thrice, Bobby Jones twice, and Jim Barnes once.

The world's record for the discus throw was surpassed at a track meet in Seattle, Wash., on May 11. Ed Moeller of Oregon tossed it 160 feet 1 inch. Eric Krenz, Stanford giant, threw the discus more than 163 feet this year, but it has not yet been recognized.

All records for the Boston A. A. Marathon were smashed on April 19 when Johnny Miles raced across the finish line a winner for the second time in four years. His time for the 26 miles 385 yards was 2 hours 33 minutes 8 4-5 seconds.

At the 22nd Engineers Armory in New York on April 9, Sgt. Tommy Donnelly, U. S. Marine welterweight champ, out-slugged Emil Guisto in a red-hot ten-rounder.

On April 26 at Vallejo, Calif., Marine Raabe, lightweight of the Mare Island Marines, won the decision from Willie Fields of Oakland in a four-round bout.

At Allentown, Pa., Ray Mitchell, ex-Leatherneck of Philadelphia, won a well-earned decision from Nat Kawler after six hard fast rounds of boxing. Both are welterweights.

Gunnery Sergeant John J. Mauer, better known to the Corps as "Army," has just arrived at Mare Island, California, from China, where he was serving with the 3rd Battalion, Sixth Regiment, Marines. Other fighters to return from Asiatic duty were Glen Huckaby, lightweight champion of North China; Hudson, welterweight, and Johnson, middleweight. "Army" is their manager and trainer. He is a veteran of the ring himself, and no person in the Corps is better qualified to handle the boys.

Mare Island officials have been advised that the cup presented by the Sons of the Revolution to the U. S. Marine Detachments having the best general efficiency

record for last year, was presented to the Marine Detachment on board the U. S. S. "Maryland," Captain Lester A. Dessez, commanding detachment. The cup was formerly held by the Sea Police on the U. S. S. "California."

Boston, Mass.—Kid Oster, middle-weight champion of the U.S. Coast Guard, and former Leatherneck, is fighting with great success in the New England States. Oster served with the Marine Guard, U. S. S. "Wyoming," in 1925-26, later joining the Fourth Regiment for expeditionary duty in China, 1927-28.

Joe Zink, light heavyweight boxer, is staging a colorful comeback in New York State. Joe formerly served as a Leatherneck in the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Billy Roth of Santa Rosa won a six-round decision over Marine Audet at Vallejo, California, on April 18. Audet, of the Naval Ammunition Depot, Navy Yard, Mare Island, California, is now fighting in the middleweight ranks.

Vallejo, California, April 18.—Corporal Spiker, heavyweight, Mare Island Marines, kayoed Sailor Jack Lee of the Mare Island Navy Yard in the second round of a four-round bout at the Vallejo Boxing Arena. Last year Spiker battled his way through the Orient, dropping Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines by the wayside. He earned the right to meet the champion of the Asiatic Fleet, Sailor Tiny De Boldt, but lost the decision.

Marine Roberts, Mare Island, stopped Jack Moffit of Oakland, California, in the fourth stanza of a six-round bout on the night of April 18, at the Vallejo Boxing Arena. Both men were welters.

Vallejo, California, April 18.—Private "Pete" Peterson, Mare Island Marine, went four rounds to a draw with Joe Lundgren.

On the night of April 11, Marine Audet of Mare Island knocked out Battling Bull Jones of San Francisco in the second round of the semi-windup. Audet is in the welterweight division.

Bobby Lentz, "The Benicia Boy" of Benicia, California, scored a kayo in the third round against Private "Pete" Peterson, Marine from Mare Island, at the Vallejo Arena. They are welterweights.

Marine Roberts of Mare Island won a decision over Leroy Borden of Oakland, California, in the curtain raiser at the Vallejo Arena on April 11.

Tientsin, China.—Hill, of the Marine Detachment, Legation Guard, Peking, won a decision over Soldier Bridges of the Royal Scots (British Army), at Tientsin, China, in April.

Private "Pete" Peterson, the welterweight from Mare Island, outpointed Bob Snodgrass of Santa Rosa, California.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Vince Hambricht, the "Filipino Phantom," took a decision from Georgia Rohanna, ex-Marine. A few years ago Rohanna was East Coast All-Service Welterweight Champion.

Peking Marines Wind Up Another Season As Basketball Champions of North China

ELEVEN STRAIGHT WINS INSURE CLAIM TO TITLE

By HUGH MADDUX

UNDER the able coaching of Lt. W. O. Thompson, the Peking Marines just finished a basketball season of eleven straight victories, laying claim to the basketball championship of North China.

How the team scored:

Dyer, c.	151
Thompson, f.	78
Robinson, f.	75
Tipton, g.	57
Schmitt, f.	25
Straub, g.	21
*Gee, f.	17
*Shipley, c.	7
*McWilliams, c.	5
*Dobbins, f.	7
*Pearl, g.	2
*Orndoff, g.	5
*Cushman, g.	0
*Webb, g.	0

*Men who played in the Reserves' games.

MARINES	OPPONENTS
Marines....37	Peking Teachers....17
Marines....33	Peking Teachers....13
Marines....52	Old Hens (Y.M.C.A.) 21
Marines....52	Old Hens (Y.M.C.A.) 14
Marines....37	Old Hens (Y.M.C.A.) 21
Marines....31	Tientsin Civilians....18
Marines....31	Tientsin Civilians....11
Marines....46	Peking Teachers....16
Marines....32	15th Infantry....13
Marines....41	Peking Teachers....11
Marines....27	15th Infantry....17

419	155
Reserves	
Marines....14	Peking Teachers....16
Marines....16	Peking Teachers....25
30	41

For a nucleus of the team, Lt. Thompson had Dyer, a tall rangy man, with plenty of basketball sense and a good shot. Dyer had played the year before with Thompson on the 10th Regiment team in the city league at Tientsin. Tipton, a formidable guard, having played with the Sixth Regiment the year previous. With these men, including himself, he started at once to round out a team that would wipe out the none-to-good record of the season before.

Games were hard to find with local quintets as they were just finishing up their season. However, the Peking Normal College, who had just won the senior indoor and outdoor championship of Peking a few weeks previous, sought games having heard that the Marines were out for blood this year. With this team the Marines opened up their season by setting them down 37-17. As in most every game played thereafter, Dyer and Thompson were the stars of the Marine five. A return game was played on the Teachers' court a week later. It was the same story, the Marines toppled the Teachers 33-13, on an outdoor court, in January and a small snowstorm blowing.

With these two games tucked safely under their belt, the Old Hens, a team from the local Y. M. C. A., which had not played the Marines for seven years, asked for a series of five games. These were taken, but the five games were not played, as the Marines won the first three and by large scores. The first game was played on the "Y" court, the score 52-21. A few nights later on the Marines' court, the same story was told only this time the score stood 52-14 at the end of the game. The third game, with Lt. Thompson out of the line-up, they defeated them 37-21.

Playing a mediocre season in Tientsin, the Civilian five of that city wrote for a series of games, they were gladly given, with the Marines winning the first game 31-18, having the score read 22-1 at the end of the first half. The second game was played in Tientsin, and before one of the largest crowds that packed the Army Hall this year, Lt. Thompson gave them the second lesson in basketball to the tune of 31-11.

Upon the team's return from Tientsin they at once set to work for the annual series with the 15th Infantry at Tientsin. During the lapse of time between the Civies game and the Infantry game the Peking Teachers came back for another game; again it was the same old story, they were sent back to their studies with a 46-16 score to help them.

Then for the game with the Infantry. The auditor of this narrative accompanied the team, which left in high spirits, with victory on their tongues. They were soon rewarded, for in the game with the Infantry they had to play just twice as hard as in other games, as the Doughboys were out to wipe out the defeats that were handed to them the year before. There was no stopping Dyer and Thompson, as these two outscored the whole Infantry team, the former with 10 points, the latter with 13 to his credit.

Upon their return from Tientsin this time, the Teachers still came back for more with the Marines, being defeated again 41-11. Unforeseen events cropped up and the return game with the 15th Infantry was set ahead a few days and the remaining games with the Civilians cancelled.

With a win over the Nankai College, a crack American style coached Chinese team under their wing, the Infantry came to Peking for their game. In this game the local team did not have things so easy and, sorry to say, were outplayed by the Doughboys in the first half. In the last two quarters it was all in our favor, with Dyer and Thompson running wild, with Tipton and Straub breaking up most every play the Doughboys tried to put over. This game ended with the Marines on the long end of a 27-17 score and also the most successful season that a basketball team of this Legation has ever had. (Photo on page 30.)

Parris Island Nine Gets Bad Breaks in Early Games of Season with Fast Teams

NOW STRENGTHENED BY VAST IMPROVEMENT IN FORM

By DICK LUSTIG

Parris Island, S. C., March 30.—The Benedictine Cadets again beat the Marines this afternoon in a hard-fought duel which lasted twelve innings, the final score being 7 to 3.

The Cadets scored in the first on a hit by Jones, a walk and a clean bingle by Walker. The visitors scored again in the third on a hit and two errors, but the Leathernecks brought the score to a tie in the fourth and fifth by clean hits from Bellinger, Lynch and Ennis. Fast fielding and the good pitching of Reginald Baker and Whitaker kept the score tied at three-all until the beginning of the twelfth, when three errors and a hard hit by Walker drove in four runs for Benedictine. The Marines went out in order in their half of the twelfth.

Canty, Jones and Douglas led the Cadets in hitting.

Box score:

Benedictine.	AB	R	H	E	A	P
Trapani, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, ss.	5	1	2	0	2	4
Canty, 2b.	6	1	3	1	1	5
Walker, 1b.	6	1	1	1	0	11
Vandora, cf.	6	0	1	0	0	0
Douglas, 3b.	6	1	2	1	1	0
Haupt, lf.	6	0	1	0	1	1
Robider, c.	5	1	0	0	4	14
Baker, p.	5	0	0	0	0	1
Jarvis, rf.	1	1	1	0	0	0
Griffin, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
McAvoy, rf.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	50	7	11	3	9	36

Marines.	AB	R	H	E	A	P
Billingsley, ss.	6	1	2	3	0	5
Lynch, c.	5	0	1	0	1	10
Shelton, lf.	2	1	0	1	1	1
Ennis, cf.	5	0	3	2	0	1
Lock, 2b.	6	0	0	0	3	5
Levi, 3b.	5	0	1	1	3	0
McAlpin, 1b.	6	1	1	0	0	12
Schwartz, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	2
Whitaker, p.	5	0	0	1	14	1
*Hopkins	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	44	3	8	8	22	36

Score by innings: 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 4-7
Benedictine 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0-3
Marines

Summary: Three-base hits—Jones, Ennis, Walker (2). Base hit—Canty. Stolen bases—Douglas, Billingsley, Lynch, Canty, Hopkins. Bases on balls—Off Baker, 7; off Whitaker, 2. Struck out—By Baker, 13; by Whitaker, 9. Hits allowed—Baker, 9; Whitaker, 11. Left on bases—Benedictine, 9; Marines, 13. Hit by pitched ball—By Baker (Schwartz). Passed balls—Rober (2). Wild pitch, Baker. Sacrifices—Ennis, Jones, Billingsley, Whitaker. Umpires—Richards and Baldwin. Time: 2 hours and 45 minutes.

Schwartz Fails to Receive Proper Support in Game with Presbyterian College Nine.

Parris Island, S. C., April 5, 1929. The Parris Island Marines lost the second game of the pair with Presbyterian College today by the score of 5 to 0. The

score of Thursday's game was the same as today's.

The Marines lost through failure to hit at the right time and because of costly errors. Schwartz pitched a nice game, but did not receive strong support from his teammates. He allowed only five scattered hits, walked only one man, and succeeded in striking out six. Caldwell of the Presbyterians also pitched an excellent game, allowing only three hits, a base on balls, and striking out nine men.

The Marines have strong reinforcements arriving in the persons of Sokira, who played third base for the Islanders last year; Sadler, last season's star first sacker, who had a record of only five errors during the entire season; and Acklin, a pitcher from the Virgin Islands.

Coach Donnelly, who was responsible for the perfect basketball record last season, is being transferred to Nicaragua, and will be relieved as mentor of the baseball team by Lt. Whitaker, who will hold forth until the arrival of Captain Cox, the Athletic Officer. Local fans hope that the additional men will be able to raise the team batting average to the point which will put them in the race for honors.

Leathernecks Take Early Lead to Win 3-1 From Charleston Original All-Stars.

Parris Island, S. C., April 13, 1929. The Parris Island baseball team took the Charleston Original Stars into camp today by a score of three to one.

The game was something of a pitching duel, there being no spectacular fielding and very few errors. McGowan, for the Marines, struck out twelve men, walked only two, and allowed only four well-distributed hits. Zwingman, for the Charleston team, struck out seven of the Gyrenes, walked four, and allowed only seven scattered hits.

In the first inning the visitors failed to score and the Marines scored two runs when Billingsley singled, McAlpin walked, Lock hit a three bagger, scoring Billingsley, but McAlpin was called out when he failed to tag third. Lock stole home on the next play, Shelton singled, Stanish clouted a two-bagger, and Lynch struck out, letting Shelton and Stanish die on the sacks.

In the second and third innings both sides went runless, hitless and errorless. In the fourth inning the visitors got their only score of the game when H. Seabrook was hit by a pitched ball and T. Seabrook hit a three-bagger which scored his brother. T. Seabrook was caught trying to steal home and the only proffer of real opposition was nipped in the bud.

The Marines scored again in the lucky seventh when Levi singled, stole second,

(Continued on page 41)

SECOND MONTHLY SMOKER GOES BIG AT QUANTICO

SONG AND DANCE PROGRAM

By So Lonk

On May 14, under the auspices of Captain Sheppard, the post was treated to another monthly smoker, an affair that everyone enjoys. All the men and officers were present or accounted for.

Sergeant Levy, who sometimes plays ball, was the official announcer. He wore a pair of white pants, a fiery red sweater and a tie that I wouldn't wear to a wake.

Captain Larkin was the referee. Major Miller and Captain Pfeiffer officiated as judges. Lieutenants Farrell and Wirsig were the timekeepers. I was a spectator.

The festival opened with the "hunt and drink" boys—Private Deer, Signal Battalion, and Private Beerman, Aviation. Deer received the judges' decision. It was the first time in the squared circle for both and they are to be complimented on the excellent showing they made.

The next affair was short and sweet, but only short for the loser. Private Beauchamp, Service Co., knocked out Private Drews, Aviation. Drews started out in fine shape, looking to be a winner. In the second round Beauchamp scored a knock-down, and in the following round put Drews out for the count.

Then came the dawn, and with it Miss Jeanne Beverley, singer par excellence. She made a home run with songs of the day and sonatas of the evening.

The cast-iron cake goes to Private Carter, Signal Battalion, and Private Paul, Aviation. Fast and furious fracas; everybody got his money's worth. Both worked overtime. "Whoopie," "Kill 'im," "Hit 'im," "Hook 'im," and other old-time exclamations of delight rent the air in return for plenty of action. Second round repetition of the first—make faces at each other—hug and kiss—both about all in from the fast pace. Turkey trot and Brazilian wiggle—Hooray!—Wild swings—crowd yelling—everybody getting a kick out of the bout. Paul hits Carter very low. Carter looks at the referee, but referee did not see it. Carter carries on; says nothing.

Third round: Both getting tired—dance the polka—claim that Carter has horseshoe in his glove—Larkin holds inspection of troops, but fails to find the missing link—"Whoopie"—both mixing and do not hear the bell—nobody did—too much noise—fight for several seconds after the gong!

Fourth spasm: Both puff like steam engines—two gritty scrappers. Both come back for more until the end of the bout. Declared a draw by the judges.

The next melee was between Private Melson, 10th Regiment, and Private Grimaldi, Barracks Detachment. A lot of hand shaking—probably both want to be made corporals. First round not so hot. Melson puckers up lips and Grim tries to close 'em. Both get in a few blows, but nothing serious. Referee Larkin has a hard time separating 'em in the

(Continued on page 42)

TARGET PRACTICE SEASON FOR MARINE CORPS NOW ON

RESULTS FOR THREE MONTHS

In order to increase the efficiency in pistol marksmanship training in the Marine Corps, and be prepared to meet the future situation when by reason of the depletion of the war stock calibre .45 pistol ammunition, tests are being conducted at Parris Island and San Diego with the .22 calibre pistol practice as a part of the pistol marksmanship training to determine the advisability of inserting the small-bore practice in the training schedule.

The test will cover a period of three months and the commanding officers of the rifle ranges at both recruit depots have been given wide latitude in endeavoring to fit this sub-calibre training into the regular .45 calibre pistol course.

Confronted with the same conditions that existed while in Santo Domingo, Marines in Nicaragua are gradually constructing a number of temporary rifle ranges at advantageous points in order to carry out their annual target practice. In addition to the rifle range at Managua, four ranges have been established at Apali, Condega, Ocotal and Puerto Cabezas for use by organizations in the vicinities of these towns. Of the 778 officers and men firing the rifle qualification course during the first three months of the current target year, 728 qualified as marksmen or better.

The following is a table of rifle firing for the entire Marine Corps for the first three months of the current target year:

	ER	SS	MM
January	168	229	614
February	179	218	586
March	315	367	940
Tot. 1st Quarter.....	662	814	2140
Recruits	35	140	1119
Firing for requalification	627	674	1021

A special rifle and pistol team squad has been organized from among the medal winners in the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Competitions at San Diego, Calif., to compete in matches sponsored by organizations of several States on the west coast and northwest. These events are considered as approximating the N. R. A. matches for interest and competitive spirit and are participated in by teams from the several branches of the service and civilian clubs.

The first of the series of matches in which the special team squad will participate was held at Fort George Wright, Washington, on May 3, 4 and 5, 1929. Reports of the result of these matches are not yet available. After competing in several other such tournaments along the coast, the team squad will be transferred to Fort Missoula, Montana, to participate in matches at that place during the second week in June. Upon the completion of the Fort Missoula matches the squad will be ordered to join the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment at Wakefield, Mass.

Spring Basketball Courts Lively Place As League Opens at Port au Prince, Haiti

FIVE TEAMS BATTLING FOR ANNUAL COCA-COLA TROPHY

By A. J. MARTENS

BEFORE a large and enthusiastic crowd, the basketball series of 1929 opened here on the evening of April 15. The League is composed of five teams: Brigade Headquarters, Second Regiment, Naval Hospital, Motor Transport-Signal Company (combined), and the Garde d'Haiti. The first game brought together two old rivals—Brigade Headquarters, winners of the coveted Coca-Cola Trophy in 1928, and Second Regiment, runners-up of last year. Final score, 23-20. Score at half time, 15-12, favor of Brigade. Rosenthal starred for Brigade, scoring 10 points, while Messecar of the Regiment rang up 14 of his team's 20 points. Alexander (L.F.) for Brigade, sprained his ankle during the first two minutes of play and was replaced by Lieutenant Rixey. The Brigade Commander and the Regimental Commander were both present, and each joined in the lively cheers and liberal applause for his team. "Pop" Walcutt, with his famous band, added color to the game, and played some wonderful music for the boys.

Brig. Hdqtrs.	B.	F.	P.	Second Regt.	B.	F.	P.
Rosenthal.rf	4	2	10	Messecar.rf	6	2	14
Alexander.lf	0	0	0	Riley.lf	1	0	2
Rixey.lf	1	0	2	Odauc.	0	0	0
Musgrave.c	4	1	9	Schmidt.rg	0	0	0
Butler.rg	1	0	2	Scales.lg	1	2	4
Gosselin.lg	0	0	0	Loveland.lf	0	0	0

Total 23

Total 20

Score at half—Brigade, 15; Regiment, 12.
Substitutes: Brigade—Rixey for Alexander.
Regiment—Loveland for Riley.

Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Lieut. Lacey.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.

In the second game of the evening, the speedy Motor Transport-Signal Company quintet scored at will over the Navy Hospital men to the one-sided score of 41-8. The Hospital five battled hard, but in the second half their defense weakened and Lieutenant Jordan's orange hurricane scored often.

Motor Transport-Signal vs. Garde.

On April 17 the third game of the season was played by the Garde and Motor Transport-Signal. Garde came out on the big end of a 15-12 score. Many Garde officers and their ladies attended. With so many of their shipmates present in white and khaki uniforms, and with their wives cheering and rooting for them, the Garde couldn't do anything else but win.

From the first whistle to the final, it was a hard fought game. The Garde, playing wisely, used a number of subs to break up the M. T. Signal defense. Hawkes (R.F.) sub for Riseley, was the most brilliant player of the evening, scoring the most points for the short time he was in the game. The way Captain Riseley handled his team had much to do with the outcome; his numerous substitutes enabled him to keep at all times five men on the floor who could give everything they had.

M. T. Signal also did some wonderful playing, but it seemed that every time they had the ball they threw it away. They seemed to be rather stale after the game last Monday night in which they scored 41 points. More luck to you boys next time.

Some of the people who know all about the game before it starts, appeared to be wrong last night, most of them backing M. T. Signal to win. Signal has a fine team; between their coach and manager, Lieutenant Jordan, and their captain, Knowles, and lots of hard work, they have developed a strong quintet that is going to give the rest of us some competition. However, "Pop" Riseley and his old men, as the Garde team are called, upset the dope bucket in the above fracas by using their heads.

Garde.	B.	F.	P.	M. T. Signal.	B.	F.	P.
Riseley.rf	1	1	3	Knowles.rf	1	2	4
Hawkes.rf	2	2	6	Norris.lf	1	2	4
Lacey.lf	1	0	2	Marvin.lf	0	0	0
Dundar.c	0	0	0	Head.c	2	0	4
Hall.rg	1	2	4	Entis.rg	0	0	0
Krackee.rg	0	0	0	Jordon.lg	0	0	0
Beall.rg	0	0	0				
Stuart.lg	0	0	0				
McKinna.lg	0	0	0				

Total 15

Score at half—Garde, 9; M. T. Signal, 5.
Substitutes: For Garde—Hawkes (rf) for Riseley, Krackee (rg) for Hall, Beall (rg) for Krackee, McKinna (lg) for Stuart. For M. T. Signal—Marvin (lf) for Norris.
Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Corp. Scales.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.

Brigade Headquarters vs. Hospital.

The fourth game of the series was between Brigade Headquarters and the Hospital on April 20. This game was another one-sided affair and therefore not very interesting, although both teams played a good game. Brigade Headquarters boys are beginning to show some class as evidenced in their many stellar performances in this game.

Brig. Hdqtrs.	B.	F.	P.	Hospital.	B.	F.	P.
Rosenthal.rf	2	2	6	Majors.rf	0	0	0
Rixey.lf	0	0	0	Olson.rf	1	0	2
Edwards.lf	0	0	0	Heatherly.lf	0	0	0
Musgrave.c	4	0	6	Bachman.lf	0	0	0
Rixey.c	2	0	4	Matukaitis.lf	0	0	0
Butler.rg	1	2	4	Kerbow.lf	1	0	2
Gosselin.lg	1	0	2	Kerbow.c	0	0	0
				Majors.c	0	0	0
				Heatherly.c	0	1	1
				Condry.rg	0	0	0
				Packard.lg	0	0	0
				Loneran.lg	1	0	2

Total 7

Score at half—Brigade Hdqtrs., 14; Hospital, 0.
Substitutes: Brigade Headquarters—Edwards (lf) for Rixey, Rixey (c) for Musgrave. Hospital—Bachman (lf) for Heatherly, Olson (rf) for Majors, Majors (c) for Kerbow, Matukaitis (lf) for Bachman, Kerbow (lf) for Matukaitis, Heatherly (c) for Majors, Loneran (lg) for Packard.

Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Pvt. Messecar.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.

Game started at 7:30 sharp. Score at end of game—Hdqtrs. 24; Hospital, 7.

Garde d'Haiti vs. 2nd Regiment.

On April 22 the Garde and Regiment played the fifth game of the season, Garde winning 33-26.

This was undoubtedly the cleanest and fastest game so far. First one team

was in the lead and then the other, until the fourth quarter, when Garde took the lead and kept it. It seems as though Lacey (L.F.) for the Garde, had a horse-shoe with him for that boy sure made some wonderful shots from all over the floor, scoring the most points in the game. Messecar (R.F.) for Regiment, also showed his stuff by scoring second high for the evening.

Again Captain Riseley showed keen judgment by using numerous subs to break up the Regiment's defense. The Garde are now in second place; should they win next Friday night, they will be tied for first place, which is at present held by Brigade Headquarters.

The fastest and most colorful game of the season is promised for Monday, April 29, when the Garde play Brigade. Both teams have won every game they played so far, and as this game will be the first between them, the bets are all on the Garde. Lieutenant Rixey, who is coach and manager for the Brigade team, intends to upset the dope. Good luck, and we'll see later.

Garde.	B.	F.	P.	Regiment.	B.	F.	P.
Riseley.rf	5	0	10	Messecar.rf	7	0	14
Hawkes.rf	0	1	1	Loveland.lf	1	0	2
Lacey.lf	8	0	16	Odauc	0	0	0
Krackee.c	0	0	0	Schmidt.rg	0	0	0
Dundar.c	0	0	0	Hardgrove.rg	0	0	0
Spencer.c	3	0	4	Scales.lg	5	0	10
Stuart.rg	0	0	0				
Dundar.lg	0	0	0				
Hall.lg	1	0	2				

Total 33

Score at half—Garde, 16; Regiment, 14.
Substitutes: Garde—Riseley (rf) for Hawkes.
Dundar (c) for Krackee. Spencer (c) for Dunbar.
Hall (lg) for Dunbar. Regiment—Hardgrove (rg) for Schmidt.

Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Ph. M. Jcl. Condry.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.
Game started at 7:30 sharp. Score at end of same—Garde, 33; Regiment, 26.

Transport-Signal vs. Brigade Headquarters.

The sixth game of the season on April 22 ended with Brigade Headquarters on the big end of the 27-14 score. This was one hot game, attended by a large crowd, with M. T. Signal the favorite. Lieutenant Rixey's basket shooters played a fine game to win, and it looks as if they intend to keep the trophy they won last season. With the exception of Dyess, who played center, the team consists of the same players this year as last.

Brigade Headquarters have their hardest game on April 29 when they mix it with the Garde. The Garde won their last game; so these two teams are now tied for first place. After Monday night we intend to have a different story, and we hope it will be Brigade on top.

Alexander, Brigade L. F. who was hurt in the first game of the year, is improving wonderfully and we hope that he will be back with us soon. Musgrave, center for Brigade, is filling the place made vacant by Dyess. The latter was a very brilliant player last season and we have hopes that Musgrave will fill his shoes. Lieutenant Butler is back with us, and between him and Lieutenant Rixey, they are developing a splendid team from the few men among whom they might look for a team to represent Headquarters.

Brigade.	B.	F.	P.	M. T. Signal.	B.	F.	P.
Rosenthal.rf	5	0	10	Knowles.rf	1	0	2
Rixey.lf	2	0	0	Entin.lf	2	0	4
Musgrave.c	5	1	11	Head.c	1	0	3
Butler.rg	0	0	0	Campbell.c	1	0	2
Gosselin.lg	0	0	0	Byrne.rg	0	0	0
				Jordan.lg	1	2	4

Total 27

Total 14

Score at half—Brig. Hdqtrs. 16; M. T. Signal, 6.
Substitutes: Brigade Hdqtrs.—None. M. T. Signal—Campbell (c) for Head.
Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Ph. M. Jcl. Condry.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.
Game started 9:10 sharp. Score at end of same—Brig. Hdqtrs. 27; M. T. Signal, 14.

Second Regiment vs. Navy Hospital.

On April 24 the Regiment took the Navy boys into camp to the tune of 20-10. This was the seventh game of the series. The Hospital team is showing some real improvement since they received a new coach and manager. After the battle of last night with the Regiment, it looks like they will do a lot better than they did last season. Due to the shortage of Navy personnel here, the Hospital has two Marines with their squad. Kerbow, their captain, is the



Jesse Kidd, famous pitching ace, chief hurler for the Marine Corps Baseball Team.

most valuable player on the team, followed in line by Condry and Packard. These boys will have a tough time on next Friday night when they play the Garde.

Hospital.	B.	F.	P.	Regiment.	B.	F.	P.
Majors.rf	0	0	0	Messecar.rf	2	0	4
Olson.rf	1	0	2	Newhart.lf	0	1	1
Heatherly.lf	1	0	2	Loveland.lf	0	0	0
Kerbow.c	2	2	0	Roberts.lf	0	0	0
Packard.rg	0	0	0	Odauc	0	0	0
Condry.lg	0	0	0	Matson.c	1	0	2
				Schmidt.rg	2	0	4
				Hardgrove.rg	0	0	0
				Scales.lg	4	1	9

Total 10

Total 20

Score at half—Hospital, 3; Regiment, 11.
Substitutes: Hospital—Olson (rf) for Majors.

Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Lieut. Rixey.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.

Garde d'Haiti vs. Brigade Headquarters.

The tenth game was played on April 29 between Brigade and the Garde. Score: Garde, 31; Brigade, 26. The game was attended by the largest crowd of the season, and also was the fastest and best game of the season, both teams playing some wonderful basketball.

Brigade took the lead in the first quarter, and at the end of the first half Garde were leading by one point. Starting the second half, it was a battle to see who could keep the lead. Again at the third quarter, Brigade Headquarters were leading by two points. At the end of the fourth quarter the game was tied. According to the rules, an extra five minutes were played, the Garde coming out victors by five points. All in all, folks, it was a real game, and as we have two more games to play with the Garde, we intend to get our revenge by beating them both games.

The Garde's win puts them in first place, making Brigade Headquarters in second place; but since the season is just getting under way, we have strong hopes of keeping the trophy another season. Alexander, who sprained his ankle in the first game, was back with us last night and played a good game although his ankle is still weak. Everything should be O. K. in our next game with the Garde.

Garde.	B.	F.	P.	Brig. Hdqtrs.	B.	F.	P.
Hawkes.rf	0	0	0	Rosenthal.rf	4	2	10
Riseley.rf	4	0	8	Rixey.lf	6	0	12
Monk.rf	0	0	0	Musgrave.c	0	1	1
Lacey.lf	4	0	8	Butler.rg	1	0	2
Spencer.c	5	3	13	Gosselin.lg	0	0	0
Dundar.rg	1	0	2	Alexander.lg	0	1	1
Stuart.lg	0	0	0				

Total 31

Total 26

Score at half—Garde, 14; Brigade Headquarters, 13.

Substitutes: Garde—Riseley (rf) for Hawkes.
Monk (rf) for Riseley. Brigade Headquarters—Alexander (lg) for Gosselin.

Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Ph. M. Jcl. Condry.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.

Final score at end of game—Garde, 25; Brig. Hdqtrs, 25.

Game was played an extra five minutes. Final score—Garde, 31; Brig. Hdqtrs., 26.

Brigade Headquarters vs. Second Regiment.

The eleventh game of the series was played on May 1, between the well-known rivals, Brigade Headquarters and the Regiment. If there is anything the boys in Brigade love to do, it is to beat the Regiment. Ever since the Brigade beat the Regiment last season for the cup, they have been friendly enemies. The game played Wednesday night ended with a score of 25-22 in favor of the Brigade.

The Regiment gave us a run for our money by taking the lead in the first quarter. They were the first ones of the league to score on us first this season; but, folks, from the start of the second quarter to the final whistle, Brigade Headquarters took the lead and held it until the end of the game. We have one more game with the Regiment, and we intend to win that game also.

Brigade Headquarters have a hard game to play Friday night when they meet M. T. Signal, for we beat them one game and they are out for revenge. Bri-

gade will have to be on the lookout, for M. T. Signal are improving and "Bud" Jordon, as their manager is known, is teaching his boys some new tricks.

Rosenthal, captain for the Brigade, played a wonderful game. Alexander, with the bum ankle, had a little trouble getting around the court, but he played a wonderful game. During the first quarter Butler (R.G.) for Brigade, hurt his ankle, but he was back again after the second half started. Gosselin (L.G.) for Brigade made a very pretty long shot from the center of the court. Riley (L.F.) for Regiment also made some wonderful shots. Messecar (R.F.) for Regiment, who has been leading his teammates on points, didn't fare so well this game, only scoring five points. Better luck next time, boys.

Brig. Hdqtrs.	B.	F.	P.	Regiment.	B.	F.	P.
Rosenthal.rf	3	2	8	Messecar.rf	2	1	5
Alexander.lf	2	1	5	Riley.lf	3	0	6
Rixey.lf	1	0	2	Newhart.lf	0	0	0
Musgrave.c	4	0	8	Matson.c	1	0	2
Butler.rg	0	0	0	Schmidt.rg	1	0	2
Gosselin.lg	1	0	2	Scales.lg	3	1	7
				Loveland.lg	0	0	0
Total 25				Total 22			

Score at half—Brigade Hdqtrs. 9; Regiment, 8.
Substitutes: Brigade Hdqtrs.—Rixey (lf) for Alexander. Regiment—Loveland (lg) for Riley.
Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Lieut. Lacey.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.
Game started at 7:30. Final score—Brigade Headquarters, 25; Regiment, 22.

Brigade Headquarters vs. Hospital.

In a game which again put them in first place, Brigade Headquarters defeated the Hospital 34-7. The Gobs put up a hard battle, but Rixey and his boys were just a little too good for them. It is noted that the Navy men are improving, and from everyone's viewpoint they have the best guard in the league.

Hospital.	B.	F.	P.	Brig. Hdqtrs.	B.	F.	P.
Condry.rf	0	0	0	Rosenthal.rf	4	0	8
Olson.rf	1	0	2	Alexander.lf	2	0	4
Majors.lf	0	0	0	Edwards.lf	1	0	2
Heatherly.lf	0	0	0	Rixey.lf	0	0	0
Kerbow.c	1	0	2	Musgrave.c	3	1	7
Bachman.rg	0	0	0	Rixey.c	1	0	2
Condry.rg	2	1	3	Butler.rg	3	2	8
Packard.lg	0	0	0	Morris.lg	0	0	0
Bachman.lg	0	0	0	Gosselin.lg	2	1	3
				Taylor.lg	0	0	0
Total 7				Total 34			

Score at half—Brigade Headquarters, 13; Hospital, 3.
Substitutes: Brigade Headquarters—Edwards (lf) for Alexander, Rixey (lf) for Edwards, Rixey (c) for Musgrave, Morris (rf) for Butler, Taylor (lg) for Gosselin. Hospital—Olson (rf) for Condry, Heatherly (lf) for Majors, Condry (rg) for Bachman, Bachman (lg) for Packard.
Referee—Lieut. Thomas.
Umpire—Corp. Scales.
Timer—Chaplain Regan.
Final score—Brigade Headquarters, 34; Hospital, 7.

The standing of the basketball league to date:

Team.	Won	Lost
Garde	4	0
Brigade Headquarters	4	1
M. T. Signal	3	2
Regiment	1	4
Hospital	0	5

PARRIS ISLAND BASEBALL

(Continued from page 38)

went to third on McGowan's sacrifice, and scored on Billingsley's single. The eighth and ninth were easy, neither side being able to hit the pitchers.

The umpires were McGarvey and Lane.

Note: The second game with this team was rained out.

Late Rally Brings Victory to Newberry in 6-3 Win From Parris Island.

Parris Island, S. C., April 18, 1929. The Parris Island Marines lost the first of two games to Newberry today, 6-3.

The Islanders had the game won until the ninth inning when the whole team went to pieces and allowed the visitors to score six runs. The Marines played faultless ball for eight innings and scored three runs, and, to all appearances, had added another victory to the records, but in the ninth the Newberry players started a rally when Aklin muffed Afer's drive and let him get safely to first, the next batter hit to the infield and was safe and Adams hit a two-bagger which scored Afer. Kibley



Levey, well-known Marine athlete, who is now covering short on the "Big Team."

was safe at second on an error and the tying runs came in on the play.

Schwartz took over a hard task when he relieved Acklin with the score tied, no outs, and a man on base. The other three runs for Newberry were scored on a walk, an error, a sacrifice, and a clean hit. The Marines in their half of the last inning seemed unable to regain the confidence and enthusiasm which had distinguished their play and batting in the rest of the game, and were retired without resistance.

Billingsley, of the Marines, was easily the fielding star of the game, having made some beautiful catches and handling a number of plays without error.

The teams meet here tomorrow afternoon at three.

Poor Base Running Fatal to Marines in Second Game with Newberry College.

Parris Island, S. C., April 19, 1929. Newberry beat the Marines of Parris Island again today, the Marines losing solely because of poor base running and ill advised attempts at base theft. The score was eight to five.

They had several opportunities to score when they had men on bases and no outs, but the men were continually trying to steal and were being thrown out on every attempt. Schwartz started for the Marines, but was somewhat wild and was removed after the start of the second inning. Before he was removed the visitors had scored three runs.

When Wheeler relieved him there was a man on base and the next one walked. Then Rushe came to the plate and hit a homer, scoring two before him. Wheeler tightened up after that and allowed only two hits, a single and a double, during the rest of the game. Kinard, for Newberry, while he did not perform sensationally, pitched good steady ball all during the game. Rushe, Newberry left-fielder, was the hitting star of the game, scoring a homer and a single out of four trips to the plate. Hutchison starred in the field for the visitors. Levi, Marine third sacker, was the outstanding player for the home team. He made some nice catches in his territory and lined out a three-bagger which brought in a run. Schwartz is charged with the loss and Kinard is credited with the win.

Sea Soldiers Trim the Coast Guard in 6-5 Victory at Parris Island.

Parris Island, S. C., April 23, 1929. The Parris Island Marines won from the Coast Guard today by the score of six to five.

The Coast Guardsmen outthit the Sea Soldiers by a big majority, getting thirteen hits to eight for the Islanders, but the Marines seemed to be able to hit at more opportune moments, and were not so quick to attempt to steal as they have been in the past. The game was not won on poor fielding, as both teams had the same number of errors, and the winning runs were scored on clean hits. Wagner started in the box for the home team but was very wild and was replaced by Acklin in the third inning.

Acklin was pitching excellent ball, but the Marines have four more games this week and no surplus pitchers, and Captain Cox wanted to save him for a later game, so McGowan relieved him in the beginning of the ninth. McGowan is credited with having won the game and Allen of the Coast Guard takes the losing end. There was no sensational fielding but Burke, of the Coast Guard, did himself proud with a pair of two baggers out of five trips to the plate. Lock was the leading stick wielder, with a triple and two singles out of three times at bat. Levy got only a single and a triple out of five tries, but the single drove in the winning run.

Devil Dogs Outthit Hurricane to Win First Game of Series With East.

Parris Island, S. C., April 24, 1929. The Marines were on the long end of a ten-to-one game today with Furman on the short end. The Gyrenes outthit and outplayed the Collegians all through the game. They made eleven hits to five

for Furman, and only three errors to five for the visitors.

The home team played championship ball all through the game but the visitors seemed unable to hit their stride and offered no opposition at any time.

McGowan, heaving for the Marines, pitched excellent ball, allowing only five scattered hits and allowing no bases on balls. He received excellent support from his teammates and when he was relieved by Whitaker in the ninth the game was already won. Whitaker excelled himself. He struck out three of the four men who faced him and the other got on through an error.

Dew, of the Collegians, hit a two-bagger, and Levi, Lock, and Shelton, of the Marines, hit for three bases. Levi led the batting with a single and a triple out of three tries. Billingsley made the prize catch of the game, coming in from far out in the field to make a shoestring catch. The teams play here again tomorrow.

Note: The game with Furman scheduled for April 25, 1929, was rained out.

2ND SMOKER AT QUANTICO

(Continued from page 38)

clinches—sweats as much as the fighters. Next rounds are about the same with Melson a shade better than Grimaldi. Fighters won't part—Larkin gets mad—the gang roars—Larkin still hopping around—too much marking time—foul balls—no rabbits—Larkin still angry—mostly clinches—a lot of running around the ring—chase me, catch me—Grim gets a bloody nose—both bloody—both about all in when the last round is over. Melson gets the decision. Both men are experienced scrappers and were well matched, weighing 156 and 157. These two boys will fight again June 12.

Miss Beverley next rendered a few hits from Broadway—everybody hit and knocked for a loop. Sings about reformer's children—stomps on deck—says she wants to be bad (go ahead!)—plenty of whoopee—accepts applause with smiles.

The altercation between Diaz, 10th Regiment, and Scotten, Barracks Detachment, was short and sweet, too. The first round was so-so. In the second Scotten slips, takes a few counts, up again, slips again, and takes the full count. It was rather unexpected.

The best bout of the evening was between Miss Evelyn Hastings and herself in a rendition of Hawaiian dancing. Holy Moses! Ukelele Ike! More action than my watch. The preceding bouts were nothing in comparison with this. The welkin rings all too soon. One encore. Levy escorts her from the ring among the thunderous applause of the populace.

And so we come to the final bout of the evening between Private Newman, Rifle Range, and Private Trail, 10th Regiment. Nothing to it. Both started in like windmills, but Newman couldn't stand the pace. He was all in at the end of the third canto, so in order to save further punishment, his seconds stopped the slaughter. Trail won by a technical knockout. So endeth the evening's entertainment. Amen.

MARINE BOXERS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 36)

C. This bout was scheduled for ten rounds, but lasted only three, due to the fact that O'Connor was unable to answer the bell for the fourth round. The reason for O'Connor remaining in the corner was a large swelling of the right optic caused by Gover sticking his right fist in that member with undue force. Chang Davis claimed that one of Gover's seconds threw a rock at O'Connor but he is all wrong. Gover was the one that did the throwing. He threw a lot of gloves at Pat, and Pat thought he was in a glove factory. Gover took two of the three rounds of fighting and could have easily K.O'd O'Connor had the latter answered the bell for the fourth round.



Smith, another Marine pitcher who struck out ten batters in the game with Manhattan College.

BASEBALL AT MARE ISLAND

The Mare Island Marine Team have played six games this season, winning four and losing two. Our big games began this week-end when the team will play the U.S.S. Medusa April 20 and the Independents from Frisco April 21. Since playing two games last week, the Marine Nine at Mare Island has been considerably strengthened by the arrival from the Orient of additional players. From now on the team expects to make a good showing. Games have been arranged for every Saturday and Sunday during the whole coast baseball season and when the season is over the team will have played close on to fifty games.

The Mare Island Marines this year will take on all comers, and the line-up includes some some of the best teams in the San Francisco Bay District.

The games with the Army will be as follows: Two games at Mare Island, May 11 and May 12, with the strong Army

team of the 30th Infantry representing Presidio. The Marines will give the soldiers a return game at Presidio May 25 and May 26. The game on the 26th will be the last game of the season at Presidio and they expect to have on hand a large crowd. If the Mare Island nine wins this game they will be the service champions in this district.

One game has been scheduled with the soldiers from Fort McDowell, who will come to Mare Island and play the Marine Team on the Fourth of July.

A Navy Yard League has been formed at Mare Island, which will include four teams representing the Island activities. The Marine nine will be included on this schedule and we hope to win the Navy Yard pennant.

MARINE WINS CROSS-COUNTRY RACE HELD AT SHANGHAI

Private First Class James W. Hazeltine, 24th Co., 4th Regt., on March 31 showed a clean pair of heels to the best British Service and civilian runners present in Shanghai, over seven miles of footpaths and open country back of the Hongkew district for the Shanghai cross-country championship. Eleven teams and sixty-four individuals entered the race, but of thirty-eight who actually finished the run Hazeltine lead the second runner by thirty-five yards.

Backing up Hazeltine's fine performance, came Private Perkins finishing in sixth place, and Private Shaeffer and Sergeant McWilliams coming in 19th and 24th respectively. The total team score of the Marines was 49 points, winning them third place, with the "A" team of the Norfolk regiment coming first with 31 points and the Wiltshire regiment "A" team second with 42. Considering the fact that the rules of the race permitted six men teams, the first four finishing to count for score, and that the Marines could muster but four men to enter, the team as a whole deserves much credit for their showing. Both Shaeffer and McWilliams finished in excellent condition, but could not quite match the pace of the leaders. Perkins, who was not in the best form, ran a wonderful race considering a lack of training, and had he been in tip-top condition, might well have finished one-two with Hazeltine.

Starting from the Kiangwan road entrance to Hongkew park, the field strung out as the runners took to the footpaths off the main road. At half-way mark, Hazeltine, Remedios, Cockle and Johnson were bunched in the lead, all running strongly, with Perkins trailing about 100 yards in 12th place. Coming up to the finish it was seen that the race lay between Hazeltine and Remedios, the latter a civilian youngster running his first season of cross-country competition. In the last half mile Remedios challenged several times, but could not match Hazeltine's pace and the latter drew away, coming up the final quarter mile. Perkins moved up toward the finish and had he started his spurt a bit sooner could have finished at least a couple of places higher up.

Based on his showing in practice runs, Hazeltine was a favorite to win the race, and fully lived up to the expectations of his admirers. Inasmuch as Remedios was also picked as having a good chance of winning, the race was run remarkably true to form.

TWO CHAMPS AT SAN DIEGO

(Continued from page 35)

Broad jump—First, LeFebvre (NTS); second, Mathiot (MB); third, Dashiell (MB). Distance, 20 feet 1 1/4 inches.

High jump—First LeFebvre (NTS); second, Randolph (NTS); third, C. M. Poppelman (MB). Distance, 11 feet, 3 inches.

220-yard dash (finals)—First, Burke (NTS); second, C. M. Poppelman (MB); third, Glick (MB); time, :24.2.

120-yard high hurdles—First, Bryant (NH); second, Glick (MB); third, Rash (NTS); time, :17. (New league record.)

880-yard run—First, Williamson (MB); second, Brooks (NTS); third, Hanks (MB); time, 2:20.4.

220-yard low hurdles—First, Glick (MB); second, Rash (NTS); third, Georgetown (NH); time, :28.1. (New league record.)

Discus—First, Schwammel (NTS); second, Cooper (MB); third, King (MB); distance, 112 feet 1 inch.

440-yard dash—First, Timberlake (NTS); second, Gordon (MB); third, Hanes (NTS); time, :57.1.

880-yard relay—Marines (C. M. Poppelman, Howard, Edwards, Dashiell); second, Naval Training Station. Time, 1:40.1.

SMITH FANS TEN AS MARINES SHUT OUT MANHATTAN BY 6-0

Jaspers Get Three Hits and Poorly Support Burns; Victors Win Game in Second.

Quantico, Va., May 2.—The Manhattan College nine lost the first game of its southern trip here today when the Quantico Marines, behind the excellent pitching of Smith, defeated the Brooklyn team by the score of 6 to 0. Smith allowed three hits and fanned ten. Manhattan base runners reached third but once during the contest and second twice, but on both occasions fine fielding cut off their scoring efforts.

The Marines won the game in the second inning when they scored five runs. Their sixth and final tally was added in the fifth when Levey singled to left, stole second and scored on Howell's drive through short. The Marines' five runs in the second were due to errors, two bases on balls and four hits.

Jimmy Burns pitched for Manhattan and received poor support from his teammates, especially with men on bases.

The score:

Manhattan.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Shand.1b	4	0	10	0	Young.rf	4	2	1	0
Landy.2b	4	0	2	3	Tolan.3b	2	0	1	3
Noonan.ss	4	2	2	6	Gorman.cf	4	1	1	0
A.Burns.cf	4	0	2	0	O'Neill.2b	5	0	3	3
Fiorenza.rf	2	0	0	0	Levey.ss	5	2	3	3
Keck.lf	2	0	1	0	Derr.c	3	1	10	1
O'Connell.3b	2	0	1	3	Howell.lf	4	1	0	0
Brady.c	2	1	6	0	Hart.1b	4	1	7	0
J.Burns.p	3	0	0	0	Smith.p	3	1	1	3

Totals	28	3	24	12	Totals	34	9	27	13
Marines	0	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	x-6
Manhattan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0
Runs—Young, Levey (2), Derr, Howell, Smith.									
Errors—Levey, Noonan, O'Connell (2), Brady, S. Burns. Stolen bases—Levey, Fiorenza. Sacrifice—Tolan. Double plays—Smith-Levey-O'Neill, Landy-Noonan-Shand. First base on balls—Off Smith. 4; off Burns. 8. Hits—Off Smith. 3 in 9 innings; off Burns. 9 in 8 innings. Struck out—By Smith. 10; by Burns. 5. Passed balls—Brady, Winning pitcher—Smith. Losing pitcher—Burns. Umpires—Shiely and Jones. Time of game—1 hour 50 minutes.—Herald Tribune.									

VERMONT AGAIN BOWS TO QUANTICO MARINES, 15-7

Special to the Herald Tribune.

Quantico, Va., April 2.—Vermont suffered its second defeat in two days at the hands of the Marine team here today by the overwhelming score of 15 to 7. The Marine team reached Vermont's pitchers for eighteen solid hits, which, combined with bases on balls and some weird playing by the Vermont fielders, enabled the sea soldiers to win easily.

As in the other game, the Marine pitchers showed a weak brand of pitching and were constantly in the hole. Neither Taliaferro nor Smith showed any control. For the first half of the game Vermont managed to keep close to the Devil Dogs and scored its seven runs in the first four innings.

The game, while uninteresting, showed considerable improvement in the hitting of the Marine team, and, as a rule, the Marines made most of their hits when they had men on the bases.

Levey, Almand and Gorman led the big Marine attack and drove in many of the runs. Levey, Gorman and O'Neill showed to advantage on the bases and stole a total of ten bases between them. Their daring base running had the Vermont infield in the air several times during the game.

The score:

Vermont.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Jay.ss	4	2	1	3	Levey.ss	6	3	3	2
Traynor.2b	4	1	1	3	Freeman.rf	5	2	0	0
Howard.rf	5	0	3	1	Gorman.cf	5	2	2	0
Maceo.r.c.1b	4	1	3	0	Derr.c	2	0	0	0
Morse.cf	4	0	1	0	Cather.c	2	0	0	0
McKay.3b	4	1	2	2	O'Neill.2b	4	2	5	3
Sargent.1b	4	1	0	0	Gatewood.lf	5	1	0	0
Winant.lf	2	0	3	2	Almand.1b	5	3	10	0
Ruth'ski.p	3	2	0	0	Tolan.3b	4	1	0	5
Stroh.c	1	0	1	1	Taliaferro.p	1	0	0	1
					Smith.p	1	1	0	0
					Munari	1	1	0	0
Totals	35	6	24	12	Totals	41	16	27	12

MARINES WIN IN LOOSE GAME

St. Bonaventure Bows, 13-6, at Quantico; Kidd is Star.

Quantico, Va., April 17.—The Quantico Marines defeated St. Bonaventure College this afternoon in a game played on a wet and soggy field and with the temperature almost to freezing. Under such conditions good baseball was not possible, and erratic pitching, combined with bases on balls and erratic fielding by both sides, was responsible for the large score of 13 to 6.

St. Bonaventure was hitting hard and timely all through the ball game, but Smith managed to get through till the beginning of the seventh, when the Saints cut down the Devil Dogs' lead and crept up close.

Kidd was sent to the mound to finish

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In connection with the above, all interested parties communicate before June 12th, the date of our next smoker.

the ball game, and held the Bonaventure team safely the rest of the distance, and incidentally his slashing triple his first time up was responsible for the Marine rally that put the Devil Dogs well out to the front in the final inning.

Rooney was the leading hitter for both sides with a slashing triple, one of the longest hits ever seen on the local field, and three singles as his share for the day. Utecht hit for the circuit in the seventh for Bonaventure, while Young was the leading hitter for the Marines. This was the Marines' sixth win in eight games.

Marines.	AB	H	O	A	St. Bon.	AB	H	O	A
Munari.3b	4	1	0	0	Devers.cf	5	2	1	0
Freeman.lf	4	2	0	0	Colon.rf	5	2	0	0
Gorman.cf	4	1	1	1	Utecht.ss	5	2	2	2
Almand.1b	5	1	6	0	Sk'kowski.lf	5	2	3	0
Levey.ss	5	0	4	2	Rooney.c	5	4	3	2
O'Neill.2b	3	1	1	2	Y'blood.3b	5	2	2	3
Young.rf	4	2	1	0	Carroll.2b	4	0	6	1
Derr.c	0	0	1	1	Woods.1b	2	0	7	2
Cather.c	5	1	13	0	Rock.p	2	0	0	0
Smith.p	1	0	0	2	Thomas.p	2	1	0	0
Kidd.p	2	1	0	0					
Totals	37	10	27	8	Totals	40	15	24	10

Marines—1 1 1 2 4 0 4 0 x-13
St. Bonaventure—0 0 0 1 0 2 3 0 0-6
Runs—Munari, Freeman (2), Almand (2), O'Neill (2), Young, Cather (2), Smith (2), Kidd, Devers, Colon, Utecht, Skierowski, Rooney (2). Errors—Levey, O'Neill, Colon, Utecht, Carroll (2), Woods. Two-base hits—Almand, Freeman. Three-base hits—Kidd, Rooney. Stolen bases—O'Neill (2), Gorman. Double play—O'Neill to Levey to Almand. Hits—Off Smith, 14 in 6 innings; off Kidd, 1 in 3 innings; off Rock, 6 in 3 innings; off Thomas, 4 in 3 innings. Struck out—By Kidd, 5; by Smith, 6. Wild pitches—Rock (5). Passed balls—Cather, Rooney. Winning pitcher—Smith. Losing pitcher—Rock. Umpires—Messrs. Purdy and Jones. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes.—Washington Post.

QUANTICO MARINES BEAT WAKE FOREST NINE, 15-7

Collegians Take Lead at Start, But Lose It in Third.

Quantico, Va., April 29.—The Quantico Marines defeated Wake Forest today in a slow and uninteresting game, 15 to 7. Both teams fielded poorly and their errors proved costly. Wildness combined with erratic battery work and good hitting in the pinches helped the Marines to a long lead after the third inning.

Wake Forest jumped off to an early lead when Hord clouted Kidd for a home run in the first inning with two on. The visitors were unable to hold the lead and home runs by Derr and Levey put the Marines in front.

The score:

Wake Forest.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Lassiter.rf	5	1	0	0	Munari.3b	5	1	0	0
Reynolds.1b	5	1	10	1	Leifer.rf	5	2	1	0
Dowtin.2b	4	1	1	4	Gorman.cf	5	2	2	0
Horde.ss	5	1	4	2	Kidd.p	5	1	0	1
Scarboro.cf	3	1	0	1	O'Neill.2b	5	2	4	1
Denton.3b	3	1	0	1	Levey.ss	4	2	1	3
Dorsett.lf	4	0	3	0	Young.1b	2	2	6	0
Gillespie.c	4	0	6	3	Derr.c	3	3	9	0
Meador.p	1	0	0	3	Howell.lf	5	2	4	0
Covington.p	2	0	0	0					
*Edwards	1	0	0	0					
Totals	37	6	24	15	Totals	39	17	27	5

*Batted for Meador in seventh inning.

Wake Forest—3 0 0 1 1 0 0 1-7
Marines—0 0 3 4 5 2 0 1-15
Runs—Munari (1), O'Neill (3), Levey (3), Young (4), Derr (3), Howell (1), Lassiter (1), Reynolds (1), Dowtin (1), Hord (2), Scarboro (1), Benton (1). Errors—Levey (2), Derr (1), Reynolds (1), Hord (2), Benton (1), Gillespie (1). Two-base hits—Scarboro, Howell, Leifer. Three-base hit—Derr. Home runs—Derr, Hord, Levey. Stolen bases—Gorman (1), O'Neill (3), Levey (1), Dowtin (1). Sacrifice—Levey. Left on bases—Marines. 8; Wake Forest, 7. First base on balls—Off Kidd, 6; off Meador, 1; off Covington, 3. Hits—Off Meador, 3 in 2 innings; off Covington, 14 in 7 innings. Hit by pitcher (Derr). Struck out—By Kidd, 9; by Meador, 3; by Covington, 2. Wild pitches—Kidd, 2; Covington, 2. Balk—Covington. Passed balls—Derr, 3; Gillespie, 2. Winning pitcher—Kidd. Losing pitcher—Covington. Umpires—Purdy, plate; Bussius, bases. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes.—Herald Tribune.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY TEAM BOWS TO MARINES

Score Is 5 to 0, Only One of Brooklanders Getting as Far as Third Base.

Catholic University's Cardinals, encouraged by a victory over Bucknell, pecked away at the Quantico ball team on April 20 as though they really meant it, but the hardy Leathernecks weren't even annoyed. They won by 5 to 0.

Jess Kidd, the Marine pitcher, bore down all the way despite a four-run lead in the first inning, and the enemy never threatened. Only one Brooklander reached third. Twelve whiffed. Five hit safely and two walked. But they fought throughout with a spirit that was lacking in other games.

Jacko Conlin went the route for Catholic University and pitched far better ball than the score advertises. All but one of the Marine runs were made with the help of errors.

With one down in the first, Freeman walked, stole and took third on Catcher Flanagan's wild throw. After Gorman strolled and stole Kidd singled, scoring Freeman. Gorman stopped at third, but tallied when the next batter went out to first unassisted. Kidd came home and Levey circled the bases when the latter's single hopped through the legs of Center Fielder Sweeney.

Levey scored the fifth run in the fourth. He walked, stole and counted when Walsh fozzled O'Neill's grounder at third base.

The box score:

Marines	AB	H	O	A	C. U.	AB	H	O	A
Munari.3b	5	0	1	1	Walsh.3b	3	0	4	2
Freeman.1f	3	0	1	0	E. Cosker. rf	3	0	0	0
Gorman. cf	3	1	1	0	Murphy. rf	1	0	0	0
Kidd. p	3	2	1	1	Mansfield. 2b	4	1	3	8
Almond. 1b	5	0	7	0	Geoffre. ss	4	2	0	4
Levey. ss	3	2	0	3	Rayhawk. lf	3	1	1	1
O'Neill. 2b	4	1	1	2	Mudd. 1b	4	0	13	0
Young. rf	3	0	0	0	Planagan. c	3	0	4	2
Leifer. rf	1	0	3	0	Sweeney. rf	3	0	1	0
Cather. c	2	0	12	0	Conlin. p	3	1	1	1
					Masi	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	6	27	7					

*Batted for Rayhawk in ninth. Totals 31 5 27 18

Marines	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	5
Catholic U.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Runs—Freeman, Gorman, Kidd, Levey (2). Errors—O'Neill, Walsh (3), Mudd, Flanagan (2), Sweeney. Runs batted in—Kidd, Almond, Levey (2), O'Neill. Two-base hits—Gorman, Conlin, Kidd. Stolen bases—Freeman, Gorman (2), Cather, Levey, O'Neill (2). Double plays—Mansfield to Mudd to Walsh, Mansfield to Mudd, Hayhawk to Mansfield to Mudd. Left on bases—Marines, 5; Catholic U., 7. First base on balls—Off Conlin, 5; off Kidd, 2. Struck out—By Conlin, 2; by Kidd, 12. Umpire—Mr. Watt. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.—Washington Star.

MARINES LACE ALL-STARS, 9-3

Devil Dogs Win in Easy Fashion Against Pick of Local Colleges.

Washington, D. C., April 21.—Quantico Marines defeated the Collegiate All-Stars, a team composed of Georgetown and Maryland University players, yesterday at Griffith Stadium, 9-3. The game was a benefit, proceeds of which goes to the widow and family of Tom Crooke, baseball umpire who was killed in an auto accident, just after officiating the Quantico Marine-Cornell game, three weeks ago.

Nick Altrock and Al Schacht, the diamond clowns de luxe, were present and demonstrated their slow motion fight act, at which the 800 or 900 spectators howled their approval.

The game itself was nothing to write home about, the Marines winning as stated above, in easy fashion. The Leatherneck star pitcher, Kidd, stepped out on the mound and set the reputed collegiate sluggers down in the final four innings without a semblance of a hit, meantime fanning six.

The Marines had trouble with Noszsky, who permitted but one hit in the first four frames, but in the fifth he went up with the rest of the team like hot air balloons, the Devil Dogs counting six markers to overcome a three-run lead and lock the game.

All Stars	AB	H	O	A	Marines	AB	H	O	A
McCarthy. rf	5	0	2	1	Munari. 3b	5	2	3	0
Kessler. cf	4	1	1	0	Freeman. 1f	3	1	0	0
Dunn. ss	2	1	1	3	Feifer. lf	2	0	1	0
Duplin. lf	3	1	0	0	Gorman. cf	5	0	0	1
Scalzi. 2b	3	0	1	1	O'Neill. 2b	3	1	2	2
Derr. 2b	1	0	2	2	Levy. ss	4	4	0	3
Gaylor. 3b	4	1	1	2	Young. 1b	1	0	11	2
Bozek. 1b	3	0	9	1	Howell. rf	3	0	2	0
Donovan. c	2	0	1	0	Cather. c	4	2	8	1
Keenan. c	1	0	5	1	Smith. p	1	0	0	2
Noszsky. p	2	1	1	0	Kidd. p	2	1	0	1
Poole. p	1	0	0	1					
*White	1	0	0	0	Totals	33	11	27	12

Totals 33 5 24 12
*Batted for Poole in ninth.

All Stars	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Marines	0	0	0	0	6	0	2	1	x	9

Runs—Munari, Freeman, Gorman, O'Neill, Levey, Young (2), Howell, Cather, McCarthy, Kessler, Noszky. Errors—Levey (2), Freeman, Smith, Gorman, Scalzi, Donovan, Dunn, Bozek. Two-base hit—O'Neill. Stolen bases—Kessler, Levey (2). Double plays—Smith to O'Neill to Young; Dunn to Derr. First base on balls—Off Noszsky, 3; off Poole, 3; off Kidd, 4; off Smith, 1. Hits—Off Noszsky, 6 in 4 2-3 innings; off Poole, 5 in 3 2-3 innings; off Smith, 5 in 5 innings; off Kidd 0 in 4 innings. Struck out—By Kidd, 6; by Smith, 2; by Noszsky, 2; by Poole, 1. Winning pitcher—Kidd. Losing pitcher—Noszsky.

—Washington Herald.

MARINE NINE WINS OVER WEST VIRGINIA

Larue and Vacherez, of Mountaineers, Are Hurt in Game.

Quantico, Va., May 11.—The Quantico Marines easily defeated the University of West Virginia Baseball Team on the Parade Grounds for the second time in two days by the score of 12 to 4. West Virginia jumped off to an early lead when they scored two runs in the third on two singles and a double off Scarlet, the Marine pitcher. The Devil Dogs, however, came right back in their half of the third to tie the score on a hit batsman, a base on balls and a drive to right field by Hart. With the score tied, Scarlet, although touched up and constantly in danger, managed to weather through and went the route for the Marines and held West Virginia scoreless until the ninth when the Mountaineers again sent two across on three hits.

West Virginia lost two men who were badly injured and thus weakened their team when Larue, their third baseman, was forced to leave the game because of a broken wrist when hit with a pitched ball in the first inning, and Wolf, the visiting catcher, broke his leg in sliding into second base in the third inning while trying to stretch a single and was thrown out at second base. Both players were sent to the Marine Hospital.

Vacherez, the visiting second sacker, again had a perfect day both at bat and in the field and hit five straight hits in his five trips to plate. Two of them were doubles. Gorman, Derr, Werner and Levey led the attack with two hits each.

Marines	AB	H	O	A	W. Virginia	AB	H	O	A
Young. rf	3	1	0	0	G. Harrick. ss	5	2	1	5
Freeman. rf	1	1	0	0	Vacherez. 2b	5	5	3	3
Hart. 1b	5	2	11	0	Larue. 3b	0	0	0	0
Gorman. cf	4	2	2	1	Weiner. 3b. c	2	0	2	0
Howell. lf	5	0	2	0	Bebber. 3b. p	2	0	1	1
Derr. c	4	2	8	1	W. Harrick. lf	5	0	2	0
Levey. ss	5	2	3	4	Wolfe. c	3	2	2	1
Werner. 3b	4	2	0	2	Jackson. rf	2	0	1	1
Munari. 2b	3	1	0	3	Morris. 1b	2	0	10	0
Scarlet. p	2	0	1	2	Sangan. cf	4	1	2	0
					Plaster. p	2	0	0	1
Totals	36	13	27	13	Gwynn. 3b	2	0	0	0

Marines	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	7	x	12
West Virginia	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	4

Runs—Young, Freeman, Hart, Gorman, Howell, Derr (2), Werner, Munari (2), Scarlet, Harrick (2), Vachere, Sangan. Errors—Howell, Werner, Harrick, Beber, Morris. Two-base hits—Gorman, Werner, Vachere (2). Stolen bases—Young, Gorman, Levey. Sacrifice—Morris. Double plays—Levey to Hart, Jackson to Vachere to Morris. First base on balls—Off Scarlet, 4; off Plaster, 4; off Beber, 2. Wild pitch—Plaster. Umpires—Bussins and Purdy. Time—2 hours.

—Washington Post.



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HEADQUARTERS MARINES IN ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

The first annual Spring Golf Tournament for the Commissioned, Warrant, Enlisted and Civil Service personnel attached to the Marine Corps Headquarters was played over the links of the Argyle Country Club on May 8th and 9th. The tournament was a 36-hole medal affair and the following are the scores turned in by some of the leaders:

Quartermaster Sergt. N. J. Wilson...178
Quartermaster Clerk R. M. O'Toole...194
Lieut. Colonel E. B. Miller.....200
Mr. T. P. Blankenship.....206
Mr. W. E. Grigham.....214

QM. Sgt. Wilson and Col. Miller were the winners of the new clubs donated by the Marine Corps Athletic Association. Wilson won the low gross and Col. Miller won the low net. QM. Clerk O'Toole and Mr. Blankenship were the runners-up.

The two teams of four men each to represent the Marine Corps in the Inter-Departmental Tournament for the Mellon Trophy will be selected from the men who participated in the Marine Corps Tournament. The following will probably compose the two teams: Wilson, O'Toole, Miller, Blankenship, Brigham, Sutphin, Lawrenson, Snyder and Sherry.

Staff Sergeant E. J. McCabe was awarded a prize for being the most honest man in the tournament. He turned in a gross score of 276 for the 36 holes.

HEADQUARTERS BOWLING DOPE

The 1928-1929 season of the Marine Corps Bowling League of Headquarters, Washington, D. C., came to a close on April 12, 1929. The Quartermaster claimed the General's Cup from the Paymaster, and, naturally, first place money went with it. The team also won high set and high game. The following individual members of the team won a few things themselves. Sturgis won high individual set and first high average. Lawrenson (Capt.), high individual game and fifth high average. Sutphin was sixth in high average.

The Paymaster won second place money, and the team captain, Betsy Ross, took the prize for most strikes, and fourth high average. Paymaster Sergeant Ayres won the prize for third high average.

The Adjutant and Inspector team came in third. Team Captain McCabe won the prize for most spares, and seventh high average.

The Commandant team fought a hard battle and great credit is due them for

the manner in which they upheld their game despite the handicap they suffered during the absence of Quartermaster Clerk O'Toole while he was sojourning in the tropics on official business for nearly two months. He lost first high average on the last night of bowling to Sturgis of the Quartermaster. The difference was only two pins.

The personnel of the winning team was as follows: Lawrenson (captain), Sturgis, Thompson, Lytle, Sutphin and Shanahan.

ATHLETICS IN GUANTANAMO BAY

The final game of the Train Trophy, played between the Station and Antares, was won by the Antares, 2 to 1. Leading up to the 8th inning, the Station team looked like winners when a lucky late hit over first base scored two runs. Dusty Rhoades pitched a wonderful game and only the breaks beat him. QM. Sgt. Haakenstad pitched the last three innings and simply slow-balled the Sailors to death, but the weak hitting on the Station team couldn't overcome the lead of the sea-going sailors.

The Marines playing on the Station team were QM. Sgt. Haakenstad, Pay Sgt. McGrory, Pvts. Disco and Kaptur.

Final Standing Train Squadron Trophy

	Won	Lost
Antares	6	1
Station	5	2
Vestal	2	4
Mercy	1	5

It would be a good move if a few ball players could be sent to Guantanamo for training every winter. Competition with the Navy has always been a source of keen interest and the facilities for training at Guantanamo Bay are second to none. Next year the combined fleets will be stationed in Guantanamo Bay for several months. Baseball will be the only watchword. Where will our Marines be against such competition? Of course, they will be heard from, for whoever heard of even one Marine that didn't take his share of laurels in athletics when it came to competing against the Navy.

The Station trophy will be competed for by the Marines and Sailors sometime next month. This trophy was won by the Sailors last year after being held by the Marines for one year. They will attempt to recapture it this month. Haakenstad and Disco will be the battery, while McGrory, Kapture, Baserman and several other prospectives will endeavor to take care of the rest.

FOURTH REGIMENT MARINES RUGBY SEASON RESULTS

The versatility of Marines in athletics is evidenced in no small degree by the following tabulation of scores in their games of Rugby—a sport unknown in the Marine Corps until the recent expeditionary duty in China.

1928-1929				
Marines		Opponents	Opps.	
Score			Score	
Nov. 11....	6	Shanghai	Scottish...	3
Nov. 17....	24	Shanghai	League ...	6
Nov. 22....	17	Scots	Guard	0
Nov. 24....	11	Volunteer	Corps.....	6
Nov. 29....	5	H. M. S. "Cornwall"	...	11
Dec. 4....	3	Northampton	0
Dec. 6....	5	Welch Regt.	0
Dec. 6....	3	Scots	Guard	0
Dec. 9....	13	Shanghai	Club	0
Dec. 13....	14	Welch Regt.	0
Dec. 27....	11	Welch Regt.	3
Jan. 6....	20	Shanghai	Scottish ...	0
Jan. 11....	14	British	Army	0
Jan. 13....	6	Shanghai	League....	13
Feb. 2....	14	Shanghai	Interport..	0
Feb. 7....	19	H. M. S. "Berwick"	...	0
Feb. 9....	30	Shanghai	Club	0
Feb. 18....	29	United	British	3
Total games				19
Marines won				16
Marines lost				3
Marines' total score.....				242
Opponents' total score.....				53

ATHLETIC OFFICER TO LEAVE

The baseball team of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, held a banquet at the American Club, Caimenera, Cuba, after a successful season of winning 17 and losing 3 games. Lt. J. E. Jones, U. S. Navy, athletic officer and baseball harmonizer of the station, was toastmaster. Being called for a speech, he placed before the members the necessity of harmony in all sports, the fraternal spirit between sailors and Marines and what it was twenty years ago. He has earned the undying thanks of all the members of the team by his tireless energy in promoting sports at the station. Only those who have handled baseball teams in the Navy know the small petty hurdles that are placed in the way by folks who are not interested in such matters. That Lieutenant Jones safely cleared these hurdles proves his mettle and good nature. And out of chaos he brought a winning baseball team. His leaving in July will be regretted by all who know him.

Pay Sergeant McGrory responded to Mr. Jones' excellent talk, and placed before the members the true spirit and importance of playing the game square.

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THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 23)

First Lieutenant Doyle, became connected with the company in 1922.

A relic of historical interest was recently presented to the 302nd Company by Mr. Joseph Ball, a brother of the former company commander. It was a heavy Navy rifle which was recovered from the U. S. S. "Maine" when it was raised in the Havana harbor. Captain Clarence Ball was a sailor in the Navy during the Spanish-American War and the rifle in question was obtained by another brother who was a commander in the Navy. The rifle will be suitably encased and placed on exhibit in the company quarters.

MARINES WIN AGAIN!

301st Artillery Company Celebrates Victory.

(Special Dispatch to The Leatherneck.)

Boston, Mass., April 30.—Tonight the majority of the members of the 301st Artillery Company assembled in the company quarters at the Charlestown Navy Yard to celebrate their recent victory at the Second Annual Military Ball of the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion, held at the Statler Hotel. This victory was the winning of the prize offered by the legion to the best platoon of four, the 301st Artillery Company, the First Corps Cadets, the Boston University ROTC Drill Platoon and the Lynn Naval Reserves. As the competitors were the same as last year and the scene the same, perhaps it was only natural that the Marines should win again. First Sergeant Louis Hoepfner and myself were self-appointed assistant judges. We had seats directly opposite the official judges and although we knew that the drill was a waste of time, seeing as how OUR platoon was so good, we kept the results dark until the judges told the State Commander of the legion, Dr. Griffin, what their decision was. Well, after that we just told the world! Nevertheless, we had good proof that the Marine team really was good. Several legionnaires asked us several times if all the men in the Marine platoon were reserves, and some even were doubtful about them being reserves. Yes, it's a fact; they thought we were ringing in some regulars to put up a good front. Anyway we won and, of course, it was necessary that we celebrate the event. This sounds mighty egotistical, I suppose, but we had made preparations for a celebration long before the ball. Through the efforts of one of our non-coms, Sergeant Waymun Keenum, who works for a former first sergeant of the regulars who is now in the catering business (Fitzgerald of Malden), a very good banquet was secured. We rise at this moment to give a vote of thanks to both of these sergeants and hope to do business again with them soon.

Besides being a victory banquet, this party was also a farewell dinner to Lieutenant Samuel D. Irwin, former commanding officer of the company, who, due to his health, is leaving for the West. The relieving officer will be Second Lieutenant Donald Mackey, who has already put in quite a bit of service with the company. In addition to the above named officers, we had among the principal speakers, Lieutenant Grafton of the U.

S. Naval Reserve Air Force, Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, and First Sergeant Louis Hoepfner. Sergeant "Bill" Young was designated toastmaster by Top, after the latter had told about "Bill" having to go as far away as Lowell to find a "girl of his dreams" that met all requirements. In spite of "Bill's" epicurean taste, I think we can still find plenty of "dreams" nearer than his stamping ground. Well, as we started to say, the toastmaster was elected but when anyone called on someone to make a speech, that someone had to speak, toastmaster or no toastmaster. Formality being discarded, it was easy to speak of former camps, tell stories or give sound advice. Lieutenant Irwin tried in vain to "pass the buck" first to the Top-Kick and then to the men, for the success of the company since its organization three years ago. Speaker



Lt. Samuel D. Irwin, F. M. C. R.

after speaker paid tributes to the lieutenant and finally Marine Gunner Andrews (formerly our gunnery sergeant) made it known that the lieutenant had confided to him that he felt as if he had been placed upon a pedestal of such height that if he ever fell off it would require an airplane to pick him up. The sentiments expressed were not mere spoutings, but were really meant by both speakers and those who applauded them. The men have appreciated the unselfish efforts of the lieutenant and the fact that he has had a prize winning platoon "bring home the bacon" is proof that his work has been productive.

As Lieutenant Grafton so aptly expressed it, "This company has shown real 'Esprit De Corps' and future successes will depend on the retention of that spirit!"

Lieutenant Mackey, when called upon for a few words, claimed that the others had "stolen his thunder" and then continuing, told how he had been ordered to take charge of the company and hoped to be able to turn it back again to Lieutenant Irwin in as good shape as at present, assuming, of course, that he would be in command when that time comes. He called the company's attention to the motto of the Corps, "Semper

Fidelis," meaning "Ever Faithful," and said that while we follow that motto we were bound to be a credit to the Corps and a sure bet for Lieutenant Irwin, who was willing to bet his last dollar on us as being the best outfit in the world.

And you know the old saying: "IF A MARINE SAYS A THING IS SO, IT MUST BE SO, FOR MARINES GO EVERYWHERE, SEE EVERYTHING, AND KNOW EVERYTHING!"

CPL. L. G. MEREDITH,

CHICAGO LEAGUE DETACHMENT

Members of Chicago Detachment held their regular monthly meeting at the Bamboo Inn on Thursday evening, March 21st. Among those present were: the Commandant, Dean W. Smith; Colonel and Mrs. Geo. C. Reid, and Major E. H. Morse.

The Commandant had previously arranged for a private room where those present enjoyed a deliciously prepared dinner. The cafe orchestra furnished some snappy music during the evening, and a few couples remained until the cafe closed.

Not only did the leaguers present express their opinion that this was one of our best meetings, but a number of our guests—the fairer sex you know—were eager enough to express their appreciation for the dinner and entertainment given by Chicago Marines and their desire to attend future meetings.

"Once a Marine, Always a Marine" is lived up to among members of our detachment. At our meetings we are all MARINES even though many members have been separated from the service since the World War.

RESERVE TRAINING SCHEDULE

(Continued from page 24)

First Week. Tuesday.

Period.

1-2—Information Topics No. 4 (General Remarks). Unit Operations No. 1 (Lettering); No. 2 (Abbreviations and Conventional Signs). Training Manual No. 24, Message Center Specialists. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

3—Information Topic No. 1 (Definitions and Explanations). Unit Operations No. 1 (Tools and Equipment—Care and Use); No. 2 (Primary batteries, type BA-4); No. 5 (Series and parallel connections of cells). Training Manual No. 20, Basic Signal Communication, Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

4-5—Unit Operation No. 1 (Preparing cable for Monocord Switchboard). Training Manual No. 22 (Telephone Switchboard Operator). Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

6—Unit Operation No. 1 (Climbing) Training Manual No. 42 The Field Lineman. Student's Manual, U. S. Army. Practical work.

Wednesday.

1-2—Unit Operations No. 3 (Use of Field Message Blank); No. 4 (Use of Radio Message Blank); No. 5 (Use of the Receiving Clerk's Register); No. 6 (Use of the Radio Message Blank, transmission); No. 7 (Use of the Delivery List). Training Manual No. 24, Message Center

Specialists, Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

- 3—Unit Operations No. 6 (Field wire—types and splices). No. 7 (Camp telephone—nomenclature and testing). Training Manual, No. 20. Basic communication, Student's Manual, U. S. Army.
- 4-5—Unit Operations No. 6 (Use of the Voice); No. 7 (Phrases used in Routine Switchboard Operating); No. 8 (Routing calls and use of the traffic diagram). Training Manual No. 22. Telephone Switchboard Operator. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.
- 6—Unit Operations No. 2 (Testing wire with magnetic telephone); No. 3 (Tying in and tagging field lines); No. 4 (The breast reel); No. 5 (Laying and recovering wire with the breast reel); No. 6 (The pack reel cart, type RL16). Training Manual No. 42. The Field Lineman. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

Thursday.

- 1-2—Unit operations No. 10 (Use of the Delivery Clerk's Register); No. 11 (Transmitting telephone messages; use of the telephone code; and the phonetic alphabet); No. 12 (Encoding); No. 13 (Decoding); No. 14 (Solving mutilated code groups); No. 15 (Enciphering). Training Manual No. 24. Message Center Specialists, Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

- 3—Unit Operations No. 8 (Camp telephone—connecting and testing); No. 9 (Type EE-5 telephone—nomenclature; testing; and connecting); No. 10 (Laying of circuits, grounded or metallic—common faults, protection and maintenance). Training Manual No. 20. Basic Communication, U. S. Army. Student's Manual.

- 4-5—Unit Operations No. 9 (Phrases used in Special cases in Switchboard Operating); No. 10 (Answering, supervising, and routing calls); No. 11 (Handling traffic); No. 12 (Tests and troubles). Training Manual No. 22. The Switchboard Operator. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

- 6—Lecture—Navy Communication Systems. Organization, Operation and relation to Marine Corps Communication.

Friday.

- 1-2—Double transposition cipher. Training Regulations No. 160-5 (Signal Communication for All Arms) U. S. Army.

- 3-4—Cipher device type M-94.

- 5-6—Pyrotechnics and panels.

Saturday.

- 1-2—Review and examination on all work covered in Training Manual No. 24. Message Center Specialists, U. S. Army.

- 3-4—Review and examination on all work covered in Training Manual No. 20. Basic Communication. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

Second Week.

Monday.

- 1-2—Review and examination on all work covered in Training Manual No. 22. Telephone Switchboard Operator. Student's Manual, U. S. Army.

- 3-4—Review and examination on all work covered in Training Manual No. 42. The Field Lineman. U. S. Army.

- 5-6—Review and examination on cipher device type M-94.

Tuesday.

- 1-2—Review and examination on transposition cipher.

- 3-4—Review and examination on pyrotechnics and panels.

- 5-6—Discussion and critique on all examinations covered.

Wednesday.

- 1-2—Explanation of principles and methods of instruction in and learning code. Navy Training course, Radioman, 3rd class. Part 1. Assignments 1-3.

- 3-4—Code drill.

- 5-6—Code drill.

Thursday.

- 1-2—Classification; erection, and use, of various types of antennas for SCR-130 and SCR-127 radio sets.

- 3-4—Nomenclature and set up of SCR-130 and SCR-127 radio sets.

- 5-6—Nomenclature and set up of portable high frequency field radio sets.

Friday.

- 1—Explanation of wire net field problem at reduced distances.

- 2-6—Wire net field problem (at reduced distances).

Saturday.

- Critique, discussion, and question box on work and course.

Artillery Training.

One of the new features this year will be the special course of instruction given the Artillery companies, the 301st of Boston, First Lieutenant Harry C. Grafton, Jr., FMCR., Comdg., and the 304th Company, of Brooklyn, First Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless, FMCR., Comdg. These organizations will report at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., Sunday, August 11th, and will be assigned duty with the 10th Regiment (Artillery), serving in the batteries with the regulars and making the hike from Quantico to Fort George C Meade, Md., with that organization. They will be detached at Fort Meade, Saturday, August 24th, and return to their home stations from that point.

Training at San Diego, California.

Camps of instruction for officers and enlisted men of the reserve residing on the West Coast will be held at Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, Calif. These camps will be in two periods and will be held on the same dates as at Quantico.

July 7th to 20th. Forty-one officers exclusive of company officers are expected to attend. These will be assigned to the Advance, Company Officers or Basic Course in accordance with their previous experience and qualifications. In addition at this camp the 307th Company, FMCR., Los Angeles, First Lieutenant James M. Burns, FMCR., Comdg., and the 316th Company, FMCR., Seattle, First Lieutenant Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR., Comdg., will report for training. The schedule of instruction of these will be the same as shown for training the Fleet Companies reporting at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

July 28th to August 10th. At this camp approximately 20 officers are expected to attend. The majority of whom will be eligible for the Basic Infantry Course.

The camps this year will be the largest held to date. A total attendance of 260 officers and approximately 1100 enlisted men being expected.

309th Company, FMCR., Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Lt. Howard N. Feist, FMCR., Comdg.

A system of recruiting for Fleet companies that is showing results is the one adopted by the 309th Company, Philadelphia. An applicant for enlistment in this company must give the names of three reliable men as reference. The company commander contacts these, and the applicant's character and responsibility is carefully investigated.

In addition to the above the applicant attends drills during a probationary period of six weeks, thereby enabling the company officers to size the man up as desirable or undesirable before having him actually enlist in the company. Considerable annoyance and trouble in recovering clothing is thereby done away with.

The strength of the 309th Company April 30, 1928, was 57 enlisted with an average drill attendance of 70 per cent. The strength April 30, 1929, is 61 enlisted with an average drill attendance of 81 per cent.

308th Company, FMCR., Worcester, Mass., 1st Lt. Ivan E. Bigler, FMCR., Comdg.

The 308th Company, FMCR., is the first organization to recruit to full strength of 93 enlisted men and three officers. This company was placed on drill pay status January 24, 1929, and has been recruiting steadily since that time. The average attendance at drill is 95 per cent. The commanding officer of the company recently received a letter from the Major General Commandant commending him on the work done for the Marine Corps Reserve in Worcester.

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THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Edw. A. Greene.

Lt. Col. Samuel W. Bogan.

Maj. DeWitt Peck.

Capt. F. B. Geotze.

1st Lt. Robt. G. Hunt.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. E. B. Manwaring.

Lt. Col. A. E. Randall.

Maj. R. R. Wright.

Capt. J. T. Selden.

1st Lt. W. W. Conway.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

APRIL 11, 1929.

Major David L. S. Brewster, on April 18th detached from duty on the Staff of the Commander, Special Service Squadron, U. S. S. "Rochester," to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Benjamin W. Gally, on April 18th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. to Garde d'Haiti.

APRIL 12, 1929.

Colonel Richard P. Williams, detached NP, MB, Farris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 14.

Lt-Colonel Charles R. Sanderson, AQM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Joseph C. Pesan, on April 13th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Garde d'Haiti via the U. S. S. "Ancon," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 16th.

Major Selden B. Kennedy, upon the reporting of his relief detached Garde d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Andrew L. W. Gordon, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

APRIL 13, 1929.

Captain James F. Moriarty, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Jonas H. Platt, on April 15th detached Marine Corps Recruiting Bureau, Philadelphia, Pa., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to NP, MB, Farris Island, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

APRIL 15, 1929.

Major John Potts, AQM, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available conveyance.

Major Miles R. Thacher, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain Robert E. Williams, retired as of April 9, 1929.

Pay Clerk Timothy E. Murphy, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 16th.

APRIL 16, 1929.

Captain William T. Evans, on June 3rd detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEP, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain John Groff, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Clarence M. Ruffner, on April 25th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Asiatic Station via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25th.

Captain Joseph G. Ward, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

1st Lt. Gordon Hall, detached MB, NS, Olonapo, P. I., to MD, U. S. S. "Tulsa."

1st Lt. Frank D. Weir, detached AS, ECEP, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 27th.

1st Lt. Walter W. Wensinger, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Washington, to MB, Pacific Coast Torpedo Station, Keyport, Washington.

2nd Lt. James B. McHush, killed in an airplane accident on April 13th.

Chf. Mar. Onr. Frank O. Lundt, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The Marine Detachment commanded by 1st Lt. Shelton C. Zern has been transferred from the U. S. S. "Tulsa" and ordered to duty aboard the U. S. S. "Sacramento."

APRIL 17, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 18, 1929.

Major Oliver Floyd, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Ecole de Guerre, Paris, France.

Captain Walter E. Billosly, APM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 12th.

Captain Clarence H. Medairy, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Captain Robert E. Mills, on April 25th detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Maurice A. Willard, APM, upon the reporting of his relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Veryl H. Daritt, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Edward Selby, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. David L. Cloud, Jr., upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "West Virginia," to W. C. E. F., NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. James F. Shaw, Jr., on May 4th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, U. S. S. "West Virginia."

APRIL 19, 1929.

Captain James A. Mixson, on April 25th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain John A. Tebb, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana.

1st Lt. Charles Connette, upon the reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Chf. Mar. Onr. James Diskin, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 9th.

Chf. Mar. Onr. Martin Micken, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 9th.

APRIL 20, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 22, 1929.

Captain Edward A. Craig, on or about May 3rd detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 1st.

1st Lt. Henning F. Adickes, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 9th.

1st Lt. Horace D. Palmer, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 30th.

Chf. Mar. Onr. James Y. Astin, upon the reporting of his relief detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., via first available Government conveyance.

APRIL 23, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 24, 1929.

Captain Gus L. Gloeckner, upon completion of the course of instruction detached Quartermaster Corps Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Albert L. Gardner, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MD, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh."

Chf. Pay Clk. George W. Stahl, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

APRIL 25, 1929.

Major John B. Sebree, upon the reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. John C. McQueen, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.

2nd Lt. John R. Lanigan, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

APRIL 26, 1929.

Colonel Presley M. Rixey, upon the reporting of his relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to duty on the Staff of the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Captain Roger W. Peard, upon the reporting of his relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Milo R. Carroll, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the U. S. S. "Chau-mont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about June 10th.

APRIL 27, 1929.

Captain Maurice G. Holmes, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua.

The following named officers detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, Department of the Pacific:

Major John A. Gray, Captain William W. Aiken, Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton, 1st Lt. Brady L. Vost, 1st Lt. Monroe S. Swanson, 1st Lt. Ernest E. Linsert, 2nd Lt. Arthur G. Blesener.

The following named officers detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to stations indicated:

Lt-Col. Benjamin S. Berry, MB, Quantico, Va. Major Harry Schmidt, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Frank D. Strone, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Norman M. Shaw, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Bernard Dubel, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Erwin Mehlinier, MB, Quantico, Va. 1st Lt. Frederick D. Harbaugh, MB, Quantico, Virginia.

1st Lt. Beverly S. Roberts, MB, Quantico, Va. 1st Lt. George A. Plambeck, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Elmer E. Hall, MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Onr. Llewelyn Jenkins, MB, Quantico, Va.

Chf. Mar. Onr. William A. Buckley, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl, MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Hawley C. Waterman, MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

APRIL 29, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 30, 1929.

Colonel William B. Lemly, AQM, retired as of May 16, 1929.

Lt-Col. Richard B. Creevy, on June 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Lt-Col. Frederick A. Barker, upon completion of the course detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Captain William T. Clement, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain John Waller, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. John D. Muncie, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Monitor Watchman, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Chappell, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 15th.

2nd Lt. Francis J. S. Cunningham, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MAY 1, 1929.

Captain Arthur H. Turner, on June 15th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Henning F. Adickes, resignation accepted to take effect May 5th.

1st Lt. John E. Curry, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MD, U. S. S. "Procyon," via the U. S. S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 1st.

2nd Lt. Walter J. Stuart, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Washington, D. C., via the return trip of the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 12th.

MAY 2, 1929.

Lt-Colonel Walter N. Hill, upon completion of the course detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major Roy S. Geiser, upon completion of the course detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to AS, ECEP, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Clifton B. Bates, detached American Battle Monuments Commission, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Campbell H. Brown, upon completion of the course detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Lloyd L. Leech, upon completion of the course detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Mar. Onr. William O. Corbin, detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25.

MAY 3, 1929.

Colonel John C. Beaumont, on May 21st detached Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, U. S. S. "Texas," to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Edward W. Sturdevant, upon completion of the course detached the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Herbert Hardy, upon completion of the course detached the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain William G. Hawthorne, upon completion of the course detached the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Francis P. Mulcahy, upon completion of the course detached the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to AS, ECEP, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lawrence T. Burke, upon completion of the course detached the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. William M. Mitchell, upon completion of the course detached the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. George Esau, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. William D. Saunders, detached NAS,

Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
Chf. Qm. Clk. Beane Eagan, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., for duty and to Naval Hospital, League Island, Pa., for treatment.

MAY 4, 1929.

Major Ross E. Rowell, upon completion of the course detached Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Va., to AS, WECF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Harold D. Campbell, upon completion of the course detached Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Va., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Virginia.

Captain Thomas B. Gale, APM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa., to report on or about June 1st.

MAY 6, 1929.

No changes were announced.

MAY 7, 1929.

Colonel William C. Harlike, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to duty as Fleet Marine Officer and aide on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, U. S. S. "Texas".
Lt.-Colonel Emile P. Moses, on or about June 1st detached MD, AL, Pekin, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Ernest L. Russell, on May 10th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Ore.

1st Lt. Cornelius J. Eldridge, upon completion of the course detached the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Vernon M. Guymon, on or about June 1st detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. William B. Onley, upon completion of the course detached the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Howard N. Kenyon, on May 18th detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23.

2nd Lt. Walter L. J. Bayler, on May 18th detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23.
2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks, on May 18th detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23rd.

2nd Lt. Raymond C. Scollin, on May 18th detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23.

MAY 8, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Nelson P. Vulte, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NS, Guam, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

Captain Louis G. DeHaven, detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NS, Guam, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

Captain Oliver T. Francis, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

1st Lt. Merton J. Batchelder, on May 13th detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25th.

1st Lt. Stuart W. King, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Will H. Lee, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25th.

2nd Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William J. Holloway, on May 15th detached MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15.

MAY 9, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Thomas C. Turner, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Stephen F. Drew, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

Captain Walter T. H. Galliford, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh," to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. William W. Paca, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

Chf. Pay Clk. Edward L. Claire, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

MAY 10, 1929.

Captain Robert E. Mills, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, U. S. S. "Mississippi."

Captain Charles N. Muldrow, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Mississippi," to Department of the Pacific.

Captain Frank Whitehead, five days after reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Portland, Oregon, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MAY 11, 1929.

No changes were announced.

MAY 13, 1929.

No changes were announced.

MAY 14, 1929.

Colonel Frederick L. Brajman, upon completion of the course detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt.-Colonel James K. Tracy, died on May 11th.
Captain Richard H. Jeschke, on May 20th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain John H. Parker, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Harold W. Whitney, on June 14th detached Depot of Supplies, Hampton Roads, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa. Detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective June 10th.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburger, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Terrill J. Crawford, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va.

1st Lt. John R. Streett, died on May 9th.

2nd Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

MAY 15, 1929.

Major Edwin H. Brainard, resignation accepted to take effect May 31st.

Captain Daniel E. Campbell, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "New York," to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain Lewis L. Gover, on June 1st detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MD, U. S. S. "New York."

Captain Arthur Kingston, on June 15th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Captain John B. Neill, Jr., resignation accepted to take effect June 1st.

1st Lt. Thomas M. Ryan, on May 20th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. John B. Weaver, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to duty and communications instruction in the Battle Fleet, via the U. S. S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 31st.

2nd Lt. Harold D. Hanson, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Elmer G. Marks, resignation accepted to take effect June 12th.

DEATHS

McHUGH, James B., 2nd Lt., died April 13, 1929, result of an airplane crash near San Carlos, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Celena R. McHush, widow, Clemson College, S. C.

BURDICK, Bernie, Sgt. Maj., died April 8, 1929, result of an automobile accident near Cape Haitien, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Jeannette Burdick, widow, 719 "D" Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

HARTMAN, Floyd E., Sgt., died April 18, 1929, of disease, at Albany, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Frances M. Hartman, widow, 210 Baltz Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

LaCHAPELLE, Max V., Sgt., died April 4, 1929, result of an automobile accident near Jericho Point, S. C. Next of kin: Mr. Joseph LaChapelle, father, Wabasha, Minnesota.

PINER, Byron O., Sgt., died April 13, 1929, result of an airplane crash near San Carlos, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Nora L. Piner, mother, 1117 Centre Ave., N. W., Roanoke, Va.

MILLER, Otto, Cpl., died April 13, 1929, result of an airplane crash near San Carlos, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Helen Miller, mother, 65 Pride Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REARICK, Frank LeR., Cpl., died April 16, 1929, of disease, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mr. L. G. Rearick, father, 181½ E. Church Street, Lock Haven, Pa.

HUNGLER, Charles, Pvt. 1cl., died February 9, 1929, by drowning at Ft. Lafayette, N. Y. Next of kin: Mr. Frank Hungler, brother, 27 Columbia Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

HYATT, Lew, Pvt., died April 18, 1929, of disease, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Mercy Hyatt, mother, 3630 Whiteside Avenue, City Terrace, Los Angeles, Calif.

MORGAN, John P., Pvt., died April 15, 1929, of disease, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. J. Frank Morgan, father, Parrott, Georgia.

Retired Enlisted Men

CUMMINS, Frank, QM. Sgt., retired, died March 6, 1929, of disease, at Santa Barbara, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace O. Cummins, widow, Box 2725, R. D. No. 1, Mission Canyon, Santa Barbara, Calif.

CASEY, William, 1st Sgt., retired, died April 3, 1929, of disease, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mary Scanlan, sister, 489 West 130th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Inactive Enlisted Reservists

LOUDY, Thomas, Sgt. Maj., FMCR, died March 26, 1929, of disease, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Virgie A. Loudy, widow, Charleston, Wash.
CHRISTY, Floyd, Pvt., FMCR, died April 18, 1929, from fractured skull, at Portland, Ore. Next of kin: Mrs. Valey Kathy, mother, 1280 Simpson Street, Portland, Ore.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO

COLTON, J. W., 2nd Lt., VMCR, Infantry Basic.
HUTCHINSON, K. G., 2nd Lt., VMCR, Infantry Basic.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Captain LeRoy Philip Hunt—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Captain Robert Latane Montague—French.
Captain Albert William Paul—Spanish.
Captain—Roser Wood Peard—Spanish.
Captain Leonard Earl Rea—Spanish.
Lieutenant Henry Carsten Kellers, M. C. USN.—Spanish.
Lieutenant Arthur Louis Walters, USN.—Business Management.
First Lt. Herbert Charles Bluhm—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
First Lt. Vernon Melvin Guymon—Spanish.
First Lt. Lemuel Allen Haslup—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
First Lt. Harry Bluett Liversedge—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
First Lt. William Jennings Wallace—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Second Lt. Cornelius Johnson Eldridge—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Second Lt. Clinton Eugene Fox—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Second Lt. Tilghman Hollyday Saunders—Spanish.
Marine Gunner Harold Ogden—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Boatswain S. G. Berry, USCG.—Ocean Navigation.
C. Mo. M. Louis William Frank, USCG.—Marine Internal Combustion Engines.
C. B. W. Paul Wilbur Tift, USCG.—Motor Boat Running.
Ph. M. 1c. Leonard Harvey Lacy, USCG.—Good English.
Mo. MM. 2c. Robert Maxwell Jackson, USCG.—Aeroplane Engines.
Corporal Harry Fitzgerald Gadsby—Radio.
Corporal Paul Raymond Kasko—Civil Service Clerk-Carrier.
Corporal Ernest Phillippe Lanciaux—French.
Corporal Alva Bryan Lasswell—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
Corporal Alva Bryan Lasswell—Accountancy.
Corporal Elmer George Plaisted—Traffic Management.
Corporal William Dennis Story—Accountancy and C. P. A. Coaching.
Private 1cl. Clyde Ernest Church—Poultry Farming.

Private 1cl James Alexander Hines—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private 1cl Frank Templeton, Jr.—Aeroplane Engines.

Private Eugene Edgar Black—Aeroplane Engines.

Private Frederick Clyde Cleghorn—Pharmacy.

Private Robert Lee Dickey—Aeroplane Engines.

Private Robert Bernard Ernst—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Lester Richmond Harris—Short Concrete Construction.

Private Harry Sarans Pearl—Fruit Growing.

Private Berton Edward Smith—Aeroplane Engines.

Surfman Isadore Jerry Trombley, USCG.—Aeroplane Engines.

REENLISTMENTS

DUDASIK, Charles, at New York, 5-8-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
DUNLAP, Frank, at Parris Island, 5-5-29, for MB, Parris Island.
GARDNER, George E., at New York, 5-8-29, for MB, New York.
KLAPPHOLZ, Henry E., at New York, 5-8-29, for MB, New York.
SNELL, Eward J., at Philadelphia, 5-8-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
LAWRENCE, Henry B., at Philadelphia, 5-6-29, for MB, Parris Island.
RESPESS, Garland B., at Charleston, W. Va., 5-7-29, for Rctg., Baltimore.
RIGGS, Kenneth G., at Indianapolis, 5-6-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.
LETCHER, John F., at Quantico, 5-3-29, for RR., Quantico.
NALL, Russell E., at Hampton Roads, 5-7-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.
VERDIER, Frank, at Port au Prince, 4-25-29, for Const., Port au Prince.
MONROE, Lester, at New York, 5-6-29, for MB, New York.
KIEFER, Henry A., at San Diego, 5-1-29, for MB, San Diego.
JASPITS, John, at Hampton Roads, 5-6-29, for MB, Great Lakes.
BAKER, Ray M., at Omaha, 5-3-29, for Rctg., Omaha.
COHEN, Harry, at San Francisco, 4-30-29, for Rctg., San Francisco.
SONNENBERG, Walter R., at Los Angeles, 4-30-29, for MB, San Diego.
GOODSPEED, LeRoy, at Quantico, 4-29-29, for RR., Quantico.
BROWN, Alfred J., at New York, 4-30-29, for HR., West Coast.
HENDERSON, Luke M., at Charleston, 4-29-29, for MB, Parris Island.
BANISTER, Ulu, at Quantico, 4-30-29, for MB, Quantico.
RATLIFF, Arson B., at Quantico, 5-1-29, for MB, Quantico.
KROMP, Walter F., at New York, 4-30-29, for HR., West Coast.
TRUESDALE, Donald L., at Boston, 4-30-29, for HR., Nicaragua.
JONES, Maurice D., at San Francisco, 4-26-29, for Rctg., San Francisco.
BUNCH, James B., at Norfolk, 4-30-29, for MB, Norfolk.
GARLOCK, Burton L., at MB, NY, Washington, 4-29-29, for MB, NY, Washington.
McKENNA, John J., at U. S. S. "Florida," 4-22-29, for U. S. S. "Florida."
NOVOTNY, Frank, at MB, NY, Washington, 4-29-29, for MB, NY, Washington.
DOUYARD, Mitchell J., at Boston, 4-27-29, for MB, Parris Island.
KENNEDY, John E., at Pittsburgh, 4-26-29, for MB, Quantico.
RITTMAN, Earl J., at St. Louis, 4-23-29, for MB, Parris Island.
HUGHES, Edgar C., at Parris Island, 4-24-29, for MB, Parris Island.
PETTIGREW, Thomas B., at Washington, 4-23-29, for MB, Charleston.
LUNDMARK, Charles B., at San Francisco, 4-21-29, for APM, San Francisco.
DUBAN, Joseph J., at Peking, 4-25-29, for AL, Peking, China.
IANNACCONE, Domenick, at Newark, 4-23-29, for HR., San Diego.
TOWLES, Jesse C., at Quantico, 4-25-29, for MB, Quantico.
WILKEN, Frederick, Jr., at Washington, 4-24-29, for Marine Band, Washington.
WILSON, Clarence A., at Washington, 4-25-29, for Hdqrs., Washington.
ROBINSON, William S., at Savannah, 4-18-29, for Rctg., Savannah.
GREGOR, Wenzel G. T., at Managua, Nic., 4-8-29, for 2nd Brig., Nicaragua.
SELFRIDGE, Edwin, at Iona Island, 4-23-29, for MB, Iona Island.
TITUS, Allan F., at Philadelphia, 4-20-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
WILSON, Frederick, at Port au Prince, 4-17-29, for MB, Port au Prince.
DARBY, Charlie A., at Fort Worth, 4-17-29, for MB, San Diego.
BISHOP, Robert A., at Sacramento, 4-17-29, for MB, Puget Sound.

RUPE, Edward G., at Quantico, 4-20-29, for MB, Quantico.

VIETEN, Louis, at Parris Island, 4-16-29, for MB, Parris Island.

HARRIS, Ralph W., at Philadelphia, 4-19-29, for AFM, Philadelphia.

BOOKER, Doris H., at Quantico, 4-17-29, for MB, Quantico.

HUDSON, Burleigh E., at Syracuse, 4-16-29, for MB, Parris Island.

CASPER, Frank X., at Philadelphia, 4-17-29, for MB, Philadelphia.

TAYLOR, Don, at Parris Island, 4-16-29, for MB, Parris Island.

PESSINO, John F., at South Bend, 4-15-29, for MB, Parris Island.

WILLIAMSON, Owen, at Wichita Falls, 4-13-29, for MB, San Diego.

DENCH, Thomas W., at Vallejo, 4-11-29, for MB, Mare Island.

FIELDS, Thomas G., at Chicago, 4-15-29, for Rctg., Chicago.

GERMER, Carl F. A., at Iona Island, 4-14-29, for HR, for Port au Prince.

JENNINGS, Robert L., at Quantico, 4-14-29, for RR, Quantico, Va.

KUNES, Wilbur L., at Portsmouth, N. H., 4-13-29, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

MAJOR, George G., at San Diego, 4-9-29, for NAS, San Diego.

YOUNG, Daniel J., at Los Angeles, 4-11-29, for MB, San Diego.

CURRY, Edwin D., at Quantico, 4-12-29, for MB, Quantico.

GROUBKAITS, Joseph A., at Norfolk, 4-8-29, for MB, Norfolk.

LECHNER, Rudolph, at Richmond, 4-11-29, for MB, Parris Island.

NORTH, James F., at Mobile, 4-12-29, for Rctg., Mobile.

PATTON, Everette H., at San Diego, 4-5-29, for MB, San Diego.

THOMAS, Whipple D., at Port au Prince, 4-2-29, for Const., Port au Prince.

JOICE, John W., at San Diego, 4-2-29, for MB, San Diego.

VAN DEMARK, Harry, at Los Angeles, 4-5-29, for Rctg., Los Angeles.

JAGIELLO, Anthony, at Quantico, 4-11-29, for MB, Quantico.

THOMAS, Oscar R., at Quantico, 4-6-29, for MB, Quantico.

GODFREY, Henry H., at Washington, 4-10-29, for Hdqrs, Washington.

TRUMBLE, William J., at New York, 4-10-29, for Rctg., Philadelphia.

GOFF, Oliver L., at St. Louis, 4-8-29, for MB, Philadelphia.

LA POINTE, Adrain J., at Chicago, 4-6-29, for Rctg., Chicago.

HINES, Swanner J., at Washington, 4-7-29, for Hdqrs, Washington.

HORNBOOK, James F., at Philadelphia, 4-8-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

ADAMS, Herbert R., at San Diego, 4-1-29, for MB, San Diego.

HENDRICK, William H., at Quantico, 4-7-29, for MB, Quantico.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Mare Island 15 April. Scheduled to leave Mare Island 7 June; arrive San Francisco 7 June, leave 10 June for the Asiatic Station on the following itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 11 June, leave 12 June; arrive San Diego 13 June, leave 15 June; arrive Honolulu 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive Guam 4 July, leave 5 July; arrive Manila 10 July.

HENDERSON—Arrived Hongkong 13 May. Will leave Manila 13 June for San Francisco on the following itinerary: Arrive Guam 19 June, leave 19 June; arrive Honolulu 1 July, leave 2 July; arrive San Francisco 9 July.

KITTERY—Arrived Norfolk Yard 30 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 15 May for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 20 May, leave 21 May; arrive Port au Prince 22 May, leave 23 May; arrive Guantanamo 24 May, leave 25 May; arrive Hampton Roads 30 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 12 June for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 17 June, leave 18 June; arrive Port au Prince 19 June, leave 20 June; arrive Cape Haitien 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive San Juan 24 June, leave 24 June; arrive St. Thomas 25 June, leave 26 June; arrive Hampton Roads 1 July.

NITRO—Sailed Hampton Roads 11 May for Cristobal. Due 17 May. Scheduled to leave Canal Zone 20 May; arrive Corinto 22 May, leave 22 May; arrive San Diego 30 May, leave 31 May; arrive San Pedro 1 June, leave 3 June; arrive Puget Sound 7 June, leave 15 June; arrive Mare Island 18 June, leave 23 June; arrive Pearl Harbor 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive Guam 18 July, leave 19 July; arrive Manila 24 July, leave 6 August; arrive Guam 11 August, leave 12 August; arrive Pearl Harbor 22 August, leave 23 August; arrive Puget Sound 31 August, leave 9 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 12 Sept., leave 21 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 22 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive San Diego 24 Sept., leave 25 Sept.; arrive Corinto 3 Oct., leave 3 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 6 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 14 October.

PATOKA—Arrived Port Arthur 14 May. Scheduled to leave Port Arthur 16 May; arrive Portsmouth, N. H., 25 May, leave 27 May; arrive Port Arthur 6 June, leave 7 June; arrive Portsmouth 16 June, leave 18 June; arrive Port Arthur 28 June, leave 1 July; arrive Narragansett Bay 9 July.

RAMAPO—Sailed Guam 10 May for Pearl Harbor. Due Pearl Harbor 24 May, leave 31 May; arrive San Francisco 10 June.

SALINAS—Sailed Port Arthur 10 May for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 17 May. Scheduled to leave Hampton Roads 3 June; arrive Port Arthur 11 June, leave 12 June; arrive Hampton Roads 19 June, leave 21 June; arrive Port Arthur 29 June, leave 1 July; arrive Hampton Roads 8 July.

SAPELO—Sailed Port Arthur 13 May for Guantanamo. Due 19 May. Leave Guantanamo 21 May; arrive Port Arthur 27 May, leave 29 May; arrive Guantanamo 4 June, leave 5 June; arrive Port Arthur 11 June, leave 13 June; arrive Guantanamo 19 June, leave 20 June; arrive Port Arthur 26 June, leave 28 June; arrive Hampton Roads 7 July.

SIRIUS—Sailed S. Brooklyn 15 May for Philadelphia. Due Philadelphia 16 May, leave 20 May; arrive Hampton Roads 21 May, leave 1 June; arrive Guantanamo 5 June, leave 5 June; arrive Canal Zone 8 June, leave 10 June; arrive Corinto 13 June, leave 13 June; arrive San Diego 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive San Pedro 23 June, leave 26 June; arrive Mare Island 27 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July, leave 18 July; arrive Seattle 18 July, leave 26 July; arrive St. Paul and St. George 3 August, leave 21 August; arrive Dutch Harbor 22 August, leave 22 August; arrive Seattle 29 August, leave 31 August; arrive Puget Sound 31 August.

VEGA—Sailed Guantanamo Bay 14 May for Colon. Due 16 May. Scheduled to leave Canal Zone 17 May, leave 19 May; arrive Corinto 22 May, leave 22 May; arrive San Diego 31 May, leave 3 June; arrive San Pedro 4 June, leave 6 June; arrive Mare Island 7 June, leave 15 June; arrive Puget Sound 20 June, will leave Puget Sound 26 June; arrive Mare Island 1 July, leave 10 July; arrive San Pedro 11 July, leave 12 July; arrive San Diego 13 July, leave 16 July; arrive Corinto 25 July, leave 25 July; arrive Canal Zone 28 July, leave 30 July; arrive Hampton Roads 6 August, leave 14 August; arrive Philadelphia 15 August, leave 19 August; arrive New York 20 August, leave 26 August; arrive Boston 27 August, leave 4 September; arrive Hampton Roads 6 September.

BRAZOS—Arrived Norfolk Yard 18 April.

BRIDGE—Sailed Hampton Roads 15 May for Southern Drill Grds.

ARCTIC—Arrived Mare Island 15 April.

THE CAPTURE OF LONE BILL

(Continued from page 2)

there that you've deputized me to arrest Lone Bill, the outlaw, and you do it quick."

"Why—"

"Never mind!" snaps Sadie, just like she owns him, hat, boots, guns and all—and I guess she did, to tell the truth about it. "You write it!"

Lafe started to enter another protest against the order, but Sadie made him bend right down to it. When he had finished it, she blotted it, folded it and put it in her pocket.

"Now," she says to him, "kiss me and go."

"But—but when are you goin' to start—"

"Don't you want to kiss me, Lafe Dickson?"

Lafe did—and he did!

"Now go," says Sadie.

And Lafe went.

II.

When he had gone, of course, thinkin' to himself that Sadie wouldn't set out on her wild-geese chase before the next day, why, the girl takes a hoss from the ranch, gets on it and heads for the hills above Yellow Creek. She had on one of her own blue shirt-waists; she wore one of the cowboys' Sunday hats peaked up

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high, under which she'd piled her long hair so well that you couldn't have seen enough of it to suspicion that she belonged to the feminine gender and she had her skirts well hid under a pair of very broad and bespangled buskskin chaps. You couldn't have told that she wasn't a man at a distance of two rods. You see, she was pretty badly sunburned, being altogether an outdoor girl.

She rode most of the night, as the moon was shining and the sky was clear as crystal, all the time looking for some well concealed little shanty in the scrub. She examined all the thickets she come across and rode through the little hollows to make sure. She had it in her head that Lone Bill would select just some such place as them she searched for a hang-out when off duty.

The next day she spent roostin' on a high pinnacle, with her hoss hid below her, watchin' the surroundin' country for the man Lone Bill. It was a hard job. She had forgot the matter of bringin' a little water and some grub along, and she got pretty weak before the red-hot sun went down. But she stuck it out like an old plainsman. I tell you, the nerve that girl had would have done big credit to any man that ever lived in this world.

Her watchin' did not go without its reward.

Just about dusk she saw a strappin' big man come ridin' up through the little valley below her. He was humped over, busy with his hands above his saddle-front, perhaps countin' money—for there had been another stage-coach robbed that same day. She could see enough to make out the color of his hoss, which was the only black in the section—one he'd stole. And when she formed the conclusion that the man who rode unsuspectin' before her was Lone Bill, she was right.

Sadie crept down, careful as could be, and got on her own hoss. She was too far away to risk callin' on the bandit for a surrender, so she begun to ride down through the scrub, meanin' to come up suddenly on Lone Bill at a distance of about a hundred feet.

But the outlaw saw her a second too soon—he must have had eyes in the back of his head, for it was growin' pretty dark. He wheeled in his saddle with the quickness he was noted for and fired. Sadie's hoss crumpled, and then fell dead, pinnin' one of her feet under it so tight that she couldn't get it out.

But she was game to the last ditch, which she was in danger of findin' right then.

That Winch of hers begun to spout a regular stream of lead and fire toward the outlaw, who had slipped from his hoss and hid behind a rock that was a good deal too little to shelter him entirely. He replied with a vim, and it sounded like a young battle out there in the silent hills for a few minutes. If there had been good light for aimin', it wouldn't have lasted as long as it did—

and it might have turned out different.

Bill's batteries let up first. Bill straightened on his knees, reeled and fell dead across the very rock he'd been hidin' behind, with his face turned downward.

Just as Sadie was tryin' again to release her foot, meanin' to hurry back to Yellow Creek by way of the outlaw's hoss and tell Lafe to go and claim the honor, why, up rode Lafe himself. He'd been ridin' everywhere, huntin' for Sadie, and the sound of the shootin' had brought him hot-foot. He freed her from the dead hoss and took her up in his big arms with the sheriff's star as close to one as it was to the other, and kissed her.

And Lafe knowed exactly what she'd done.

"Now, little girl," he says, we'll go to Yellow Creek, and then I'll come back here and bury the bandit."

"And we'll tell them that you got him," says Sadie—but a little cold.

"No," Lafe objects, "we can't do that. I'll tell you later about that, little girl."

He'd already laid his plans.

Through the Mexican woman it had got out that Sadie had gone up into the hills and had got lost. Every available man from the ranch was out lookin' for her—and, of course, in the wrong direction. The miners had added two and two together and had decided that Sadie had really gone to hunt Lone Bill for Lafe Dickson's sake, and most of them was at the ranch-house, waitin', by dark, on the night that the outlaw died.

After a while, Lafe came ridin' in, with Sadie asleep in his arms, clean worn out. As he appeared in the light of a lantern that set on the porch, they saw that there was—er, some crooked little streaks down through the dust on his face, straight below his eyes.

Well, there arrived at Barmin's ranch house, at the same time, a special officer, old "Hip" MacDonald, knowed all over the West as the nerviest man-trailer that lived at the time, him and three deputies. They was out to help Lafe take Lone Bill's scalp, it turned out.

But the miners was too much interested in Lafe and the girl to pay much attention to Hip and his party.

"Coward!" one miner yelled, and the others took up the cry till the night rung with it.

"Who's a coward?" says this special officer, steppin' between the miners and Lafe Dickson.

"If you mean that it's Lafe Dickson that's a coward," goes on the terror to lawbreakers, "then you're away off, and only the presence of a lady prevents me from tellin' it plainer, you set o' bust-heads. Lafe Dickson helped me to whip out the Mexican outlaw bunch under that demon of a Velinga, and he was my right hand, I tell you. He trailed down the four Selfords and got 'em, one at a time. I've seen him club his Winch with his back to a cliff and thrash a dozen greas-



ers with knives, I have. Lafe Dickson is worth the whole caboodle of you, you bustheads, he is; and he's one of the cussed few men that old Hip MacDonald removes his skypiece to, by—!"

Of course they'd heard of the Mexican gang, and of the four Seldford brothers. When they recovered from their surprise and pushed forward, Lafe and old Hip was tryin' to see which one could shake the shoulder off o' the other the quickest.

Then Lafe turned back to Sadie, who had took all MacDonald's talk in, and introduced her as the getter of Lone Bill. And, sir, it sure did look like old Hip was tryin' to shake her shoulder off, too, when he heard it. But Lafe told them that Sadie was worn out, and led her into the house.

Sadie stopped him when he turned to go back.

"Lafe," she says, "I can never sleep until I know how it was that you didn't arrest the bandit."

"Sadie," says Lafe, "a long time ago Lone Bill done me a favor—a favor greater than savin' my life. Now promise that you'll never say any more about it."

Sadie promised, and she was so well satisfied that she cried a little over it.

Lafe went back outside, and told MacDonald good-bye. You see, old Hip was due at some other point, as Lone Bill was no more. And the very fact that the special officer had taken Lafe's word about the outlaw was sufficient to elevate Lafe in the eyes of the miners. Also it was plain to them, then, that MacDonald had had something to do with Lafe's bein' appointed sheriff.

Lafe got on his tired hoss and rode back into the hills, goin' a nigh way and ridin' slow. The Yellow Creekers followed on foot, bound to get a look at the dead man, and Lafe was that torn up that he didn't know they was behind him until they offered to help him with the buryin'.

Lafe seems took back at seein' them. "I—I'm not goin' to bury him, now—" he stammers, stoppin' because they had seen the face of the man who had played the part of a lone outlaw so well and had fell back like lightnin' had struck them.

Lafe knowed his purpose was in danger of defeat then. He knowed the miners had watched him all the way out and that he couldn't tell them that he'd already buried the bandit. But he decided that he could trust them and also get them to help him carry out his big idea.

"Now, boys," he says, "I guess you all understand why I never arrested him, don't you? Listen to me, boys; we've already buried Lone Bill—and you helped me to do it, see? This man here, Tom Barmin, was killed today by Lone Bill—understand what you're to say?—and Sadie avenged the death of her father. Do you all get that?"

They got it. A few weeks later Sadie

married Lafe, and they went East, to Lafe's old home. Lafe had chucked the sheriff job because he didn't want Sadie to be where there was the least chance of her findin' out what she'd done.

CHASING THE JUNGLE FOWL

(Continued from page 12)

that darkness would soon fall like a blanket over the tropical landscape. The guineas were flying up into the trees and making the night hideous with their cackling; files of them could be seen walking along the limbs of the oaks, their long necks craning about suspiciously.

"Come on," I said, stepping out into the open field. The cackling ceased abruptly as we moved toward the trees. In the ensuing silence the air seemed charged with electricity and our blood tingled as we crept along on tiptoe, watching the roosts as we brought our guns to the ready.

"Where are they?" Red whispered hoarsely. Not a twig moved in the tree that had but a minute before been alive with the birds.

I nodded to Snowball who was trying to point out the guineas he pretended to see. That worthy heaved a chunk into the thick branches overhead—and the top of that tree exploded! The sky was suddenly full of blurred streaks as the frightened birds zoomed down into the neighboring coverts.

I ventured a quizzical glance at my companion as we flipped the smoking empties from our guns. "No fun, Red?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Talk about speed!" he breathed, "Why those birds were half way to San Domingo before I could yank my damn triggers."

"Snapshot 'em, boy," I counselled, "and lead 'em a mile."

We moved on to the next group of trees. When guinea fowl are once on their roosts they are loathe to leave again, so we were able to duplicate this last performance several times. The sport was glorious while it lasted but night comes quickly in Haiti.

Less than a half hour later we were searching for the flivver in the darkness. The guineas had finally been driven from their roosts—our guns were hot and our shell belts empty as a result. On the trail behind us trudged our dusky retainers with the other results—seven all told. A nice bag.

Later, very much later, I smiled at Red over a glass of foaming beer. "Well, what does the Virginia quail shooter think of our tame guineas?"

Red drained his glass with the gusto of one but lately freed from the yoke of Volstead. "Tame guineas, my eye! They're feathered skyrockets or I'm a liar. Say, Mac," he leaned forward eagerly, "when do we go again?"

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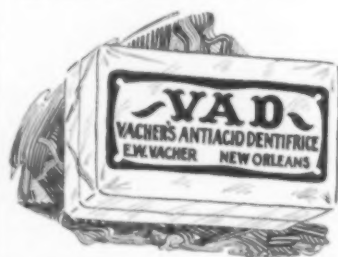


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A WONDERLAND IN NICARAGUA

(Continued from page 11)

proceeded, with deft fingers, to carve. I need not describe the course of the dinner; it is sufficient to say that in all our Nicaraguan travels we had not only failed to find, but even to imagine, such a repast as was set before us at La Fundadora.

After dinner, there were victrola music and a few hands of bridge. Two of the officers procured shotguns and went out over the hills in search of deer, which literally infested the adjacent wood. However, rain—the everlasting rain of a mythical *canicula*—began to fall, and the hunters returned after a few hours, wet and empty handed.

When we retired, we found the guest rooms ready and waiting, with the spotless coverlets turned neatly down over huge, old-time feather beds. Electric lights were here, too, in abundance; but it was not long, with the monotonous roar of the waterfalls and the constant patter of rain, before we were all in slumberland.

It was a regretted parting that the following morning necessitated. When our horses and mules were saddled and *aparejoed*, and we had expressed our appreciation of La Fundadora's hospitality to Mr. Fraenkel, it was with a feeling of worthy sentiment that we departed into the surrounding greenery. Back to the cots of the barracks and the hammocks of the trail, back to the pork and beans of the mess, back to the tense drama of the bandit chase, we carried the memories of La Fundadora's comforts and conveniences, and found it worth the telling to narrate for our less fortunate brother officers the story of the rose within the thorns—Nicaragua's Wonderland!



This briefly sketches the story of our five exciting days at Guantanamo. There were subsequent actions, but few of them proved the thrills we experienced during these early encounters.

In all the Marines lost five killed and eleven severely wounded, while there were several other minor casualties. In addition to those I have already mentioned, Private Goode Taurman was killed in one of the earlier encounters. A monument commemorative of the landing, which bears the names of the dead, stands on McCalla Hill. Incidentally, every man that took part in the campaign received a medal awarded by act of Congress.

Not a single man of the command died from disease. This is remarkable when it is known that malaria was the scourge

of our troops in Cuba. Many things happened to try the nerves and tempers of the Marines. There were torrential rains. We were beset with pests of all kinds, such as scorpions, lizards, centipedes, flies and mosquitoes.

One or two humorous happenings, one of which might have proved tragical, enlivened the occupation. One hot day in July two companies went to the beach to wash their clothes and to go in swimming. Suddenly shots from Mauser rifles spattered around the swimmers and in the sand. The artillery quickly silenced this hostile fire, but it was amusing to see the defenseless Marines scurrying for cover behind barrels, sandbags and anything that afforded protection. Some reached their rifles, and the spectacle of a naked Marine equipped with a rifle is something not soon to be forgotten.

Then there was the incident of Private Burns. While on outpost duty he had orders to shoot anything he saw moving. Something approached in the dark. He challenged. The object kept coming. He challenged again. Then he fired, and all was quiet.

Burns was subjected to a good deal of chaffing by his comrades, until it was learned later that in the darkness he had shot a big black pig. He had literally carried out his orders.

Finally, on August 5, the battalion embarked on the "Resolute," which had been fitted out as a transport, and on the 9th we sailed for the Isle of Pines. Soon after sailing the destination of the vessel was changed to Manzanillo where the ship arrived August 12.

On August 13, news having been received of the signing of the peace protocol, the town surrendered, and on the 14th the "Resolute" with the battalion on board sailed for Playa del Este. On the 18th of the same month the "Resolute," having taken on board certain officers and men of the artillery of the Army, sailed for Montauk Point, L. I., at which place she arrived on the 23rd. She then proceeded to Portsmouth where the battalion disembarked on August 26.

Shortly afterward we were encamped on Seavey's Island, where the sufferings

MY MEMORIES OF CUBA

(Continued from page 7)

"You won't if you stand there and look at them," replied Lieutenant Neville. "Get up. Dig in. We must get there!"

And we did! Nothing could stand against those machine guns of ours. We were continually in action against the Spanish, but our heavy rifle fire mowed them down like grass before a blade. We reached our objective, destroyed a blockhouse and a well of drinking water, and captured 38 Spanish prisoners together with rifles and ammunition. It was reported that sixty of the enemy were killed and 150 wounded, while our force lost, according to the official report, 2 Cubans killed, 2 wounded and 3 privates wounded.

We were very tired when we returned that night. Many of the boys suffered from bleeding feet, caused by thorny cactus, but we were greatly cheered when we learned that the cook had prepared a fine supper for us.

and hardships of the war were soon forgotten.

One final incident is worth recording. On September 18, a grand naval and military parade was held at Portsmouth, where the First Battalion of Marines, sailors and Army men, both regular and volunteer, were in line. Persons from all over New Hampshire gathered in the city for the parade, and we were given a reception fully as enthusiastic as the one we were given upon our departure from Brooklyn. Patriotic citizens donated supplies for a big clam-bake we held later at Pierce's Island, the Y.M.C.A. gave each of us testaments, and the Salvation Army, which was right on the job, even in those days, distributed cakes, cigarettes, apples and writing material.

Many other incidents took place in Cuba. There was the battle of Santiago, San Juan Hill, and other engagements which I have not recorded here, as this is my own impression of the First Battalion of Marines rather than an attempt to chronicle all the incidents of the war. However, as one of the Marines who took part in that memorable campaign, it will always remain a never-to-be-forgotten experience.



THE NICARAGUAN EXPEDITION

(Continued from page 9)

not only proved themselves deadly weapons against hidden enemies in this guerilla warfare, but they were employed in many other useful capacities.

The cooperation between the personnel of the air service and the ground troops has been noteworthy. The airplanes have been wonderfully operated, with very few accidents. Landing fields have been constructed in the interior of the country wherever the terrain permitted and whenever the tactical situation demanded.

Airplanes have been used for the transportation of fighting troops and emergency supplies, have been invaluable for reconnaissance work in this rugged country, have led in lost patrols, hooked up marching columns, and have been used as ambulances. They have aided materially in keeping up the morale of combat columns by dropping their mail to them, and also by showering them with "smokes."

Too much praise cannot be given our air service in Nicaragua!

The Elusive Sandino

"Why can't the vastly superior force of Marines, with all their modern tactics and equipment, surround and crush that little Sandino and his gang?" is the question that has been asked me many times since my return from Nicaragua. And here is what I tell my questioners:

That's hard to explain to anyone not familiar with that country and to conditions existing there. The answer is many sided. Most of Sandino's operations have been carried on in a mountainous jungle wilder and denser than

anything which can be found outside the tropics. His followers know that country, and our troops can never know it thoroughly. There is hardly a mile of trail where an ambush cannot be set. The "good" trails are bad enough and dangerous enough, but there exist other unmarked paths through the wilderness, areas where the trees and brush are a little less close-packed, through which Sandino's bandit forces can filter unseen after they have attacked or are about to be attacked. By means of these small hidden channels Sandino and his men can and have repeatedly slipped through

the strongest cordons that our forces could establish, by twos or threes, no doubt, to gather again by prearrangement at some distant point to repeat their depredations and then to flee in the same way when Marines arrive. There is no record of Sandino being personally present during any ambush or other of our contacts with bandits—he seems to be the master mind behind the fighting lines, and quite a ways behind, or I miss my guess.

Sandino releases his forces to return to their homes when not actually needed and recalls them when he needs them. Doubtless many a Marine has passed unarmed "peaceful citizens" on the trails, or in the towns, and, although convinced that they are Sandinistas, he dare not molest them. The bandits usually wear no uniforms and often cannot be distinguished from unoffending natives. These ununiformed outlaws sometimes hide their firearms in the daytime, distribute themselves among the native residents of a town or community, and appear to our forces as innocent "mozos"—hard working laborers. If we were really at war with Nicaragua, the military campaign down there would soon be over, but under existing conditions it is impossible to prosecute anything approaching a normal military campaign against the bandits. The orders are very strict about harming innocent citizens or their property, and quite rightfully so, for action of this kind would defeat our very purpose in that country.

Sandino has an excellent system for obtaining information in comparison to ours. Even among those natives who are opposed to his turmoil-producing activities, there appears to be much contact by Sandino. Sandinistas can usually get accurate information about our movements from peaceful natives who are neighbors of members of his forces. Marines can seldom be sure of the accuracy of the information they receive from native sources. Natives are sometimes afraid to give information to our forces regarding bandit activities—afraid of the bandits. And they figure that American forces will not always be stationed in their country for their protection—and then what is to become of those who have been American informers and sympathizers. More than one Marine patrol has been led into an ambush by a native guide whom it had paid.

A potent factor in the inability of Marines thus far to capture Sandino is the fact that he is carrying on a dangerous, complex and widespread military opera-



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tion in a country with which the United States is at peace, and one in which the lives, property and rights of all natives who are not actually engaged in armed banditry must be strictly safeguarded.

Why an Ambush?

"Doesn't the ambushing of Marines by bandits indicate inefficiency on the part of our forces?" is another question frequently asked me. To which I reply: "Most assuredly not!"

The force of Marines in Nicaragua has been comparatively small for the accomplishment of the numerous tasks at hand. It has been necessary to patrol miles of bandit-infested country. Marines are also obliged to protect about 130 miles of railroad from the west coast seaport to the principal cities, which are inland. The organizing and officering of a native Constabulary, and the supervising of the Nicaraguan national election have been no small undertakings. This was done by Leathernecks. Marines not only maintained order in the cities and towns and on the trails during the registration and election, but many of them performed secretarial duties in the election booths.

Combat columns—small of necessity—travel usually from ten to twenty-five miles a day. The narrow, winding mountain trails of that country, flanked as they are with underbrush of incredible density, taken together with the necessity for long daily marches, render it humanly impossible to conform to orthodox methods of security. The matter of prime importance in any military operation is, and must be, the accomplishment of the mission assigned. Results obtained must be weighed in the balance against methods employed. At that, when you consider the number of miles that have been covered by our patrols, there has been proportionately very little ambushing.

Not all Work

The life of the Marines in Nicaragua is not all work, of course, but they are largely dependent upon themselves for amusement and recreation. Little of the romance which ordinarily attends these "soldiers of the sea" quartered in foreign lands is evident there—especially out "in the hills." In some of the larger outposts in Nueva Segovia there are volley ball, handball, basketball and tennis courts, and occasionally a baseball diamond. It has been said that the American Marine always carries as a part of his regular equipment a baseball, a bat and a glove, and the "Devil Dogs" in Nicaragua are no exception to the rule. The terrain in and about many of the outposts does not permit laying out a baseball diamond, but usually these Leathernecks at least find room to play catch. Field meets are frequently held, and mounted outfits occasionally stage a rodeo. Boxing gloves are usually available for those interested in the manly art. The mountainous section of Nicaragua abounds in wild game and not a few Marines do considerable hunting. Horseback riding, for pleasure, interests many lovers of that sport. Band music and phonographs liven matters in many

outposts. We had a radio set in Ocotal, and during the dry season managed to tune in many stations in God's Country. The Knights of the Round Table devote some of their spare time to wooing the fickle Goddess of Luck by staging regular sessions of pinochle, bridge, etc.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy! And there are no dull boys in Nicaragua. Yes, there is the pleasanter side to this "banana war"—which makes the other side easier to bear.

Caring for Sick and Wounded

To the writer of this rambling discourse, one of the outstanding features of the Nicaraguan Expedition has been the willingness, attention to duty, and general efficiency of the Medical Department of the Navy, and the wonderful cooperation shown by members of that important department.

Whether the doctors and corpsmen have been hiking for days, under adverse conditions, through the tropical jungles patiently caring for the sick from a marching column of their shipmate Marines, or have been taking care of seri-

ously wounded men, under fire or immediately following a contact with outlaws, or have been members of "sea-going" patrols on the rivers of the bandit-infested areas, or whether they have been caring for the sick and wounded in hospitals, sick bays, or rest camps, the efficient medical attention administered, without regard to hours, and the unfailing cheerfulness and good humor of the rank and file of the Medical Department deserves and receives the highest praise.

Although not a combat unit, members of the Medical Department have frequently materially assisted their comrades-in-arms, under the most trying conditions, by taking an active part in contacts with the lawless revolutionists.

Many members of the Medical Department have been cited and decorated for humane and military service rendered with utter disregard for their own personal safety. No mental eruption regarding the activities in Nicaragua would be complete without mention of the excellent part played by the Medical Department. Personally, my hat comes off to our Navy!

TEXAS ONCE HAD A NAVY

Before Texas became a part of the United States it was a nation of itself and had a "navy" consisting of four vessels—the "Brutus," the "Invincible," the "Liberty" and "Independence." But the navy lasted only a year, two vessels being wrecked, one being sold, and one captured.

A second navy was bought in 1839 and in 1840 was loaned to Yucatan, then at war with Mexico. President Mirabeau Lamar and President Sam Houston were successively heads of the navy, and when Texas joined the United States four vessels were transferred to the United States Navy.—Tar.



CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 6)

to monkey around in German trenches with nothing but a pistol. Good! Posts, gentlemen!"

The officers trotted away and the little group of enlisted men, a sergeant-major, two runners and a signal corps sergeant, began to tighten their lips and settle and resettle their gas masks.

CHAPTER IX.

The Advance.

EADIE'S heart beat so fast that he could hardly breathe. Again he looked around, but could not see more than ten or fifteen men at the most. Not many to start a drive with. It was rapidly growing lighter. Eadie's teeth rattled so that he was in danger of biting off his tongue and he kept working his fingers to free them of the mud that crusted them. He wished they would start. And his pistol, its barrel full of grease, still in its holster around his waist, under slicker and overcoat! Ah, if the man who invented cosmoline were only there now! Well, what were they waiting for?

Berrup-blam!

"There go my guns!" cried Eadie excitedly. The captain stood up and spoke quietly to the little staff.

"It's time we were going," said he.

From all up and down the fields soldiers rose up as they must have behind the man that sowed the dragon's teeth. The country crawled with them. Every blade of grass seemed to have turned into a soldier. And the rising sun upon those bayonets! Eadie's feet, feeling like those of another man, moved under him, carried him across the road and into a torn field on the other side. A cold, bitter wind blew in his face. How light it was! What a mob of men! Machine gunners, gun on shoulder, auto rifle men, and stretcher bearers. Well, the mountain would begin to speak in a second or two. Eadie looked at it again. The white cloud upon its summit was thicker now and lightnings flew out of it. Eadie gasped, gritted his teeth, and looked again. Another thing he had forgotten was field glasses.

"That's a smoke screen," said he, "or I'm no artilleryman. So much for the mountain." He looked to the front again. Their objective was clearly marked now, a towering wall of the same kind of smoke as that which covered the mountain. Rockets shot despairingly from this wall, flares that tried to light its opaqueness, and red rockets that called on unheeding artillery for help. It was time for a counter barrage, thought Eadie, but none came. It was time for machine guns to begin to pound, but he heard none. Nothing but the steady tramping of feet, faint cries of command, and a far-off clatter. Eadie had never fought with tanks and so did not recognize the sound. He was all the more surprised when one rushed suddenly out of a tiny valley and wheezed and clattered on ahead. After it lurched another, that seemed to be mate to the

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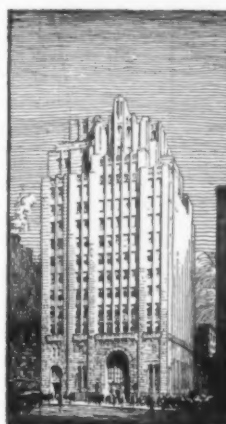
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first. This could not last. The Germans would begin firing in another second.

Ah! There was the first shell. Eadie resisted an impulse to duck, for he knew very well the shell would not land anywhere near him. Now, then, the deluge would follow. There was a long, nerve-racking silence, during which Eadie heard a man call out that he had been hit.

Blump! A second shell exploded a little way behind them, among the men in the next wave.

"What the hell is the matter with them boche?" muttered the sergeant-major. "Why don't they start shootin'?"

"They will in a second," said Eadie through his thumping teeth. "Give 'em time. Here's their wire."

The men began to go through the shattered wire, stepping high and wide to escape the few straggling strands that were left. The wire, the posts, and the ground that had supported the posts had all been churned together by the barrage and then rolled flat by the tanks. They were near the trench now and Eadie began to feel little waves of fear. He had no weapon and if a bayonet fight started he would be in a sad case. He could hear machine guns going now, shouts and the sharp explosions of grenades. The German trench suddenly yawned under his feet as though the ground had opened. It was just a ditch of newly excavated earth, the dirt pulverized and scattered about. On either side the smoke hid the attacking force and the farther sections of the trench, but in the small space before Eadie he could see shattered bits of corrugated iron, half hidden under piles of fresh earth, a broken chair, a great amount of debris, overcoats, shirts, a knapsack, an old boot, and a section of parapet still intact, with three rifles leaning against it. The attackers flowed into the trench and out the other side. There were no dugouts visible.

"This ain't much of a fight!" exclaimed one of the runners. From the smoke came other remarks.

"Come outta that, now! Put down that rifle or I'll blow hell outta yuh!"

"Take 'em to the rear, private."

"Hey, wait a minute, I want that bird's belt!"

"Here's the fight," thought Eadie.

Men were shouting everywhere, grenades slamming, a faint purr of machine guns. A pistol cracked so near that it hurt Eadie's eardrum. The captain had fired at two Germans who appeared with bayoneted rifles. Rifles cracked all around him like popping corn and the Germans went down in a heap.

The smoke became thinner and the advance suddenly came out upon a road, a hard well-kept road. Before them stretched green fields under a blue sky. A tank wallowed in the middle distance, its gun spouting flame, and just beyond rolled the smoke of the American barrage. It occurred to Eadie that he had not yet seen an American drop. Grenades exploded from time to time, a machine gun would fire one burst and then subside, and an occasional shell screeched and then exploded with a clatter.

The captain halted and looked about him with his field glasses. Then he consulted his compass. On the right one company appeared to be having difficulty before a patch of woods and a runner went scurrying to direct another company to give aid. Behind them the smoke screen above the first line trenches hid everything. From this screen a steady stream of troops appeared. They were having casualties, for Eadie could see stretcher bearers working, but the hostile fire was not heavy.

"This isn't my idea of a fight," said the sergeant-major. "Them boche are wise ones. I think there's some trick here. We'll probably get ours going across this field."

The captain put away his compass and went forward again, walking calmly down the road. He might have been on a maneuver somewhere for all the concern he showed.

"We aren't through the defense system that quick, are we?" asked Eadie.

"I don't see any more trenches," said the sergeant-major. "There's a shack for sentries." He pointed to a shelter built alongside the road, probably a sentry or police post. "More than that, I don't see a damn thing. My guess is that Jerry pulled out in the night."

"Maybe you're right," said Eadie cheerfully. "It looks like it. We haven't taken any prisoners."

"Hot dog!" cried one of the runners. "Hear that, Chick?" He slapped his companion on the back. "Luck! No fightin' an' we won't have to clean our rifles!"

The advance crossed the field and, following the road, they came to a cross-roads where a sign directed them one way toward Mount Sec. The other way had no marker, but went off aimlessly across the fields.

"Here's a halt," said Eadie.

"Runners!" called the captain. The two runners went up and were sent off with messages, one to the colonel and one to the major of the right battalion. Others came in. It seemed that the halt was going to be prolonged, to give the artillery time to clean out the woods in front. American machine guns began to fire a barrage over the heads of the infantry.

"The game goeth right well," remarked the captain, lighting a cigar. "We're a mile and a half from the jump-off and going strong. Here, lieutenant, have a cigar." He passed one to the other officer, evidently his adjutant.

"If anything ever started off more unpropitiously than this affair, I don't know of it," resumed the captain. "This battalion was turned over to me at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Major Cook had appendicitis. Well, you can imagine my feelings. I went over to the artillery to see about a little liaison and they told me vaguely to get an officer and a liaison detail from one of their batteries. And said battery hands me a sergeant and says that's all I can have. Come here, sergeant, I'm going to give you a chance to earn your day's pay. Go back to your battery and tell them



that this drive is a picnic. Tell 'em to cease firing. By the time you get back we'll be out of range. Tell 'em they can go back to their own division, I don't need 'em any more." The captain removed his helmet. "Is my hair white?" he demanded. "I could feel it turning when we started out." The adjutant assured him that it was still its normal color. "Go on, sergeant," said the captain, "get going. Tell your battery commander he did a nice barrage for us."

Eadie saluted and turned to retrace his steps along the road. The advance had halted everywhere, while the tanks and artillery beat the woods, but they started forward again, coming out of the ditch, from hollows in the ground, from behind bushes. There were machine gunners in great numbers, and men with queer looking weapons that Eadie recognized as Stokes mortars. From time to time he passed walking wounded, men with slight wounds, working their way back to where they could find a truck to give them a lift, for ambulances were reserved for serious cases. The sun shone warmly and Eadie removed overcoat and slicker to let the heat get at his wet uniform. What a fool he had been to be frightened! But then things always look differently in warm sunlight than they do in a black night under a bucketing rain, in the glare of the corpse-lights shooting up from the enemy lines.

"This is about as dangerous as Fourth of July," said Eadie aloud, "and not half so interesting. I wonder what the chances are on breakfast?" He continued his way blithely back to the battery.

The guns he found easily on the banks of a creek behind a ruined town. He remembered that there had been trees in front of them and since there was but one clump of trees in that section of the plain, the task of locating the battery was not difficult. The men sat about the guns sunning themselves, while one piece, manned by a bored crew, still fired. The gunner of this piece got up from the ground after every shot and took a peek at the aiming point through the window in the shield. Finding all in order he sat down again to his former occupation, that of eating canned hash with a spoon. The Number One, who sat on his tiny seat on the right of the gun, had his back to the shield, and smoked a cigarette. He fired the piece without turning around, snapped open the breech block and when Number Two had shoved in the fresh shell, closed the breech by shoving down with his elbow on the lever.

"Hi, sergeant," called the gunners, "how was the barrage?" They knew that Eadie's duty was watching the arrival of the battery's shells at their destination, though they did not know that he had accompanied the infantry. "How's the battle goin'?" called others.

"There's no battle," replied Eadie, "this is target practice. The boche are half way to Berlin by now."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

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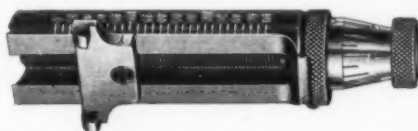
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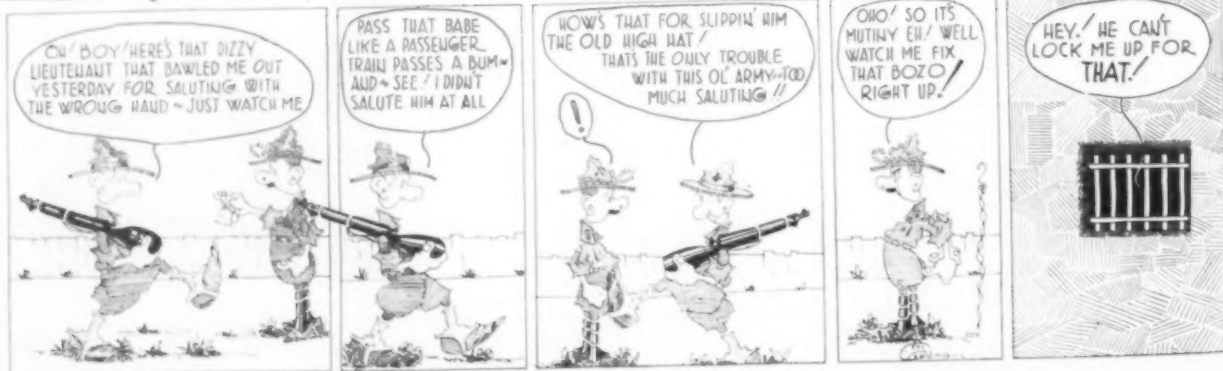
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